CHRONICLES OF SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

MISS HOUGHTON

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CHRONICLES

OF

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

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PLATE 1.

CHRONICLES

OF THE

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPIRITUAL BEINGS AND PHENOMENA

Invisible to the Material Eye.

INTERBLENDED WITH PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY

MISS HOUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF "EVENINGS AT HOME IN SPIRITUAL SÉANCE."

Illustrated by Six Plates containing Fifty-four Miniature Reproductions from the Original Photographs.

LONDON:
E. W. ALLEN, AVE MARIA LANE.
1882.

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GIFT
MAURICE DU PONT LEE
FEB. 6, 1946

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PREFACE.

—o—

I HAVE been anxiously awaiting the appearance of some specimens of my illustrations before entering upon a few words with reference to them, as I did not know whether in their reproduced form they would realise my expectations, but I am happy to say that I am quite satisfied, and I send them forth in full assurance that they carry a weight of evidence as to the substantiality of spirit beings far transcending any other form of mediumship. I must now explain that these have been executed by the Albertype process, which has the same advantage as photography in taking a true copy by a species of negative, from which the plates are afterwards printed by a permanent method, and will therefore not fade away as the photographs are too apt to do.

Mr. Debenham, of 158 Regent Street, has had the commission entrusted to him, and has succeeded beyond my hopes; and although there has been more delay than I had contemplated, it has had two advantages, for I have received a letter from His Most Serene Highness the Prince of Solms, which I will incorporate in this preface, and I must also mention that he is the gentleman alluded to at page 67,

who made the test experiment of developing a sensitised plate, whereby proof was given that there was no spirit form antecedently contrived upon it.

"DEAR MISS HOUGHTON,—I am happy to be able to concur in your well-founded opinion of the honesty and truthfulness of Mr. Hudson in relation to the spirit-photographs. On the occasions on which I attended his studio, I was nearly always present when the plate was prepared. Some of the plates, indeed, I had myself prepared the same morning on my way to Mr. Hudson's studio, and had marked them with a diamond. On such occasions I was afterwards present when the development took place in the dark room. On other occasions when he was taking photographs of other persons, I myself directed the operations and watched them with the utmost circumspection.

"I observed that the production of the spirit-photographs always more or less depended upon the health of the photographer. If Mr. Hudson was not quite well, and physically low, as I was concerned sometimes to find him, he obtained nothing, unless some other person of mediumistic temperament was present to give power. I remember, on one occasion of this description, he had taken some ten or a dozen photographs of me without result, and I was on the point of leaving, when Miss Lottie Fowler, the well-known medium, called. She had had no rest at home, she said, under an impression that she was to go to Mr. Hudson in some way to help him. I told her that he was unwell and could not do anything; she urged upon us a renewal of the experiment, to which he consented, rather unwillingly, and

without any hope. We had not only one, but three sittings perfectly successful.

"I have examined the various explanations which have been offered of imitating the spirit-photographs, but certainly none that I have seen are sufficient to account for the phenomena of which I have many examples produced in Mr. Hudson's studio. I am not aware of any possible explanation of photographs of this description *of which the figure is displayed partly before and partly behind the person sitting*. Of these I possess many. As I have said, I entertain no doubt that Mr. Hudson was perfectly truthful to me, and that the spirit-photographs obtained by me through his means were not produced by any tricks or contrivances of his.

"I must also bear testimony to the disinterestedness of Mr. Hudson, who must, from the uncertainty attending these manifestations, have often lost much time in experiments with his sitters, for which the sums charged by him could, I fear, have often proved only partially remunerative.

"As the avowal of what he knows to be true is the duty of every honourable man, I cannot hesitate, dear Miss Houghton, to allow you to make any use you may see fit of this letter in your new book.—Believe me, yours very truly, GEORGE, PRINCE DE SOLMS.

"BADEN-BADEN, *October* 11, 1881."

The other circumstance that the delay has enabled me to bring forward is, that on Thursday last we made a photographic experiment here, in my own home, under very adverse conditions as to light, without any glass-house,

and what is yet more disadvantageous, the dark closet is only possible to be contrived down in the lowest depths, so that Mr. Hudson and I had to toil up and down a long amount of stairs for each plate, and not until the *seventh* plate was developed was there a glimmer of anything besides myself, but on that one (proofs of which have just reached me) there is what is unmistakably a spirit form, although very undefined, but still sufficiently so to be an evidence that Mr. Hudson's power has not left him, and to give us a hope for future experiments when conditions may be made more favourable—for, of course, those long journeys were very exhausting, both to him and to me. We tried two more plates, but there was nothing on either of them.

But even so, I can conclude this work with a joyful anticipation of what may yet be in store for us in photographing those whom we look upon as invisible beings, and we may thus be the agents of a fuller revelation to redound to the glory of God.

May His Name be Blessed and Praised.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20 DELAMERE CRESCENT,
WESTBOURNE SQUARE, W.
Thursday, October 20th, 1881.

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CHRONICLES

OF

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

—o—

I THINK my simplest plan in commencing these Chronicles will be to give the letter, which, in my first happiness at the result achieved, I sent for publication to the editors of the *Christian Spiritualist* and *Spiritual Magazine*, from which time I gave a monthly report in the former periodical, and kept likewise additional records of matters in connexion with the work, which I shall commingle as I proceed.

"*March* 11*th*, 1872.—DEAR SIR,—It may be rather early to announce the new fact while in its embryonic state, but being a *fact*, you will be glad to learn that a spirit photograph has really been obtained here in London, and I trust that all the details may be interesting to you and your readers. I went on Thursday last, March 7th, to Mrs. Guppy's, and in the course of the afternoon, Mr. Guppy shewed me three photographs, and told me that the spirit who usually converses audibly with them had given particular instructions as to the needful arrangements to be made, which they had carried out at the photographic studio of Mr. Hudson (whose name you will probably remember as the individual who was playing billiards with Mr. Guppy on the evening when Mrs. Guppy was conveyed

by the spirits to the séance of Messrs. Herne and Williams), which is very near their own residence, and those photographs were the result of their first trial. Mrs. Guppy was within a kind of extemporised dark cabinet, behind Mr. Guppy, who, while sitting in readiness to be photographed (of course in the full light of day), felt a wreath of flowers gently placed upon his head, and *so* the portrait was taken, while a large veiled figure is seen standing behind him. I believe they were artificial flowers which Mr. Hudson had in his room for the use of any sitter who might wish for such an ornament. In the other two photographs there are also gleaming white figures to be seen behind Mr. Guppy, but not very defined in form.

Mr. Guppy then suggested that as it was such a fine afternoon, we might as well go over to Mr. Hudson's, and make the experiment with me as the sitter. Mrs. Guppy was not very well, and therefore feared the attempt would be useless, but my spirit friends urged it, so Mr. Guppy and I started immediately to get everything ready, leaving Mrs. Guppy to follow us, and she arrived at the very moment she was wanted. While Mr. Hudson was in his dark room preparing the plate, she told me that after I had come away, she had had a message from the spirit to the effect that Mamma would try to manifest herself, and to place her hand on my shoulder. Of course as soon as Mr. Hudson began to develope his negative, we questioned eagerly as to whether there was anything to be seen, and hearing that there was, went in to feast our own eyes as soon as we could be admitted without risk of damaging it by letting in the light, and behind me there is a veiled figure with the hand advanced almost to my shoulder. (See plate I. No. 1.)

A second plate was then prepared, and there, within a brilliant light appear two figures as far as the bust; but the very brightness of the light has probably prevented them from being clearly defined, so that it has only been by dint of studying them with a powerful magnifying glass that I have been able to identify them as Papa and Mamma,

thus united as it were in one medallion. The form of the light, which is somewhat of an oval, reminded me of the first experience of the gifted medium Dr. Willis; which I heard him relate on the occasion of his public reception at Mr. Burns's, in Southampton Row. He then told us that one night when going into his own room, he had seen a bright egg-shaped light, which gradually increased in size, and then seemed to open, when within it he saw his mother as far down as the waist: she then spoke to him, giving him some family details of which he knew nothing, but afterwards ascertained the truth of them from his grandmother, and he was thus convinced of the reality of a Spirit world.

We asked Mr. Hudson to prepare another plate, and while he was doing so we heard raps, but received a negative in answer to our desire for another spirit-photograph, and notwithstanding my pleading, we were told that there would not be another; I, however, still wished to try, and asked if I was wilful in making the attempt, to which the answer was a brisk *yes*. But the plate had been got ready before the rappings came, and I was very anxious for the appearance of one of my two little baby sisters, whose birthday it was; her dear little hands were playing about my head, and just as Mr. Hudson was focussing me, I felt the tortoise-shell dagger (brought to me from Naples by Mrs. Guppy) withdrawn from my hair, and as he again covered the lens after taking the negative, the dagger was dropped into my lap. On our questioning Mr. Hudson as to the result, he said, "There is no spirit, but in the air, above the head I see a cross." I then explained to him what it was, and as he had not noticed it, I gave it to him to look at when we joined him in his sanctum.

You may imagine how anxious I was to receive the proofs, which came to me on Saturday night, and I hope to enclose you one of each, so that you may possess the earliest English specimens. They are decidedly unsuccessful as far as my portrait is concerned, for it was so late in the day that the lights and shadows are unsoftened by half

tints, but I consider that they each have a great value for their spiritual significance: the first, for the clearly defined *hand*, the symbol of *Power*, thus implying that this phase of manifestation will do a great work for Spiritualism:—in the second, the complete union of the true husband and wife exemplifies the happiness to be attained by those who have led unsullied lives, while the third contains a test for the sceptical; the dagger being, as it were, self-sustained in the air, although from the background being black (by the directions of the spirits), the dark tortoise-shell is not very visible, except for the bright gleams of light on the three balls and on the hilt-guard. . . ."

While we were having our talk in Mr. Hudson's studio, after the negatives had been taken, I received an intimation from my spirit counsellors, that I was to go there every week for the purpose of developing this new marvel. I should have been only too glad to do so, but that my means were so crippled by the heavy loss I had sustained in the previous year by my Exhibition of Spirit Drawings in Old Bond Street. I was however enjoined to fulfil the mission appointed to me, and to be assured that I should be supplied with what was absolutely indispensable for me during its course. And so it proved!—for as soon as the new manifestation was noised abroad, many of my friends expressed a wish to purchase copies of my spirit photographs, which Mr. Hudson let me have on professional terms, as well as any others that were interesting, and I also received many orders for them from unknown correspondents, in consequence of my monthly letters; so I generally kept a good supply of them here at home, and I ultimately reckoned,—when alas! the work was finished and done with,—that my receipts amounted as nearly as possible to what I had expended upon them and my railway journeys to and fro. So that the four years of life's work was a free gift to the advancement of what I know to be God's Cause.

It was then arranged that I was to go every Thursday to Holloway for the sittings, calling first at Mrs. Guppy's,

where I was afterwards to spend the remainder of the day.

I went on the following Sunday to Mrs. Tebb's, taking with me the three proofs that had arrived the night before. After tea we had a séance, and when I had mesmerised Mrs. Tebb, she was entranced by a spirit, who said: "I have been looking at the photographs, and feel very glad and thankful for what has been done. If that photographer could be allowed to use some dark garment which you have worn while engaged in painting, as a cover for his camera, we think it would help to bring out better defined pictures: also anything of suitable size to suspend at your back which has been for a considerable time about your person, would help very much to enable the spirits to individualise themselves. Nothing new should be worn by any person in the room, and as little as possible of any material that has required washing. If the plates could be in your possession for some time previously, better results would be obtained. (Turning to Mr. Tebb), I suppose you would like to come and be photographed."—[Yes, I should.]—"How many pictures have you been able to get hitherto? One?"—[Why, yes, only one that was satisfactory.]—"You will be just as restless when you get there, as you are here:—the chances are that you will have to wait until you learn *as* a spirit to be quiet *in* spirit for at least the one minute that will be required for developing a picture. A great body of spiritual beings are feeling and saying, 'Oh! blessing that has come! we shall be able to allow our friends to see our faces once more from this side!'—Alas! of the thousands that may say that, you may count upon your fingers how many will be sufficiently passive to make any impression upon a plate. People express and feel great disappointment when they do not see the face ardently hoped for on the photographer's plate, but if those persons could realise the very great difficulty experienced in preparing the sitter for this work, they would try to be patient. The more quiet and passive and patient the circle, the better the result in that as in

other forms of mediumship. If you have a special desire for the face of a friend, it will be well to have clothing,—woollen garments if you have them,—at the circle, and also to concentrate the thought not only upon the friend *as* a friend, but upon the features together and separately; in this way a restless spirit may come in time to be photographed, and so you give help from this side."

Later on in the evening, a curious warning was given me in a figurative manner, of a trouble and annoyance that would come to me personally with reference to the photographic work, and which I fully understood when the time really came. But there were many other difficulties as it proceeded which it would be impossible to detail; pin-pricks and sharp arrows shot out by venomous spite,—wheels within wheels as it were, when the inoffensive were attacked in the futile hope of injuring one who was out of reach. The system and motives have been at different terms clearly shewn and explained to me by my instructors, but it has only been for my own guidance, and I have been permitted to say thus much and no more.

Before I went to Holloway on the following Thursday, I received the impression that Mrs. Guppy and I were to sit alternately, the other then to officiate as medium; to which she willingly agreed, but in her first sitting, although she saw the dazzling light of the spirit form in front of her, nothing was to be seen on the plate; and I will now give the extract of the three for which I sat, as there were circumstances in connexion with her sittings which we only understood afterwards.

"*March* 14*th*, *Midnight.*—I am just returned from Holloway after another attempt. While Mr. Hudson was taking the first negative, I felt the signal by which my dear nephew Charlie Warren (who was lost in the *Carnatic*) makes his presence known, and some little distance above my head appears his hand, quite perfect, with a glimpse of the wrist-band, the thumb is bent across the palm, as if pointing to the ring on his little finger, which had been Papa's diamond ring, that we had had reset for Charlie after

Papa's death. On the second plate, just above my head is a small hand holding a leaf: it is the same little hand that withdrew the dagger from my hair on the previous occasion. While the third negative was in progress, I felt something on my head for a moment, and then a young rabbit (from Mr. Hudson's rabbit-hutch in the garden wherein the studio is built) was placed in my lap, where it did not remain very still, so that it is not very clear, but sufficiently so to shew what it is. There is a male figure behind, stooping slightly forwards, but having had to move in consequence of the vagaries of the rabbit it is of course hazy.—Believe me, yours sincerely, GEORGIANA HOUGHTON."

The editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* adds the following note:—"Copies of the photographs to which the letter refers have been received by us. They do certainly illustrate, in a striking manner, Miss Houghton's narrative; and we should strongly advise persons interested in the subject to put themselves in communication with Mr. Hudson, the photographer, or Miss Houghton, or, better still, with *both*."

I remembered after I had sent away my article, that on the Thursday before, Mrs. Guppy had taken one of the very young rabbits out of the hutch, and caressed it a good deal; I also stroked and coaxed it; she said that if she had been going to a séance, that rabbit would probably have been brought to her. I have no doubt it was the same rabbit, which we, by touching, had sufficiently filled with our atmosphere to enable the spirit (who I understand is one of those who work with Mrs. Guppy) to bring it to me.

During Mrs. Guppy's second sitting, while I was behind, in the improvised cabinet, she again saw the spirit form, whom she designated "dear Mrs. Houghton," but still there was no evidence of it on the plate, and we had all become somewhat eager as to what might be the third result. No one can figure to themselves the excitement attendant on these manifestations in their first extreme

freshness, especially perhaps to such a sensitive temperament as Mr. Hudson's, the whole subject being so new to him; and even to the last, he used to be so nervous, that several times in the most critical moment the glass has slipped from his trembling fingers, and whatever might have been upon it has been utterly lost. On the third negative to our great delight appeared a tall figure clad in long white garments, whom we both instantly recognised as Mamma. Mr. Hudson had brought it from the dark room into the studio, and after a minute Mrs. Guppy exclaimed—"Oh! take it out of the light, for it seems to be fading." She recommended Mr. Hudson to varnish it as soon as possible so as to render it safe. He was to come over in the evening to Morland Villas, and we at once greeted him with enquiries as to whether he had done so, but alas! the picture had entirely disappeared. We wondered and puzzled as to what could possibly have been the cause of such a disaster, and finally Mr. Hudson avowed that in his nervousness and agitation, instead of coating the plate with collodion, he had used varnish which was in a bottle close by, and it thus seemed that although it could (after having been immersed in the sensitising bath), receive the image, it could not retain it. Of course we were sadly disappointed, and perhaps somewhat hard upon Mr. Hudson for his blunder. Mrs. Guppy gave him her photograph album to look over, to see if he could recognise among the portraits any one resembling the spirit that had appeared, and as soon as he saw the one of Mamma, he said it was unmistakably the same.

Whether I had some revelation in my sleep I know not, but on the following Monday morning, at the instant of waking, the whole solution of the mystery flashed upon me, to the effect that for the manifestations through my mediumship the usual chemical compounds were somehow insufficient, and that an alteration of some kind was required. I wrote off in the course of the day to Mr. Hudson, explaining my thought, and suggesting that perhaps if he were to add a few drops of the varnish to

the sensitising bath, it might have the desired effect; he could at any rate try the experiment, and let me know on Thursday what might be the result.

When I reached Holloway on the 21st, I found that the snow had fallen so heavily, that it lay on the ground to the depth of seven inches, so Mr. Guppy thought it would be unsafe for his wife to venture forth on the slippery paths; I therefore went alone to Mr. Hudson's, where it was of course impossible to attempt any photography, for the glass-house was covered with snow; but he told me that the addition of the varnish had proved a failure, for that it had decomposed the sensitising bath entirely. I suggested that he should try other experiments, and contributed a something towards the expenses. He came to Mrs. Guppy's in the evening, when I was told by my spirit friends that we were to have a séance for the purpose of receiving some directions as to the photographs; so Mrs. Guppy and Mr. Hudson entered the cabinet; Mr. Guppy, Tommy, and I remaining outside. Raps were immediately heard, and the following message was spelt out: "Next Thursday you shall have a glorious spirit-photograph." The exact time for our sitting was fixed, after which the spirit voice was heard, giving some directions about the chemical proceedings, and Mrs. Guppy then told us that the spirit Katie was instructing Mr. Hudson as to the necessary arrangements, but that she had just been desired to go with *only* Mr. Hudson into the adjoining room for a séance by themselves. On their return she said that some alterations were to be made in the photographic process, which Mr. Hudson was not to divulge to any one, for that if he did, Katie threatened to spoil the bath that she had now taught him how to make; nor was he even to mention that he had had instructions for a secret formula, or she would punish him in the same way.

She had given the following directions as to the next Thursday's sitting. Half an hour before it was to take place, Mrs. Guppy was to go into the cabinet in Mr. Hudson's glass-house, then to be mesmerised by me and

put into trance:—also that "Miss Houghton's negatives were not to be brought into the light even after being finished, until they were varnished, because of their extra sensitiveness: they were likewise to be held sacred, not to be shewn to any one, but kept apart from all other negatives, nor were the proofs to be seen without Miss Houghton's permission."

Directions were also given for a photograph to be taken some time in the intervening period, of Mrs. Guppy and Tommy, which was done on Monday the 25th, and in the picture is seen the well-defined form of Katie, with her hands out-spread above the mother and child as if blessing them. (See plate III. No. 25.)

During the week I was much visited by my spirit friends, and learned that they were employed in gathering the emanations from me for these photographs, in the same manner that they were accustomed to do in preparation for my séances; but on the Wednesday evening they told me they had already taken all they required for that purpose, and were then collecting for the séance I was to hold on the 20th of the next month.

On my second visit to Mr. Hudson, we discussed the suggestions, given through Mrs. Tebb, that some dark thing that had been worn by me should be appropriated to his photographic purposes, and I came to the conclusion that I would make a cap for covering the lens of a rich black satin petticoat that I had just set aside from further use, so I took all the necessary measurements, and with the aid of cardboard, gum, black ribbon, and three folds of the thick satin, I concocted a capital one, which lasted during the whole time the work continued.

Here follows the second letter I published:—"Dear Sir, —I trust it may not be deemed out of place if I preface the relation of the further development of spirit photographs with a few personal details, for I think it is not only phenomena we have to consider, but the proofs given to us by Spiritualism that life is not a collection of fragments joined together by chance or hap-hazard, but a grand mosaic, the

position of each separate piece being directed by the loving will of our Heavenly Father, whether the apparent agents are seen or unseen.

During the summers of 1856 and 1857, I carried on with much interest some amateur photography, so that I am practically conversant with the various details, and it was not very long after my own mediumship was developed (December 31st, 1859) that my spirit friends told me that the time was approaching when they would be able to impress their portraits on the photographic plate, and that in due course I should be one of the workers in that phase of manifestation. The truth of spirit communion was so great a marvel that I could scarcely place limits to further wonders, but I thought that others might deem me visionary if I mentioned it, so I kept my information to myself until in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December 1862, there was an account of Mumler's first spirit photograph on the 5th of October, in which I at once believed, and when afterwards copies of some of his were to be obtained, I purchased the packet of three from the publisher of that magazine, and I must add, that I am surprised that the power has made so little development with him ; for they are quite as good as those which are now on view at the Spiritual Institution.

In 1864 I made the acquaintance of Mr. Tiffin (then living near us), who was well known as an ardent Spiritualist, with whom I talked over the subject, and as he had dabbled a little in photography, he suggested that I should go over to his house to try the experiment, by sitting to him, which I did, but his chemicals were out of order, and the result was a very bad something, neither a negative nor a positive, but there are indistinct faces to be seen, although very faintly, and by some persons ascribed only to imagination, but in searching my records I find that it was taken on the 7th of March 1864, and on the *self-same* day eight years after, I made my first visit to Mr. Hudson, when Mamma's veiled figure with the hand uncovered appeared behind me on the plate, which receives stronger force from the fact that eight is my mystical number. . . .

When the Thursday arrived (March 28th), it proved terribly stormy, both with wind and rain, but Mrs. Guppy and I bravely faced the weather, and went over at the appointed time, and I took with me the cap I had made for the lens. It was certainly photographing under difficulties, for the glass house is in a back garden, and the heavy rain had almost flooded it, so that Mr. Hudson had had to contrive a flooring of boards, which did not seem very secure.

It was the Thursday in Passion Week, the day before Good Friday. . . . Mrs. Guppy sat down in the cabinet, where I mesmerised her until she passed into complete trance, and I then seated myself. Shortly after I had sat down, I felt a movement of my chair, and feared it was going through the boards; but I then heard Mrs. Guppy say, "Sit a little farther back," by which I knew that the chair had been moved by the spirits. As Mr. Hudson covered the lens after taking the photograph, three branches of the willow palm fell into my lap, which I placed on the table, and then went into the dark room to see the result, and on the plate the three branches of palm seem to radiate from my head like a crown. I went back, and was going to sit down, when I heard Mrs. Guppy (in the low tone in which she speaks when entranced) say, "Do not sit upon them;" so I looked round, and on the chair were three more sprays of palm, which I put separately from the others. When I was again seated, she said, "The *three* are *One;* they are gathered from the same tree." [There are *two* threes,] said I. "Yes, the first three, those with which you were photographed, are yours; the second three are for a lady whom you visit, they are not for *me.*" [Are they for Mrs. Tebb?] "Yes."

She now desired that Mr. Hudson should come to her, which he did gently, so as not to disturb her trance: she then asked him for the plate he was going to use, so that she might give it a last polish. She had cleaned them before entering the cabinet, so that it must now have been wanted by the spirit influencing her.

While Mr. Hudson was preparing the plate, I felt my tortoise-shell dagger withdrawn, and after a short interval it was placed upright, being fixed between my head and the comb, and while the negative was being taken, I again heard Mrs. Guppy's subdued voice, saying, "The Cross is made of the wood of THE TRUE CROSS, and the whiteness is caused by the light proceeding from itself; it is not a light *thrown upon* it, but comes from the Cross itself." I must confess that I felt rather awe-stricken as I listened. In a little while she again spoke, telling me that I was to wake her, which I did, but the trance was very deep. When she was roused, we went in together to look at the negative. My dagger stands as it were erect on my head, but the topmost ball of the three is hidden by an exquisite little white cross, thus explaining the wonderful message given to me. The cross thus photographed was not visible to mortal eyes, but the symbolism of the two pictures is indeed complete with reference to the Christian commemoration :—To day the palm—to-morrow the cross.

In both of them I was spiritually influenced as to the position of my head and hands.

The palm has for some years seemed to have much significance for me, for at the old home we had a shrub in the garden from which I always gathered a spray to wear on Palm Sunday, and I seemed to miss it when we came to Delamere Crescent, so in 1868 I resolved to buy some, but Mamma was ill at the time, and I hurried home from my marketing without recollecting my intention. On the Monday evening I went to a séance at Mrs. Guppy's, when the spirits brought flowers to the different members of the circle, but to me they brought a branch of palm which I still have in my possession.

On the following year a gentleman called upon me whom I had developed for drawing some years previously, and he shewed me a pencil drawing that he had done that morning, pointing out that it consisted of *palm leaves*. "And to-day is Palm Sunday," said I, much to his astonishment, for he had not been aware of the fact, but I felt that

through spirit influence palm had again been brought to me.

Next year I was accosted by a woman in the street, who had palm to sell, and I accordingly purchased some.

In 1871 the census papers had to be filled up on Palm Sunday; when I had to insert my birthplace, as the City of Palms, Grand Canary, thus again bringing forward the same subject in another form.

On the 4th of April, instead of going into the cabinet, Mrs. Guppy was to sit in the studio, about midway between Mr. Hudson and me, and I took my place on a round stool. As soon as the negative was done, *before it was taken out of the camera*, we hurried into the dark room to see the development, when to our great surprise, there was no *me* at all, I was completely obliterated, and in my place was seated a veiled figure clad in white, with some flowers (not resembling any I know) in her lap. The position is the reverse of what mine was, the *left* side being forward instead of the right, the drapery is beautifully transparent, and flows very gracefully, so that as an artistic specimen it is charming. (See plate I. No. 2.)

In the second picture I was again annihilated, and there was only a tall figure in white, standing rather to the right of where I had sat, but that negative being on thin glass was unfortunately broken, to our great vexation.

For the third plate I had to stand, and in that I *do* appear, but very faintly, while the spirit figure is the prominent object, being that of a female, a little in advance of me, with a sort of long narrow flowing veil touching the ground both at the front and back, but it is worn in a fashion very unlike anything I have ever seen, leaving an opening through which we have a glimpse of a dark robe. (I have since learned that she is Grandmamma.)

In all these pictures there is one great marvel, as far as our weak natural senses are concerned, for what we consider as the substantial, material individual was in the two first instances totally ignored by the photographic plate, while only the apparently invisible and intangible was manifested,

and in the third plate only a shadowy view of the mortal is given, while she who has thrown off the garment of flesh stands forth as the true being.

In the first picture that was taken on the next occasion, April 11th, I was delighted to recognise the same standing figure that had been on the unlucky negative that had been broken the week before; but this time I also was permitted to be visible, and the spirit form was somewhat smaller than in the former portrait. But somehow Mamma's likenesses have each time failed, for in this one she is rather *out of focus*.

My cousin, Mrs. Pearson, met us there by appointment, as she was anxious to obtain a likeness of her deceased sister, so she took her place, while I went behind into the cabinet (before which there is now a screen, as well as the previous drapery), and Mrs. Guppy sat in the studio, as she had done with me. To her great delight, on the negative appears a figure (standing partly before her, so that the white robe partially conceals her dress), which assuredly resembles that of her sister; the face is uncovered, so that I hope the features may be distinguishable when printed.

Mr. Simkiss, a well-known Spiritualist, of Wolverhampton, sat with his wife and child in a group. Mrs. Guppy saw a figure go towards them, and kneel by the side of Mrs. Simkiss, who also saw it approach, and when the negative was developed, with them was seen the kneeling figure.

There have been several other photographs taken; some of which are very interesting—*two* (to one of which I have already alluded) of Mrs. Guppy, Tommy; and the spirit Katie, who is their chief adviser: Mrs. Wallace, with two spirits who look like Malays, who were probably attracted to Mr. Wallace during his sojourn in the Malayan Archipelago: Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, with the kneeling figure of his daughter: Mr. Herne, entranced, while a form wonderfully resembling himself is holding some flowers over his head.

Your last month's suggestion of entering into com-

munication with me has led to some interesting correspondence.—Believe me, yours," &c.

April 15th. 1871

Although it is chiefly my own personal experience to which I wish to confine myself, yet the following testimony in the *Spiritualist* of May 15th is so important that I consider it worth extracting. It is a portion of a letter from Mr. Slater to the editor, dated 19 Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, May 8th, 1872:—

"I visited Mr. Hudson, told him my object in calling, and after a few preliminary remarks on both sides, he proceeded to take a negative of me. It turned out to be a very good, clear, sharp negative,—nothing more. I requested him to try another, which he did, selecting indiscriminately from some *previously* used and dirty glasses one for this occasion, and after going through the usual routine of cleaning, done in my presence, he poured on the collodion, and placed it in the bath. I remained in the dark room all the time the plate was in the bath. I saw it put into the camera frame and then into the camera, which had been previously focussed to me, and all that Mr. Hudson had to do was to uncover the lens. I saw the slide drawn up, and when sitting saw the cap or cover of the camera removed, and after the usual exposure replaced on the lens. I then accompanied him into the dark room, and saw the developing solution poured on the plate; but not the vestige of anything appeared, neither myself, nor background, but a semi-opaque film all over the plate, as if it had been somewhat over-exposed. I then asked for another attempt, which was carried out under precisely the same circumstances, namely, that I witnessed the whole proceeding from beginning to end. I must now, in justice to the "Psychic force" gentlemen, tell them that I asked mentally, and *felt what I asked*,—that if it were possible for the spirit of my mother to come and stand by my side, and with me to portray her presence, to please

do so. The result you may or may not have seen, it is a fine female figure draped in white, standing before me with her hand resting on my head; the drapery merely covers the whole of my body, leaving only the head and one hand visible. I need not say I was as pleased as I was astonished, and felt determined to further investigate the matter, as I felt certain Mr. Hudson played no trick on this occasion. Having read in the *British Journal of Photography* that the editor thought it very unlikely that he would get any spirit pictures if he took his own instrument and plates, I took the hint, and did as he suggested, not that I doubted the artist or the spirits in the least. I accordingly made a new combination of lenses, and took also a new camera and several glass plates. I did, in Mr. Hudson's room all the looking on, and I focussed the instrument to the sitter, and obtained, in the same manner as before, a fine spirit picture.

It was again repeated with another sitter, and with like success; collusion or trickery was altogether out of the question. After the last attempt I felt further induced to carry out an optical arrangement for spirit photography, and knowing, as most scientific men do, that the invisible end of the spectrum is the most active chemically, I resolved to exemplify to sceptics that with such an instrument as I now had made, and would use, we could take portraits of the sitters, although the colour of the glass was such that only in the strongest light could the person focussing see the sitter at all. No one was more astonished than Mr. Hudson, after seeing me focus the instrument to a lady sitting in the chair, to find not only a sharp, well-defined negative, with good half-tone; but also, standing by the lady was a fine spirit figure, draped in black and white. The exposure was not any longer than with the usual lenses of the same aperture and focal length: namely, two and a half-inch lenses, with two-inch stops; the focus from the back lens five inches.

We tried another with, if possible, better success; the sitter was a little child belonging to the lady just men-

tioned, and the result was a female figure standing by the child.

I think Mr. Hudson was quite satisfied that another person's instruments and plates answered the purpose just as well as his own. If he is not satisfied on that score, I am ; for not a move nor a thing did he do to these, *my own plates*, unobserved by me. There was no room for any transparency to be placed in the frame of the camera, nor was there any other device used on these occasions.

Several ways may of course be sugested to shew how easily the assumed imposture may be managed ; but you may take it from me that whatever the meaning may be for coming in suspicious shape, *there is no imposture in the cases.*

I was allowed to do what I pleased to guard against deception in my own *carte*, and I was permitted to overlook and to scrutinise the *whole* process in another case.

We naturally ask ourselves what is the meaning of it? Why appear in such suspicious and questionable shape? And for the present we must be content to say, "We don't know!" But by being patient we shall no doubt discover sooner or later that there was some wisdom in the strangeness of the manifestations. Perhaps it may be to correct our erroneous impression that spirit is less tangible, less real than matter ; and as the only figure I have seen with the face uncovered is one which stands by the side of Mr. Herne, the well-known medium, and *is his exact counterpart*, some light may be thrown by these ghostly figures on the theory of the "double."

I don't, however, ask you to put any faith in my speculative thoughts as to the why and wherefore ; but I do, in my ordinary powers of observation, and my common-sense judgment in matters *of fact*, and I again say that the spirit-photographs in question are not produced in the way it is suggested they might be, to impose upon the over-credulous, but that they are realities, they are genuine."

It will be evident from Mr. Slater's letter that already there was cavil and controversy as to whether the pictures were genuine, so that poor Mr. Hudson was beginning to

find that his wondrous gift was accompanied by many thorns, which lacerated his fingers and his sensibilities. . . . I was one day asked, in serious confidence, whether I was *quite sure* that there had been no fraud in the photographs for which I had sat. It seemed to me that she who put the question must have some *reason* for the interrogation, so I carefully looked back in my own mind on all the circumstances attendant upon each of them, so I was some two or three minutes ere I could answer positively—"Yes, I AM *quite* sure. Any fraud would have been *utterly* impossible." Not only did I understand the whole process, and watch—not in suspicion, but intense interest—every item of the work, but I remembered many small details which gave additional certainty. But in those early days, I did not know Mr. Hudson to his innermost core, as I afterwards, through our long and continued intercourse, did; so that my utmost vigilance was roused, and from that moment I watched his every movement so closely that I would have defied him even to raise his hand without my seeing it. He has since said that no one ever kept so strict a guard over him as I did, and I do not regret that I did so, for, thank God! the suspicion did not generate in my own mind, therefore I have no cause to be ashamed of it, but I am thus enabled to give the stronger expression to my declaration that throughout all the photographic work that Mr. Hudson did in my presence, fraud was not only *absolutely impossible*, but that no shadow of it was ever attempted.

So many sitters and so many mediums used now to go thronging to Mr. Hudson's that untoward influences were found to be at work, even, at times, decomposing the bath; so I received directions to get some frankincense, for the purpose of "purifying by fire" on every occasion before we had our sittings, I accordingly went to the chemist to make my purchase, and he said there was a question as to which of *two* gums or resins was the true frankincense, so I asked him to shew me both, and that my spirit friends would solve the difficulty; which they did by selecting the gum olibanum, and he said that that agreed with his own previous opinion.

For the first once or twice, I burned it in a small saucer, but I was afterwards desired to take a bronze Javanese incense-burner that I have, so as to use a larger quantity, but they explained to me very decidedly that its purpose is only to *clear away unholy influences*. In some of the photographs the little burner may be seen either on a table or a chair, and has sometimes puzzled people as to what it could be, for it is a quaint curiosity.

I have given the commencement of my third letter in another form, so I will continue from that point.

"Mrs. Tebb came to me on the 3rd of April, to see the later photographs, and to receive the gift of the three sprays of palm intrusted to me for her on the previous Thursday. I mesmerised her, and she passed into trance; and said: "I see two men taking photographs. They turn the camera so that they can take people as they come in at the door—there is some one there now, something tall and covered over; I thought it looked like a person in a night-dress, but I can't see. There is a light that goes out from this camera, it goes out in rays, and the very top ray just rests on the top of the object—no, it is the *bottom* ray that rests on the top of the object; the rays cross, and the top ray goes down to the ground."

Her saying this was very interesting to me, for she knows nothing of photography and has never looked into a camera, so she does not know that objects are seen therein as if upside-down. I asked, "Does the light pass *from* the individual *to* the camera, or from the camera to the sitter?" The light seems to come from the camera; it is very intensely bright as it comes from that tube, and diminishes in brightness as it reaches the person. They are shewing me how they gather it up on the glass; the opening is full of light—so bright. The tall man with the long hair holds his hand *so* against the camera (here she extended her left arm, and held it still, as if resting it upon something; but with the right hand she seemed to be gathering from the atmosphere, closing her hand upon it, and then opening her hand and throwing what she had collected into what I believe

was the lens of the camera), and with his other hand he draws the light up to his own body, and then it flows into this instrument. Oh! I can see that as it touches his hand it changes the colour of it, makes it look almost like being in a flame, and when it has gone into the instrument, it turns to a pale colour again. They are shewing me that this is a *real* substance that they collect:—can be used for many purposes—if they bring it *all* up, and appropriate it for photography, there will be none left for healing:—they are putting some of it on the head of a man, and they say, 'Look, he is healed;' it is *Spirit Power*, and for a considerable time it will be used in God's Wisdom to promote the visible appearance of spirit forms, and if these forms are made as apparent as *your* form, they can be photographed without much expenditure of the same power in the process of photographing. [I suppose that is why the spirits now come to me so frequently to collect power, which they tell me is needed for the photographs, in the same manner that they do when I am going to have a séance.] "Yes, and it is recommended that on the day when you purpose sitting for spirit photographs, you should stand for the space of a quarter of an hour directly over the place usually occupied by your easel, with uncovered feet, for it is *holy ground—literally*—and you will take added power to the photographic circle—enable the spirits better to externalise themselves, not in the fleshly principle, but in expression and all that goes to make up the marked individuality either of a man or of a spirit—in other words the power coming through you will be utilised to give the finishing grace, and to put the appearance of life into the likeness. You will hear that several photographers are making experiments with a view of producing these pictures." [It is said that there is already another who has succeeded in doing something.] "The power is waiting to rest upon persons already set aside for this work—the time will soon come when those who are chosen will receive the call—it shall be well with them if they are ready There will be many calls, but only a few are chosen to do the best

work, and that work will bear much fruit which shall descend in blessings upon unborn generations. It is expected that some of the existing forms of spirit manifestations will gradually die out not to be restored, and the power which has been used to produce those, as it flows to the usual channels, will be diverted, and made to help in the higher forms of manifestation. *Your* work will come to you day by day, and your own steadfast faith will help you to possess your soul in patience, however tried you may and *will* be, by those who should be your coadjutors. The work *must* go on, it is like a torrent, and no feeble hands may stay the force of it, but they are permitted to widen the channels, and in so doing, they will work with the Lord."

With reference to the *Spirit Power* of which she spoke, I have since learned that it is gathered as a reserve force, to be used in combination with the power *naturally* issuing forth at the time from the other mediums present and from the sitter; but there are sometimes atmospheric impediments either earthly or spiritual, which may necessitate a greater expenditure of that reserve force, so that all may be exhausted even in one single negative, and without some portion of that power, nothing *spiritual* can be manifested on the plate, and I have been reminded of my experience on the 7th of March, when, there being none left, the dagger could be held over my head, but the little spirit hand supporting it was unseen.

I have also been told by my invisible guides, that this force is something *drawn* from me, and not merely the natural outflow, therefore they are cautious to extract but a very little at each time, so as not to affect my vital powers. This seems to me to explain the fact that Mumler becomes exhausted after taking three or four negatives in a day, for perhaps his spirit friends may not be quite so careful, and may go on drawing from him while he is at work. I am likewise informed that in some instances the emanations from the mediums and the sitter do not harmonise and amalgamate, in which case no good photograph can be the result.

I will now resume the account from where I left off in my last month's letter, and although I may trespass somewhat largely on your space, I do not hesitate to do so, as it is *the* work of the day, and is continually increasing in spiritual interest. Some persons may be disappointed in the photographs themselves, because they do not come up to their *imagination* of spirits, but what we have to do with is *truth*, not *fancy*, but they will at any rate prove that spirits are not shapeless airy nothings, but have bodies really as substantial as our own. The photographic difficulties, too, are considerable, but as they are gradually overcome, the results will continue to increase in beauty, even as they have already done to so great an extent.

Mrs. Guppy accompanied me to Mr. Hudson's on the 18th of April, and the first negative referred to a slight annoyance that had occurred in the course of the week, interesting to myself, but not to others. In the next (plate I. No. 3) my hand is uplifted so as to touch the garments of a tall, majestic female with a lovely face of the Jewish type; there is a peculiar stateliness about her, as if she might have been one of the prophetesses of old; and I am told that she is the daughter of Jaïrus.

The following one was done for me as a birthday present (for April 20th), and although perhaps not striking to others, is to me full of interest, for in the flood of power poured upon me in rays from above, may gradually be descried many undefined faces. There is also a peculiar stream being poured past my extended arm into my lap, looking something like the representation of rain in a water-colour landscape, the character of which induced me to get out Mr. Tiffin's original attempt, March 7th, 1864, which contains a long stream somewhat similar, but in that instance it does not terminate with me, as in this photograph, but goes from the top to the bottom, by which I think was implied that it must flow for some time before it could be concentrated upon me. The picture, too, carries out the thought then striven for, shewing how I am sur-

rounded by loved and loving ones, and my spirit friends have named it "A great cloud of witnesses."

I had a séance at home for my birthday, and then made an appointment with Mrs. Ramsay who was one of the friends present, to meet me at Mr. Hudson's on the 25th, which she did; so Mrs. Guppy and I sat on opposite sides in the studio between Mr. Hudson and the sitter. I had been impressed that I was first to sit for one negative, so as to prepare the spot that Mrs. Ramsay was to occupy, and also to give her a feeling of calm repose before she took her place. When I went into the dark room to see it developed, Mr. Hudson said, "I do not think there will be anything to-day, for I have been very unlucky lately." His words seemed to come true, for there *was nothing* besides myself. I, however, did not despair, for my spirit teachers had themselves appointed the day, and I thought (as was really the case), that they were reserving all the gathered power for her pictures. The three negatives were all interesting to her, but especially the third. On the two first were spirit forms, but on this last plate appeared, suspended from above, a kind of stone or gem, representing a monogram, the promise that it should be photographed having been given in semi-trance through Mrs. Tebb on the evening of my séance.

On the 2nd of May, Mrs. Guppy was unable to accompany me, but a young friend of hers, with strong medium powers, kindly went with me instead, and I had two successful negatives taken, which I will describe presently.

Mrs. Cooper and her daughter were to meet me there, so they were summoned from the specimen room as soon as mine were done. They had with them a little girl who had lost her mother some few months previously, and were in hopes that she might be presented on one of the plates. Accordingly Mrs. Cooper took her seat with the child standing by her — but alas! no spirit appeared — Miss Cooper then stood (alone), but was equally unsuccessful. It was then suggested that the child should be photographed by herself, and when the negative was developed,

there *was* a spirit form, but the child was invisible! I have not seen a proof, to know whether the mother (with whom I was well acquainted in her childhood and girlhood,) is recognisable, but I can understand that as all their thoughts were concentrated on obtaining that one likeness, the power was used for that especial purpose, and I, too, had had her much in my mind during the week, as I knew how anxious the bereaved husband was for it, but having made those previous engagements, I had been unable to make one for him to meet me. (The photograph proved a wonderful likeness of Emma.)

My first negative gives the first glimpse in fulfilment of an intimation I have received, that in course of time they may be able to shew us something of spiritual scenery by means of photography, for a lofty rock is seen on the right (referring to the Scripture symbolism), and I believe it is on a portion of that rock that the spirit is seated.

I took the two photographs with me to Mrs. Tebb's on the evening of May 7th; she was deeply interested in them, and their meaning was gradually unfolded.

The two pictures belong to one another, for it is the same spirit who is with me in both. In the first, we are seated opposite one another, and appear to be in deep conversation, but it was the interpretation of the second (plate I. No. 4) that was given first. We are standing face to face, her right hand is within mine, while with the left she gathers the drapery under her chin. There was a something that had puzzled me to understand, for it seemed almost like an arm passing round my left shoulder, yet it could *not* be, for both her hands were occupied. Mrs. Tebb examined it, and said, "It is a ray of coloured light, flowing from her to you; they are shewing it to me" (here she moved her hand as if seeing the light issue from herself), "it is the link binding you to each other; it flows from the heart, but also from all this region below the heart, explaining the phrases 'his bowels did yearn upon his brother:'—'bowels of compassion,' &c. and they are giving me to understand that unless that

light can *touch* the other person, they ought not to have anything to do with one another:—a time is coming when that link will be perceptible to all of us, and thus we shall *know* with whom we may beneficially hold communion. It does not seem the quantity of that stream of light, so much as the quality, that is of importance:—what they first shewed me was of a lovely pink colour, and now they are shewing me some of a rich hue, like arterial blood. It encircles you, although you scarcely see it on this side (beneath the right arm), but it *must* come quite round, forming a complete bond of union:—*you* look as if you felt it, and the expression in your face is as if you had learned far more than words could tell; that language would only weaken the force of what you have received. In the first picture she was endeavouring to make you understand what was going to be shewn, and there is in you a slight shrinking from the thought,—it is not your inner self that shrinks, but, as it were, your humanity, and in her urging it upon you, she has forgotten that the movement of her hand will alter the photographic position, although enhancing the life-charm, for it was being impressed upon your soul, however unaware you were of it, as is clearly seen in the second picture, where you have fully accepted it. I am told that this is given to *you* as the *first* manifestation of the *inner* life externalised as it were,—in the same way that so many other phases of Spiritualism have been presented to you, before going out to the world in general. She is one with whom you are strongly knit, and it seems to me that you have been a teacher to her in her spiritual life, and as if in some way you have helped her even more than that, as if there were some other peculiar bond, for which she feels especial gratitude and love." [Can you learn who she is? for although I have an idea, it is so difficult to recognise a likeness in profile that I cannot be quite certain.] "I think,—is she not your sister?" [Oh! yes,] said I, and told her how many reasons I had for thinking it was Zilla, having been done on her birthday, and my having in the

course of that day so strongly and often felt the signals of herself, her husband, and her dear son Charlie, and I thought that my loving care of the four dear children she had left, was the further bond of which she had spoken.

"Ah! you are now face to face, and soul to soul, but I cannot help again remarking the fulness of expression in your own countenance." I said I had had a most peculiar feeling while standing there, an impulse almost as if I *must* speak, as if there were some loved one so very near to me that my very lips seemed quivering with emotion.

The spirit figure in both photographs is exquisitely graceful, but the most striking characteristic is, if I may so term it, the togetherness of the spirit and the mortal:—in all the previous pictures, although on the same plate, they have seemed apart from one another, living separate existences, but here they are close as two loving sisters dwelling in one home, and that home the "strong rock for an house of defence." Psalm xxxi. 2.

On the 9th of May, Mrs. Guppy was again prevented from accompanying me, so I went quite alone, and felt somewhat anxious as to the result—on the first negative there was no spirit, but over my head was a kind of rainbow form, and an indistinct shadowing towards that part to which my face was turned:—I was happy! let that represent what it might, it was a spiritual evidence, so the next plate was prepared without any misgivings on Mr. Hudson's part.

I have just received the proofs, and am delighted with them! In the first, I am alone among the mountains—"I lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Psalm cxxi. 1. In the second, I am standing with my hand laid lightly on the head of a male figure, who almost seems to be kneeling, but in reality he rises partly *through* the floor; being veiled, the features cannot be distinguished. In the third (plate I. No. 5), a female figure stands near me with the face clearly visible; I think she is a dear relative, who passed away upwards of thirty years ago, so that I cannot be quite sure about my own memory of her.

While I was standing for the second plate, just at the instant that Mr. Hudson had uncapped the lens, a sudden gust of wind threw the background screen against me, so that it rested upon me during the time that the negative was being taken. When the cap was again put on, and Mr. Hudson had said, "Thank you, that will do," I called to him to release me from the weight; for as he did not look towards me, he, fortunately, had not seen the accident, for in his flurry he would have rushed over to me, and spoiled the picture. I am gratified to see, in the photograph, that I kept perfectly steady, but my invisible companion was more easily startled, for it is perceptible that he did move.

May 16th, I am just returned from Holloway, and wish to add a short statement of the extraordinary manifestation that has taken place to-day.

Mrs. Tebb was to meet me at Mr. Hudson's, to be my first *professional* sitter; but I was first to have a negative taken, while she sat by. I accordingly took the position impressed upon me at the time, and stood facing the East, the camera being at the South, so that I was exactly in profile;—my left hand was placed under my chin, while my right hand hung down. The negative was developed, and to our bewildering surprise, in the picture I was turned full-face! with the hands placed together in an attitude of prayer. I think that of all the wonders that have occurred, this was the most startling to Mr. Hudson himself.

Mrs. Tebb then took her seat, while I (to make the test conditions as stringent as possible, *not to satisfy myself*, for I have had so many convincing proofs that I should be deficient in common sense if I doubted him, but for Mr. Hudson's own sake), went into the dark room with him, saw him clean his plate, collodionise it, &c.,—never leaving him for one moment until the negative was fully developed, on which was a spirit form (plate II. No. 10). She sat for a second; and I with her for a third, but there was nothing defined on either plate. Mrs. Tebb then left, and Mrs. Cooper, of Sydenham Hill, was to be my next sitter, the same rigorous conditions being carried out. I had before,

by spirit direction, written to her to bring "Pilgrim's Progress," for Bunyan is her guardian spirit;—so she seated herself at a small table with the volume before her. On the first plate there appeared about a dozen or upwards of stars or perhaps spirit lights. But upon the next, there was unmistakably Bunyan himself, the face and head covered with so transparent a veil that I think the features will come out distinctly.

Mrs. Anderson then came to the studio; she had intended to try with only Mrs. Cooper, but was very glad that I consented also to remain. Mrs. Cooper went into the dark room with Mr. Hudson, and (as I had done), remained with him during the whole process, and upon Mrs. Anderson's plate appeared a figure with a long floating robe, who she said was Oress, her guardian spirit, who had promised to endeavour thus to shew himself, so that it has altogether been a most satisfactory day, especially to Mr. Hudson, whose sensitive nature is suffering much from the ungenerous attacks to which he is being subjected, but which he must eventually live down.—Believe me, yours, &c."

The portrait taken with Mrs. Tebb, is that of a sister who passed away in infancy and has since grown up to womanhood. She has frequently seen her, when in the clairvoyant state, and in the first instance was somewhat startled by her resemblance to herself, although the photograph is not sufficiently defined to make that evident. What especially charms me in the picture is the simple, unassuming, modest attitude; which is a characteristic I have very often been struck with in the spirit photographs, and as being in its very nature an evidence of their genuineness, even were there no other proofs, for we well know that the almost universal attribute of photographs in general is the EGO that they all exhibit, and a photographer's chief business in posing a sitter is to be careful to make the best of any good feature, and to arrange all the drapery in the most elaborate manner. I have also noticed with reference to the mortal sitters in their spirit pictures, that they usually look much more natural and unconstrained than when sit-

ting for their own likenesses, for the very reason that their thoughts are engrossed with the desire of again beholding a lost loved one, and *self* is for the moment entirely set aside, much to their own embellishment.

Letter, No. 4. "Before resuming my narrative of the progress of this work, I must say a few words with reference to the accusation against Mr. Hudson of having made false pictures, which aspersion I *firmly* believe to be grounded entirely upon a non-comprehension of spiritual phenomena, which in so many other instances have upset many of our preconceived notions.

The especial picture to which so much objection is now made, has been, from my first study of it, one of the most interesting to me—that of Mr. Herne and his *double*, and of course I was immediately struck with the fact of the carpet being seen in an *unbroken* line through *both* the figures. When I amused myself, some sixteen years ago, with photography, it was purely as an amateur, for the sake of retaining memorials of the faces and places I loved, so that I know nothing experimentally of the tricks that may be performed by its means, but if a picture has been taken by "double exposure," there must be some sort of clue as to which was the first half, and in this there is no such trace, nor is the carpet over-exposed, which must have been the case if it had been taken twice (plate V. No. 43).

Now, from what the picture itself revealed to me, Mr. Herne is clearly entranced—his limp, inert attitude is precisely similar to that which I saw a short time since in another physical medium whom I had mesmerised into a recruiting sleep after worry and fatigue—his spirit has gone forth from him, and as he is not "all there" he has become partially transparent, his physical surroundings being also, to a certain extent, spiritualised. But it was the *inner* man externalised who taught me the most, for it shewed me that the glorification of *self* was the chief aim of the *whole* individual, to strew flowers upon the *outer* man being the thought of the "soul," for that is the term generally applied by mediums to their visitors when they are the

spirits of living persons, and such experiences are very frequent. Revelations like this will be given to us without stint in this photographic work, for although similar teachings abound in the *written* records of almost all mediums, they rarely come to the knowledge of any one beyond their own immediate circle, but in this form the lesson may reach the heart through the eye, and may the impression be permanent!

I had contemplated saying something about the spirit photographs that are appearing in two other studios, but as I find this article must extend to considerable length, I will defer it until another occasion, expressing my hope that I may be forestalled by the workers themselves.

Each month I have to relate fresh wonders, and I should almost hesitate to mention what I now have to tell, but that I feel the work is yet in its infancy, and that each manifestation is a step towards that which is yet to come, so that it will not do to omit any link in the chain of facts, and this is, a negative taken of me, by *direct* power, *when I was not present*:—for the negative has made its appearance without any one having an idea when it could have been done. It is a kind of companion to the one I described last month, when I told about my having stood *in profile*, and the picture coming out full-face,—and that my hands appeared on the negative in an attitude of prayer, such not having been at all my position:—in this new picture, I am represented in profile, with my hands in the prayerful attitude of the other negative,—which is a position in which I have *never stood* for any picture; I was impressed to place my hands so in the wonderful photograph with the Cross, that was done for me on the day before Good Friday, but then I was seated. Neither of these photographs will have the slightest interest for any one as pictures, but to myself they are valuable as marvellous evidence of spirit powers.

I must here enter into fuller details than I did in my published report, as it makes a part of the continuous narrative of my life's work. When the thus transformed full-face protrait appeared, Mr. Hudson, in his glee, exclaimed

that it was worth fifty pounds, so that his mortification was extreme when on the following Thursday he had to tell me that it had vanished, and that with all his seeking he had been unable to find it. On the succeeding Thursday, while looking at the photographs that Miss Hudson had got ready for me, to my astonishment I found a picture of myself that I did not recognise, and I could only imagine that in some extraordinary manner the spirits must have manipulated the negative in question, for upon it I found myself, as I have described, in profile, but still with my hands as I had *not* placed them. The more I looked at it, the more it puzzled me, for although it certainly was me, it seemed spiritualised. I could come to no other inference but that it *must* be the same, because no other had been taken, but all such reasoning was annihilated on the following Thursday, by there being prints from that very negative itself, which, to Mr. Hudson's great satisfaction, he had found behind a collection of unused plates, although how it had got there, he was quite unable to discover.

Of course this manifestation has given me much food for thought, and I cannot but conclude that the seed for it was sown during the Friday afternoon séances of Mrs. Tebb and myself (see "Evenings at Home in Spiritual Séance"), when we worked for direct power, commencing on the 14th of January 1870, when there were a few marks as if done by a finger-nail on the sheet of paper we had placed under the table, in full daylight. Week by week there was a very slight increase, and then a pencil was used, but although our sheet of paper became covered with marks, there was never anything very defined. I was also directed to place a sheet of paper and a pencil under my bed; and that too was marked upon very similarly. I continued this latter plan for I think about a twelvemonth, when I was told that I had done all that was needful in working for *direct power;* the result would shew itself when the due time had arrived.—Mrs. Tebb was with me for her own sitting on that 16th of May, when my changed position was taken, and I think they may have been able to combine her

PLATE 2.

emanations with mine, to use for the purpose of executing that direct negative, for which they may afterwards have been some days in preparation;—but they certainly hid the other plate, so that the fresh one should make all the more impression upon me, and that I should work out the problem by degrees.

Later on, I have received the fuller information that it was by the aid and under the directions of the spirit Sir Peter Lely that this wonder was performed.

"Two photographs have been taken of Mrs. Cooper, which are especially interesting as corroborative of one another, for John Bunyan, who has long been known to her as her guardian spirit, appears on both of them. She went to Mr. Hudson's on the 6th of May, and sat (Mr. Herne as the medium), with a small volume of "Pilgrim's Progress" in her hands. Behind, but above her, Bunyan is seen with his hand pointing upwards; the face is covered with a thick veil; he has a dark mantle, and a white robe which is partially covered by her arm in a manner that no counterfeiting spirit-photographer could imitate without the consent of the sitter. In the picture taken with my mediumship (May 16th), John Bunyan stands in front, looking kindly upon her, for although the face is covered, the veil is very thin, so that if the negative had been dense enough, the features would have come out quite clearly; but even as it is, there is expression on the face, and he no longer wears the heavy dark cloak. It is curious that although the open book ("Pilgrim's Progress") is seen, which is as a sort of connecting link, the pillar of the table on which it lies has completely disappeared (spiritualised away), and the folds of his robe are seen through the volume as if it were made of glass.

On the 23rd of May I found poor Mr. Hudson much harassed, the consequences of course being that his mediumship suffers, so that he feared we should have nothing at all, and in fact on neither of the negatives was there any spirit form, but in the second there is a very full stream pouring upon me from something like a hovering

dove, a copy of which I sent to Mrs. Tebb, and she wrote about it thus to me,—"On Sunday I sat quietly with your new photograph, and these words were deeply impressed upon my mind—'I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh,' Joel ii. verse 28,—and these words were repeated to me over and over again, with the emphasis placed differently on the words, as for instance, '*I* will pour out my spirit upon all flesh,' 'I will pour *out* my spirit upon all flesh.'"

Two friends who had just arrived from the country, followed me to Mr. Hudson's on that same day, and sat three times, the first and last quite unsuccessfully, but on the second plate there was a very shadowy form, with transparent drapery, and during the whole process, the gentleman, who has had much photographic experience, never left Mr. Hudson's side, either in or out of his small dark room.

On the 30th of May, Mr. Hudson was both nervous and anxious, for he had had two sitters that morning, and had taken eight negatives, but there was not the faintest appearance of a spirit on any one of them, and I think he feared that the mediumship had passed away from him. I was impressed to mesmerise him for some little time before making my usual preparations of burning the frankincense.

It was the first time of my going there with a desire for any special spirit, for I am too thankful for the boon bestowed, to raise by my own wishes any barrier to the best manifestations; but a day or two previously I had seen my sister (who had not visited London for upwards of two years), and she had lent me a miniature set as a brooch, of Papa when a very young man, and I thought it probable that it might be an aid for him to shew himself, so that I felt rather grieved when Mr. Hudson, in his nervousness, in taking the plate from the slide, let it slip through his fingers into the tank. He picked it up as quickly as he could, and proceeded with the development, and there was Papa kneeling before me; but unfortunately the film is damaged at the lower part of both figures, and the action of the mixed chemicals has a good deal fogged the picture, so that as a photographic work it is a failure,

although the fulfilment of my hope with reference to the spirit, who was immediately recognised by my sister, when I took it to shew to her.

I sat again for the possibility of a second edition, to remedy the accident, but there was no spirit, all the power being reserved for the sittings with a gentleman (the Rev. Mr. B.) who was to meet me there, and who, being summoned, now took his seat, holding with both hands a ring that had been his wife's, and the result is a most charming little picture. A sweet female figure kneels close to him, clad in a delicate gossamer-like garment, a portion of which passes under two of his fingers, as if her hand were there within his clasp, and by the expression of his face as he looks down, it would seem as if he must behold her. She wears a pretty little close bonnet, with a veil so thin as not to hide the features. A dark scarf (which I learn is of crimson hue, as a type of love), just covers the bust (plate II. No. 11).

He afterwards brought a miniature of his wife to shew me, which was identically the same face.

His second negative also had a spirit form upon it, but that film got damaged by sticking to the slide, so that it was quite spoiled.

On the 6th of June I found that Mr. Hudson had again all that morning been unsuccessful in obtaining spirit forms, although two or three different mediums had been present. I was to have but one negative, reserving the power for my other sitters, and we were delighted to see a tall, beautiful female spirit, with an unveiled face, even more clear than my own, whom I hoped I might recognise when printed, but alas! Mr. Hudson was so busy all the afternoon, that he left it till the next morning to varnish, and then the film curled completely off, so that he could not save it, and the same mischance nearly occurred this last Thursday, but as he had more leisure, he saw the calamity at once, and rescued it in time, but as I have not a proof, I will leave the description of that spirit until my next report.

Mr. Tebb met me by appointment, but was suffering so severely from headache, that he feared it would totally impede any manifestation, but on his second plate there was a spirit form, although I believe they have never been able to identify it.

He was succeeded by the same gentleman who had sat the previous week, and when the negative had been taken, he told me that he had felt a touch against his right shoulder, and in the picture there is a spirit seated on the ground by his side, leaning his head against that very shoulder just where he had felt the touch. He has since told me that he recognises the spirit as his brother.

Notwithstanding all the contrarieties and difficulties, there continue to be a great number of spirit-portraits taken, many of whom have been recognised by their friends, which have given rise to some touching scenes:—a few days ago, two ladies were there, who burst into tears when they saw on the plate the loved face of one whose loss they deplored, and thus realised the certainty that he had not, in truth, gone far from them.

I have not yet seen one that I am told Mr. Howitt recognises as a striking likeness of his son, but Mr. Coleman has written out the account, which I believe he intends to publish. (Better still! I find a letter from Mr. Howitt himself in the *Spiritual Magazine* for October, which I will subjoin at the close of this letter, and there is a good likeness of dear Mr. Howitt himself and his daughter, with the spirit under consideration (plate III. No. 27).

I was right in my recognition of the spirit with me (plate I. No. 5), and my sister also at once said the likeness was unmistakable; it is that of my Aunt Helen, whose spirit flower excited much interest in my Exhibition (numbered 24 in the catalogue), and will be remembered by many of those with whom I conversed. It is of a lovely full pink, resembling a sundered heart in its form, and she died of heart disease brought on by grief for the loss of her husband, William Harman Butler, whose spirit is with me in the previous photograph, where my hand was laid lightly on

his head. She was the first to give me any promise with reference to the work to which I have been called, for on the 2nd of January, 1860, two days after my earliest phase of mediumship was developed, she gave me the simple message, "You are to have a strong power as a medium;" and now that this new form has come fully to me, on the very first day of success by myself (alone in combination with Mr. Hudson), she appears as if whispering behind me to recall her prophecy to my mind. In her will, she divided the money she left between her husband's sister and myself. Mine was invested, and accumulated until (after Mamma's death) I had to live upon it; but it was finally exhausted by the expenses of my Exhibition, which gives additional significance to the fact that she and her husband should be the first to manifest themselves on the day that my own gift was fully proved. I shewed this photograph to my sister's maid, Charlotte (whom I believe to have medium powers), and she observed, "She seems as if she were propping you up." And she certainly may be said to have pecuniarily *propped* me up ever since Mamma's death, and to be now desirous of doing so in this new work, as I was thus qualified on the following week to accept professional fees, and I also learn that she is one of those who gather from me the necessary substance for the purpose.

The likenesses are assuming much more definiteness from the circumstance that the veil is being gradually withdrawn from the features, which is an evidence that we are becoming more closely united with the spirit-world. It reminds me of a fact mentioned by Mrs. Howitt (see *Spiritual Magazine* for August, 1862), in her slight memoir of the first Mrs. Home, given with the announcement of her death: "In the earliest stages of her disease her spiritual perception began to open, and she commenced, and throughout her illness continued to see and converse with the denizens of the spiritual world. The most frequent visitants were her mother and father, and the mother of her husband. . . . She was also constantly attended by a veiled female spirit, whom she did not know, but whose very pre-

sence gave her great comfort, though she never spoke, nor raised her veil. . . . Through the six months previous to her passing away, the veil was slowly and gradually gathered from the feet of the guardian spirit towards the head, until two days before her release, when for the last time she saw the spirit, with the veil gathered in the form of a crown about her head, but with one part, as a festoon, still concealing her face."

This description tallies very closely with the idea presented by some of these photographs, but the most remarkable circumstance about them is their great variety, no two of the pictures resembling one another, either in pose or drapery, in which they certainly do not follow the photographer's usual ideal, which is more according to the milliner's taste than that of the artist. The fabric, too, if I may so term it, of the draperies is exceedingly various, ranging from a most gauze-like transparency to rich satin-like folds, as in the robe worn by my Aunt Helen.

Being somewhat of a privileged person, I was looking through Miss Hudson's collection of envelopes, containing photographs to be called for, and was much struck with one which I regret exceedingly is not allowed to be sold, for it does indeed convey an awful lesson. It is that of a spirit without any covering except a cloth wrapped round his loins, and I am told by my unseen teachers that it is one who, while upon earth, lived for *self* alone, weaving himself no garments for eternity by clothing the naked, therefore he is himself now naked and earth-bound; for one bare foot is planted on the ground, while the other is laid on that of the sitter, as if to implore his aid to rise out of his forlorn condition. The figure is a finely proportioned one, the face is deeply shadowed as if by shame, and is therefore undistinguishable, but the arms humbly crossed over the breast seem to acknowledge the doom as a just one (plate V. No. 44).

Another picture there is, of which I regret not having yet any copies, so as to give a clearly accurate description, for that gives a somewhat similar admonition. It is a

female spirit clad in tattered garments—alas! for her, whose white robe of innocence became a filthy rag, and yet more alas! for him, who may first have led her from the path of rectitude. Woe, woe to the land where unseemly lives are not pointed at by the finger of scorn (plate V. No. 45).—Believe me, yours, &c."

June 17th.

Mr. Howitt's letter to the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine.*

Dear Sir, . . . What I wish, however, more expressly to state to you is my satisfaction at seeing the accusations against Mr. Hudson's spirit-photographs gradually clearing themselves off. During my recent short and hurried visit to London, I and my daughter paid a visit to Mr. Hudson's studio, and through the mediumship of Mr. Herne—and perhaps of Mr. Hudson himself—obtained two photographs, perfect and unmistakable, of sons of mine, who passed into the spirit-world years ago. They had promised to thus shew themselves, if possible.

These portraits were obtained under circumstances which did not admit of deception. Neither Mr. Hudson nor Mr. Herne knew who we were, Mr. Herne I never saw before. I shut him up in the recess at the back of the studio, and secured the door on the outside, so that he did not—and could not—appear on the scene. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who was with us, and myself took the plates at hap-hazard from a dusty heap of such; and Mr. Coleman went into the dark chamber with the photographer, and took every precaution that no tricks were played there. But the greatest security was, that not knowing us, and our visit being without any previous announcement or arrangement, the photographer could by no means know what or whom we might be expecting. Mr. Coleman himself did not know of the existence of *one* of these children. Still further, there was no existing likeness of one of them.

On sending these photographs to Mrs. Howitt in Rome,

she instantly and with the greatest delight recognised the truth of the portraits. The same was the case with a lady who had known these boys most intimately for years. A celebrated and most reliable lady-medium whom they had spiritually visited many times at once recognised them perfectly, and as resembling a spirit-sister, whom *they told her* had died in infancy long before themselves, and which is a fact.

I had written a letter to state these particulars publicly, when a friend, who mixes much with the London Spiritualists, assured me that to his knowledge Hudson and Herne had played tricks. On hearing this, as I had no means and no leisure, during my short and fully occupied stay in England, of ascertaining what was really the truth, I kept back my letter, reluctant to sanction fraud should it by any possibility exist; but on all occasions I have stated that so far as I was concerned the result of my visit to Mr. Hudson was a perfect success.

It was my full intention to have made another experiment with him, but found it impossible, much to my regret. I feel it, however, only due to Mr. Hudson and to the cause of spirit-photography, to say that my visit to him was thoroughly satisfactory—that by no merely earthly means could he have presented me with the photographic likenesses which he did; and that I, moreover, feel an inward and strong conviction that he is an honest man. Were he otherwise, he would, in fact, be a very great fool, since my own experience with him is proof positive that he can and does produce realities.

I may add that the two portraits in question are the best and most clearly developed of any that I have seen, except that of Annina Carboni, obtained by Chevalier Kirkup in Florence—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM HOWITT.

DIETENHEIM, AUSTRIAN TYROL,
August 10.

The following letter copied from the *Spiritual Magazine* for July may be interesting:—"DEAR SIR,—Having read

some remarks respecting the photographs of the Holloway ghosts, I resolved to go and examine for myself, and thus form my own judgment both of the artist and the *bona fides* of his productions, and I feel bound to say I left the studio of Mr. Hudson with the feeling of perfect satisfaction in the integrity of the man and his work. On the previous evening we held a séance at my own house, when a spirit-friend promised that if we went the next day to Mr. Hudson's studio she would be present with us (that is, a young lady and myself). The spirit-friends kept their word, and we had a most beautiful photograph of the spirit, as clear and well defined as the sitter. There were present in the studio only the young lady who sat, myself, and Mr. Hudson. I went into the dark chamber, and directly the photograph was developed, *two* female figures were on the plate, the spirit standing beside the sitter partly obscuring her dress. It is the most wonderful and convincing thing I ever beheld. W. N. Armfield.

Eden Villa, Cairns Road, New Wandsworth,
June 6, 1872."

I must glean from two or three numbers of the same magazine a few words referring to other efforts in this direction, with incidental allusions to Mr. Hudson, and the persecution he was undergoing :—*June.*—" Of course, as was expected from the first, counterfeit spirit-portraits are being manufactured in various quarters, but we have seen some which there seems reason to believe genuine. . . . We learn that Mr. Reeves has been holding a circle for spirit manifestations at his house for some time past, and the controlling spirits at this circle desired that a photographic apparatus should be procured, with a view of producing spirit-photographs when circumstances would permit. At that time Mr. Reeves knew nothing of photography. At first only positives were taken, but after a while the spirits directed that negatives should be taken, and the positives be broken up. Miss Clara Harris, who is a medium, has

been quite successful in obtaining satisfactory results. The first attempt produced a cloud of curious faces like masks, in the centre of which was a cross, the likeness of an arm, a wing, and other objects. On another occasion, the likeness of an old lady with a walking-stick, and a basket on her lap appeared; she has been recognised as her grandmother. . . . We may state that the spirits appear like white images, their features being determined by faint lines and marks. They have not the material texture or appearance of those produced by Mr. Hudson, but more nearly resemble the spirit-forms of Mr. Mumler's photographs, which are, however, of a greyer colour and more defined in outline."

Mr. Howitt writes, "Chevalier Kirkup has also been getting spirit-photographs very successfully. One, of the spirit Annina, who carried the letters, is now before me. Her sister, Paolina Carboni, is seated facing you, and near her standing in the recess of the cabinet, is the figure of Annina, wrapped in a white bed-gown. She stands as if addressing her sister, with one hand with projecting forefinger directed towards her. Mr. Kirkup says, "The likeness of the face, the height of the figure, the sex and age are all tests of its reality;" facts, all of which were wholly unknown to the photographer." (It really is a wonderful photograph, of which Mr. Hudson made a capital reproduction, one of which I possess.)

July.—Extract from a private letter, signed T. S.

"On the other hand, the genuineness of some of the Holloway spirit-photographs is, I think, fairly established. No photographer can counterfeit the portrait of a deceased person unknown to him, and of whom no likeness is extant. Yet this is what is done in Mr. Hudson's studio. I saw a letter the other day from Mr. William Howitt, in which he states that on the plate with himself appears the likeness of his son (drowned in Australia). The likeness was unmistakable, and was at once recognised by both himself and his daughter. . . . One thing should not be forgotten. If only a single genuine spirit-photograph is obtained, it

carries with it the whole principle of Spiritualism, and proves that spirit-photography is possible, just as a single instance of spiritual apparition, well established, overturns the whole fabric of materialism. . . . One of the most skilful and experienced photographers in London, a few days since, accompanied me to Mr. Hudson's studio, inspected the whole process from first to last, and took home several of the spirit-photographs which he has carefully examined, and says he believes them to be genuine. I am glad to hear that your own experience confirms the genuineness of spirit-photography, that you testify, 'I have made spirit-photographs through Mr. Beattie's power, therefore I know they can be, and are, made.'"

In the September number appears a long article from Mr. Beattie (who is a retired photographer at Clifton), with an account of his experiments, which after very many unsuccessful attempts, resulted in their (a circle who sat for the purpose) obtaining some curious photographs which seemed more like spirit-lights shaped into form than anything else. A series of them were sent to me at the time, by a friend to look at, but I regret that I have not any of them in my possession. I will extract a few paragraphs. But no, I think I had better transcribe the whole, as another evidence that spirit-photography needs an expenditure of patience, as well as of time and materials.

"In the experiments I am about to describe, you will find a great part of the evidence required exists in the registered results, and does not altogether depend upon the testimony of witnesses to one or more of the experiments. I will now give the history of these experiments, and how I was led to make them. I was convinced by the American evidence that there was truth in the statement that photographic impressions had been made through the instrumentality of invisible, intelligent beings. We generally find, if credence is given by many people to a statement, it may nevertheless contain much falsehood, but it must have had some root in truth. A falsehood, wholly as

such, cannot live unless it draw nutriment from some hidden truth.

"I resolved to try if any result could be obtained in my own experience. I called upon an intimate friend (Mr. Butland), a good trance-medium; his duties allowed him but little time, nevertheless, I was successful in getting him to try the experiments with me. Two other gentlemen, Dr. Thomson (I believe *I* am correct as to the spelling of the name) and Mr. Tommy, agreed to assist me. I next went to Mr. Josty, a professional photographer, and arranged with him for the use of his studio, glass, instruments, and such assistance from himself as we might require. The studio is lighted from nearly north. The camera takes three pictures or exposures on one plate, 8 inches by 5 inches in size; lens, Ross's 6½ inches in focus; all other conditions as usual, only *no dipping bath used, but a flat porcelain tray instead*, with a lid to it, called by some, a developing tray. Time of day 6 p.m.; light 'well curtained,' and lens stopped down to lengthen the exposure to about two, and sometimes four minutes. The background was a common one used in everyday work, dark brown in colour, *and standing close against the wall.* The medium sat with his back to it, with a little table in front of him, Dr. Thomson and Mr. Tommy sat on one side, and I, during exposure, at the other.

"First séance—nine exposures and no result. Second one, a week after, on the ninth exposure;* if nothing had then taken place, we were resolved to give the matter up. We were pleased, however, to find, on the developer *touching* the plate, that an appearance *leaped out at once.* After long discussion, we found that the effect could not be classed in any category of ills that photography was heir to. This induced us to make farther trials. Let me mention that Mr. Josty, up to this point, was laughing at the mere idea of the experiments, although the results in the second séance had staggered him a little. In our third sitting, on

* The first manifestation was, therefore, on the eighteenth exposure.

the first plate no result, on the second plate a manifestation on each exposure; the first two like a luminous bust, with the hands crossed and raised; in the third the same form, but the figure elongated; above and in front of the figure is a strange angular form, differing in size and position in each exposure on the same plate. In the next the figure changes nearer to the human form, and the other image above has grown like a star. This seeming evolution goes on for three more exposures, until the star assumes the outline of a head. While we were exposing one of this series, Mr. Josty uncapped the lens, and was sitting by the camera on a chair. We heard the cap of the lens fall out of his hands; on our looking he was in a deep trance, from which he awoke greatly excited and frightened. After he calmed down a little, he said the last thing he saw was a white figure in front of us, like his wife. After that took place, for the rest of the evening, he could not be induced even to touch the camera or slide, he was so superstitiously afraid. He did not laugh any more that evening.

"In the third series of experiments, the results took other forms more wonderful. First, we got a cone about three-quarters of an inch long, with a shorter cone above it; both like sections of a wax candle. In the second, these forms radiate light laterally; in the third, the cone is changed into a form like a Florence flask, and the short one into a shape like a star; on the fourth the same forms appear, with a duplicate of the star given in addition. On the fifth, the effect is exactly as if an ignited magnesium wire had been dropped into each; the star is now like an illuminated flying bird, and the flask shape has burst into light.

"At our next séance we had eighteen exposures and no result; but the day was very wet. Then on Saturday, the 15th, we had most strange effects both physically and spiritually. I will try my best to give a truthful description. Twelve exposures, and no result. Then Mr. Butland and Mr. Josty were both entranced, and from that trance Mr. Josty never entirely recovered for the whole evening. He kept saying, 'Fat is dis? I feel queer! I am *tied!* (we

smiled at the expression) Fat you say in England when you too much beer?' In fact, he felt the stupid sensation of semi-trance. On the next exposure his duty was to uncap the lens. When he had done so, he walked quickly and stood behind us, at which we were surprised. When the time was up, he ran and replaced the cap. Observe—on this one came out a white form in front of him, just leaving his head exposed. Now, to this hour, he will not believe he went and stood there; he evidently was guided to do so in the trance state.

"Next experiment, Mr. Josty sat with us, and Dr. Thomson uncapped the lens. During the sitting, Mr. Josty said, 'I see what looks like a London fog.' On the next part of the plate going on, he said, 'Now I see nothing—all white,' and he stretched out his hands to convince himself we were there. On the third part of the plate going on for exposure, he said he saw a fog again, and Mr. Butland said, 'I see a figure before me.' Now, *observe, these statements were made during the exposure.* When I touched the plate with the developer, the result was most, nay, inconceivably strange. The first came out covered by a semi-transparent veil, and the natural images neutralised, or destroyed; not only was an effect produced, but one prevented. On the next one was complete opacity. On the third a thin veil and figure, as seen by Mr. Butland.

"Next séance, only one result out of fifteen exposures. A figure like a dragon: I can attach no meaning to it. This was followed by an interesting session, in which the plates were covered with strange flames, in each case minutely described by both mediums as to number, position, and brightness during the exposure. One last trial on the 22nd, Mr. John Jones from London present. Mr. Josty was suffering from a severe headache, and Mr. Butland was much fatigued by other duties. Twenty-one exposures, and only three results: one a luminosity only the other two forms like trusses, well rounded, with a clear line in front, and light radiating from behind.

"In this report I have given as well as I can a sort of skeleton of these experiments. During their progress much occurred that required to be seen and heard. The experiments were undertaken for our own satisfaction only. We closed every door from which there was the remotest suspicion of wrong getting entrance. Having done so, we commenced our work earnestly, hopefully, but truthfully. The results have well repaid us, even if we get no more. I enclose you for inspection a set of these results. I am sure you cannot fail to see their immense value in a scientific sense. During the whole of our experiments we have had explicit directions given us as to light, time of beginning and stopping of the lens. Before we begin our work, the table comes round and individually salutes us. I do all the photographic manipulating. The images jump out at once, long before the normal images, and this shews the great energy at work. The negatives require no intensifying, a wash with iron solution being all that is required. The invisible friends never know whether they have been successful or not until we tell them. They often express great disappointment at there being no result, saying they tried their best.

"These experiments, if they have been rightly conducted, in my opinion tend to prove that the luminous substances, said to have been seen by sensitives, arising from magnets, crystals, shells, &c., have a positive existence in an objective sense. These substances when condensed exert powerful chemical force; and the energy thrown off from them strikes the plate with an impact equal to that of strong solar light. These substances are taken up by invisible intelligent beings and moulded into shapes, like clay in the hand of the artist, which shapes, when exposed through a lens, can be photographed, whether they be likenesses of human beings or otherwise. By people whose retina can be impressed by these forms, they can be described exactly, before they are made visible to the common eye by development.

"I may be wrong, but I again repeat that these things

have a value not easily described. To the purely physical philosopher they reveal a mode of action confirming his notion of the subtle nature of force. And if the doctrine of the unity of force is true, then this is but another mode of the manifestation of force. To the Christian and spiritual philosopher, the experiments confirm their leading idea of the persistence of life, and the existence of unseen intelligent beings, who, though freed from material bodies, are yet working with and for those they care for on this plane of earth.

"The photographs ought to be seen in the series to be fully understood: it is the process of growth that is so strange.

"There is no doubt whatever, taking all into consideration, these pictures—or more correctly speaking, manifestations, for they are not pictures—are the strangest that have occurred. They may be imitated but never would be conceived of. JOHN BEATTIE.

"WESTBOURNE PLACE, CLIFTON."

I append other quotations from the same magazine.

"Mr. Russell and Mr. Champernowne, of Kingston-on-Thames, have also been successfully experimenting in spiritual photography."

"Among others who have done so, have been Mr. Slater, optician, Euston Road, and Messrs. Reeves and Parkes, York Road, King's Cross; the latter entirely under spirit directions, they knowing nothing of photography. We have examined a book in possession of Mr. Reeves, containing fifty-one spirit-photographs; they are very striking and curious, altogether different in character and effects from any others we have seen. The series includes several known and recognised portraits, but the description of them here would occupy too much space." (I possess a few specimens, presented to me by a friend.—G. H.)

"Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, is getting spirit-photographs in his own house, with no stranger present. One of the pictures contains "doubles" of some of the

sitters, impossible to be accounted for by accidental shifting of the camera, the attitudes and positions being altogether different, and he states that the glass plate employed had never been used before. It may be remembered that in his letter in our June number, Mr. Jones laid it down that the *only* proof we could have of the genuineness of spiritual photographs was that they must be "clear, undoubted portraits of deceased relatives; such only ought to be produced." It is to be hoped that critics will not be so uncharitable as to test the photographs produced by Mr. Jones by his own severe canon of criticism.

"Mr. Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, in company with Mr. Guppy, have also been conducting an elaborate series of experiments, not yet completed. It has however leaked out in print that although unsuccessful when experimenting elsewhere, they have succeeded at Mr. Hudson's studio. The experiments there were conducted with extreme care. Mr. Taylor brought his own plates, chemicals, &c., and prepared the plates and carried out the whole operations. Draped figures and distinct spirit-forms appeared on the plates when Mr. Hudson took his place among the sitters; he however not entering the dark room, where Mr. Taylor alone was the operator. We await with much interest the publication of Mr. Taylor's report.

"On the Continent, too, spirit-photographs are being taken. As stated in our June number, Chevalier Kirkup has been very successful at Florence; and we have just seen a series of six taken at Vienna, in which in the midst of luminous cloudy appearances—like those on the photographs taken at Bristol—are seen well-defined human faces. These photographs seem to be in a more advanced stage of development than those taken by Mr. Beattie." (These have likewise been reproduced by Mr. Hudson, and I, of course, purchased copies.)

J. D. in his article mentions a fact to which I should doubtless have alluded, but I may as well give it in his words. "We have been told that Mr. Hudson's house was uninhabited for above a year before he occupied it, in con-

sequence of its being reputed to be haunted, and that he and his numerous family were disturbed by noises until the erection of his operating room in the garden, and that since then the house has been undisturbed. If this be so, what a fine field for some of our clever friends exercising their detective faculties! What a triumph if, calling seeing mediums to their aid, they could expose a photographing ghost at work! This would indeed be a case of *double exposure.*

"The truth of the matter will be apparent in the end. In the meantime manifestations of spirits upon sensitised plates are being made elsewhere, encouraging us to persevere in experiments with photographers as to the conditions, on our side, requisite. But, in carrying on these experiments, let us remember that there is a psychical or spiritual as well as a physical side of the process, and that those who go into the subject as experimenters or critics, will have to do so simply as enquirers, and with some other light in the mind than that afforded merely by photographic science."

One more little fragment, from the November number, which touches me the most home, as it refers to *Mr.* Guppy, who had listened to unwise talk, and therefore put a stop to his wife's accompanying me for the sittings; thereby fulfilling Mrs. Tebb's early prophecy of trouble and annoyance that were to come to me in the work: but I had also been assured that I should be able to stand firmly notwithstanding the blow I should receive.

In a strong article on the "Spirit-Photograph Controversy," the chief adversary in which was another Spiritualist periodical, occurs this paragragh. "Our contemporary, in a former number, referred us to Mr. Guppy as a great authority in this matter. Accordingly we called on that gentleman to learn his *latest views* on the subject, and the *grounds* of them. But though he received us with his usual courtesy, he declined to enlighten us on the point; from him we could elicit nothing. Mrs. Guppy, however, was not so reticent; she said: "I at first was very indignant, I believed that Hudson had cheated, on the authority of a

person whom I now know to be utterly unworthy of credit. I am now satisfied that these photographs are genuine, and that some of us will have to eat a good deal of dirt over this business." . . . . We have, however, no wish to prolong this controversy, which time and fuller knowledge must soon render obsolete. . . . . Similarly, spirit-pictures have been obtained by many photographers, professional and amateur, and in many lands. That is the one valuable fact for the world that will remain when all our squabbles and scandals are forgotten. For the rest, we can afford to wait."

In these extracts I have gone on beyond the date of my own work, as I considered it best to carry them on at once, so I will now resume my own thread with the letter that made its appearance in the August number, occasionally interpolating portions that I had omitted as likely to make my articles too long.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall not this month trespass upon much of your space, as Mr. Hudson's mediumship is almost at a stand-still; but I hope it will shortly return with added force, as is generally the case with such temporary suspensions; and in the meanwhile even some of those Spiritualists who have the most violently denied the genuineness of his manifestations, will have had their truth proved to them by similar phenomena appearing to other photographers.

I am glad to see in the *Medium* for the 12th of this month, a letter from Mr. Herne (signed also by Mr. Hudson), positively denying that he ever "dressed up" to personate a spirit for any of the negatives, adding that he is willing, if required, to make the same asseveration upon oath. Such a letter ought to have some influence upon those who have only had the opportunity of reading what has been said on the subject in the Spiritualist journals, but cannot be needed by those who have in their possession the much-disputed photograph of Mr. Herne and his *double*, and I am surprised that the accusers should have made so great a blunder as to have thought that the standing figure could be a man dressed up. Where, under that trans-

parent drapery, *could* he have concealed his left arm and leg? for they certainly are not there in substantial shape. Now that tallies completely with the appearance in many of the spirit-photographs, shewing the wise economy with which the invisibles make use of what in one of my former letters I have termed the Reserve Force. They expend only what is absolutely necessary for the picture, leaving portions of the spirit personages undefined; especially is this frequently the case with the arms and hands, and any one who has closely studied a variety of the spirit-photographs which have resulted from Mr. Hudson's mediumship will notice the peculiarity I have mentioned. Perhaps, too, it may have been a precautionary measure on the part of the spirits, to *prove* to those individuals whose minds are full of suspicion, that they were not mortals thus "dressed up:"—for instance, in the picture of my Aunt Helen, the sleeves of her robe may be seen, but they are not rounded out as they would be if there were *human* arms within them.

I have continued my regular weekly visits to his studio, but the spirits have become gradually fainter as Mr. Hudson's power diminished, and on the two last occasions, there have not been forms, only a something of spiritual meaning, one of which I will describe. I had had a test suggested to me by a scientific gentleman in the country, and we accordingly arranged four strips of tape from the top of the screen to the ground, continuing them forward along the carpet; then, in the air, at three successive distances from the ground, tapes were placed in front of the space to be occupied by me, so that I stood as it were in a kind of prison, the tapes in front being in an opposite direction to those on the screen; thus the lines cross one another. Crossed lines were also drawn on the glasses, which I took with me ready prepared. The result is to me a striking one:—girded in as I am by earthly trammels, the light from Above only rests upon me in greater volume, for a broad white light covers the upper part of the plate, down to my head. As soon as the negative was finished, I took

it to Miss Hudson, who varnished it while I was by her side; and I sent it off by post to the gentleman who suggested it; he has since returned it, so that I shall have the proofs on Thursday next. Of course as a picture it will be very unsightly, with the double array of crossing lines from the scratched glass and the tapes, but I shall like to keep it as a curiosity, among my already large collection of spirit-photographs, no two of which are alike. I may here venture to suggest, that scientific men are very exacting, and have no kind of compunction as to the labour and fatigue that their fancies may entail. All this preparation in a glass-house, on an intensely hot day in July, was decidedly a trial to Mr. Hudson and myself (neither of us young). Reaching up with chairs and stools to pin those tapes to the upper part of the screen; measuring, marking, &c., so as to make them equidistant; hammering nails where we could manage them; and trying various contrivances to make the arrangements perfect; were none of them occupations to leave us in the calm, placid state that mediumship demands, so that even if Mr. Hudson had been in full power, I question whether a spirit form would have been visible. The only *real* test was that we both evinced ourselves willing to comply with any *possible* conditions, however incongruous they might seem.

I must again enter upon some retrospective details, to give a fuller idea of the crosses and trials through which the spirit-photography had to work its ways. I started for Holloway on the 13th of June in a very anxious state of mind, for I had had a letter from the Rev. Mr. Young (editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*), to let me know that Mr. —— had written to him, asserting that Mr. Hudson's photographs were fraudulent, and that he was going to be *exposed* in the next issue of a certain periodical. Mr. Young added a sort of inference that if such an accusation were *true*, it might interfere with the publication of my monthly reports (which, be it observed, bring me in no emolument whatever). I could not in the slightest degree believe what was being said of Mr. Hudson, but I feared he might be

crushed by the strong and fierce attacks of Mr. —— and a certain clique, who having once brought the accusation, were resolved to make every one accept it; so it was some relief when I got to Mrs. Guppy's to learn that all she had heard in the course of the week, was testimony in Mr. Hudson's favour, and evidences of the identification of spirits. But the result was an empty room in Palmer Terrace; there was no one there, instead of its being full of sitters waiting for a turn. I may as well here add that I had immediately answered Mr. Young, giving my opinion, and afterwards received a very charming letter from him, saying that he was anxious to have *justice* done to all, and that if it seemed to him that his contemporary was unfair, he should probably make some observations upon it himself.

Of course Mr. Hudson was flurried and out of sorts, so I comforted him by words and mesmerism as well as I could, and then sat for my first negative (again wearing Papa's miniature), and on the plate is the photograph of my dear brother Cecil; my right hand is slightly uplifted, as if raised with a movement of eager surprise, with the exclamation, Oh! Cecil! bursting from my lips; which was really the case, when I saw the proof. His death in 1826, when he was but thirteen, was the first great grief of my life. I was then at school in France, and his spirit took me (in what seemed a dream) among beautiful gardens and lovely trees. We were very devoted to one another, there being but fifteen months difference in age between us. He gave me a message on my very first visit to Mrs. Marshall, and I have never sat down to a séance *anywhere*, but what at the moment I have placed my hands on the table, I have felt his signal, as much as to say, "Do not fear what may be the character of the spiritual company present, you, at any rate, are well taken care of by good and holy ones."

In the course of the next week, I received a letter from Mr. S——, a gentleman in the country, suggesting a test with strips of black and white calico, three of each, to be pinned perpendicularly and horizontally on the screen,

crossing at the back of the sitter, and on the carpet in front, a black and a white strip in each direction. My spirit friends agreed to it, and I took tape and pins with me for the purpose, so when the plate was prepared, and put in the bath to sensitise, I told Mr. Hudson the desired arrangement, and we got it all ready. He was afraid a test might disturb the conditions, but I thought not, as *I had had leave* to try it. After Mr. Hudson had focussed me, I was impressed to move my seat slightly to the right. When the negative was developed, there were the six light and dark lines to be seen, but also on the plate was one of my darling little baby sisters, with her sweet face looking up to me. Mr. Hudson remarked how fortunate it was that I had not placed myself so that my profile should come against the white tape line, but was just at the black one, and I then remembered the little movement I had been impressed to make, after he had focussed me, which must have been for the purpose of adjusting me in a right position with reference to the stripes. I must confess that I long to see the proofs! I had again worn Papa's likeness, and these three photographs have led my mind back to his last illness. The first time there was himself! (the lost one I cannot count, not knowing who it might have been); next came Cecil, and now that tiny child, who bore the name afterwards bestowed upon myself, Georgiana, to which she had the addition of Rosalia: it was upon her birthday, March 7th, that I received eight years ago my first feeble manifestation of photographic mediumship, and the same anniversary inaugurated in this year the much fuller opening, by my first visit to Mr. Hudson's studio.

While Papa was ill, he evidently saw both Cecil and the two baby girls, for he spoke *of* them and *to* them:—they were but few words, now and then, and not addressed to *us*, but they were sufficient to make us know that his spiritual sight could discern beings whom we could not see, and that memory came with sight, for he spoke Cecil's name, which for so many years had not passed his lips nor probably been thought of,—not only once, but several

times,—and on other occasions his words were clearly for the tiny ones whom he addressed. Therefore it is a striking circumstance that the wearing of his portrait should seem an assistance to their manifesting themselves in this method.

Alas! this morning, June 26th, arrived this note:—

"DEAR MISS HOUGHTON,—I am sorry to inform you I am unable to send any proofs of the negative taken last week, it cannot be found—several visitors have seen it here last Friday and Saturday—*one gentleman enquired* if he could see it. I am afraid some evil spirit is in the house. I have refused seven visitors who came for Spirit Photos this week. *I do not care about* taking any more. If I find the negative I will inform you immediately. I am dear Miss Houghton, yours very truly, F. HUDSON."

I wrote at once to the poor dispirited man, to say that although I was sorry for the loss of the negative, I trusted it might turn up again, as had been the case with us before, (*But it never did!*) and that I hoped we might have something to replace it on the following day, when we would pin up the tapes as we had done for that one. . . . When I saw him he told me he had been so very proud of that negative that he had shown it to many persons, and had also taken it over to Mr. Guppy. There had been one proof printed, but that too had vanished in the same mysterious manner as the negative.

We then went to the studio, and made our arrangements as on the previous week. Just as he was focussing me, the sun came out very brilliantly, so he drew the blinds to shade it off; but while taking the negative, a heavy cloud had travelled over, which he did not notice, so that the negative was weak, but on it was again the dear tiny figure of my little sister, whose signal I had cheeringly felt many times since I had had Mr. Hudson's letter the day before. She was unfortunately not in the same position, for in the other the profile was clearly defined, but in this we could see no appearance of features, but I was happy in having even that shadowy form, so Mr.

Hudson took it at once to varnish, while I went into the specimen room to talk to his daughters, where he brought the finished off negative that they might print from it at once. I then received directions to go down for another trial, and to my surprise there was again the little darling, with the pose slightly altered, but although the negative was rather more dense, no features are distinguishable; but it seemed to me wonderfully gracious that the same likeness should thus be done for me twice in succession.

But for the test, such a small spirit availed not, for she was far below the tape line, nor did her drapery (as in the lost negative), cover the tape on the foreground, and it then struck me that I might have misunderstood the directions, and that perhaps the front tape had been intended to be in the air, so when sending the proofs to my correspondent, I said so, and offered to try the experiment once more, and his next suggestions were stringent indeed, and so curiously suspicious, that I cannot refrain from copying them in full. "Test conditions to be observed by Miss Houghton.—Get 3 or 4 glasses to fit Mr. Hudson's camera a day beforehand. Have all the glasses marked thus with a diamond tracer—1st, on one side, or surface of the glass, rule *3* lines from top to bottom. 2nd, on the reverse side of the glass, rule *6* lines, from side to side.—The distance between the lines to be half an inch. The marks to be quite clear, but not cut too deep.

Tape arrangements—4 white tapes to be fastened to the screen at a height of 5 feet from the floor, separated from each other 18 inches. These four tapes are to go down the screen to the floor, but are not to be cut off there; they must be nailed or fastened at the bottom of the screen along the floor, pinned to the carpet, covering or traversing all the space of carpet whereon sitter and spirit appear. You will then have four white tapes down the screen and along the carpet towards the camera, say 6 feet each along the floor.

3 white tapes to be fastened *in the air* between the

chair and the camera, but as near as convenient to the sitter:—these three tapes to go from side to side—one 12 inches from the ground, another 24 inches, the third 48 inches from the ground. Having *first* arranged these tapes thus, *produce for the first time* your marked plates, and never let them go from your sight for one second whilst they are being prepared. When they are prepared and in the camera, suddenly place your chair to face an unusual direction. Of course don't persist in this if you are moved internally to go the other way, but pay no attention to ANY suggestion of Mr. Hudson on that head.

When the glass is removed, don't let it be an instant out of your sight—*see it developed, and immediately afterwards varnished*, and immediately take it into your possession, *locking it up at once* if you stop in the room. Having got the negative, kindly pack it, and send it to me, as I have said in my letter." . . . Poor, suspected Mr. Hudson!! he never, even in the very beginning of the spiritual work, made a suggestion as to the position of the sitter, for he mostly had a feeling that the impression would come to themselves; but when I was present, I always received inbreathed directions, either for myself or others, as to the precise spot where the eyes should be fixed.

As a singular coincidence (!!!) on the very night before his letter arrived, a present of a glazier's diamond came to me from a friend in the country, which enabled me to do those desperate lines myself, and the result I have already related. We had tried three other negatives under the same conditions but there came nothing besides myself upon any of them; but I also forwarded one of those to shew that the light was not in any way caused by anything in the studio or camera.

"It is well known that almost from the beginning of this photographic work, Mr. Guppy has been experimenting at his own home, in the hope of obtaining a spirit appearance on a plate. Day after day he tried, with his wife's mediumship, and also with that of Mr. Williams, but all his efforts were unavailing, for the power is undoubtedly beyond our

control, and the diversity of gifts *are* divided severally according to a Will Higher than ours; and finally he gave up the attempt, but about a fortnight ago, they resolved to try whether they could be more successful in Mr. Hudson's place, and the experiment was to be tried with extreme care. Mr. Hudson was requested to retire altogether from his studio, leaving it in the possession of the operators, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, and Mr. T——, a clever photographer, who took his own plates, chemicals, &c. They then made an arrangement so that by means of a string they could uncover the lens of the camera, and cover it again without approaching it, and having focussed the intending sitters, Mr. Guppy and Mr. T——, Mrs. Guppy standing behind them, to pull the string upon the given signal. Mr. T—— prepared the plate, and the details were carried out according to the intended plan, but the negative, when developed, only shewed upon its surface Mr. and Mrs. Guppy and Mr. T——. A second negative was manipulated, with the same result,—also a third. They then summoned Mr. Hudson to take his place among the sitters, not letting him approach the dark room, where, as before, Mr. T—— was the operator, and on *that* plate appeared (in addition to themselves), a draped head resembling that in the first photograph of Mr. Guppy, where the spirit who had placed the wreath on his head is seen behind him. They then took another, under the same conditions, and on that was a distinct spirit form behind Mr. Guppy:—the face is small, but the features are much more clearly defined than those of Mrs. Guppy in the same picture. Unfortunately both these photographs are more like positives than negatives, so that I suppose they will not be available for printing from. That, however, is but of little consequence, the fact remains, that *without* Mr. Hudson's presence, no spiritual result could be obtained, whereas the truth of his mediumship was triumphantly manifested as soon as he took his place among the sitters. Mrs. Guppy was too much exhausted and fatigued for them to continue the experiments on that occasion, but they repeated them on

the day but one following, when, under the same circumstances, there was again a draped figure on two plates, but as I have not seen those I cannot describe them. These experiments will have weight with those who lay their chief stress on manifestations that come under test conditions,—but the test is in truth no closer than when the plate has been marked, and the process has been carried on by Mr. Hudson under the watchful eye of an investigator, however friendly that investigator may be, and the various testimony to that effect already given by Mr. Coleman, Mr. Slater, myself, and many others, has been fully as complete to any candid mind. But the cry has been—"Tricks *can* be done, and so tricks *have* been done." That such should be the thought of outsiders, I am not surprised, for photographs of these substantial beings overthrow all their pre-conceived ideas (if such they may be called) of spirit as a "vital spark," which of course can neither see, hear, feel, nor handle, being without any of the needful organs of sensation, yet they imagine that they themselves look for happiness in the hereafter, and how *can* they enjoy it if they are but as a sort of living nothing, a shadowy myth?

Mr. Hudson, at my suggestion, is going to print a few copies of the wonderful photograph I mentioned last month, of the almost unclothed spirit. He will partially conceal the face of the sitter, so that no offence can be given. He could scratch out that head altogether, but it would be a pity to disfigure it permanently, lest the gentleman should himself wish for more, or should volunteer his permission for their sale as originally taken. May I ask all purchasers to breathe a loving wish that light may be sought by that darkened soul, and that his countenance may become brightened by the knowledge that the lesson given through his means has led others to look into their own hearts, seeking there for the germ of "that most excellent gift of charity," so as to rouse it into action while yet denizens of earth—and if it be possible for him to come on some future occasion in happier guise on a photographic plate, I hope he may be able to give at the same time some sure test by

which he may be identified. I venture to say thus much, because I know that among many of your readers, circles are held at times for the express purpose of aiding the unhappy ones in the next life, and here is one who has publicly asked for such help :—if, too, the lesson given by shame-stricken female may lead one human being to abandon his vicious courses, she may be led from weakness unto strength until even *she* may rejoice.

I had written my letter so far before the publication of the *Spiritualist*, and I am very pleased to find a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Jones has obtained on a photograph of his own taking, "doubles of some of the sitters, impossible to be accounted for by accidental shifting of the camera, the attitudes and positions being altogether different." I must also add my regret that neither in that paper nor in the *British Journal of Photography* is there any notice of the experiment I have related as having been carried on so successfully in Mr. Hudson's studio, where Mr. Traill Taylor himself was the operator—Believe me, yours, &c."

July 15th.

One day at Mr. Hudson's, while I was waiting for the departure of the then sitters, Mr. Coleman came into the specimen room, having himself had several unsuccessful attempts. After some little chat as to the worries going on, he took a photograph out of an envelope in Miss Hudson's basket, and asked if I recognised the face of the spirit, and I said, "It is wonderfully like Miss Deekens :—is *she* like what her mother was in her youth ?"

"Well,—*I* of course do not think she is as good-looking, but Mrs. Wilkinson said the other day, how very like her mother she was growing." There was nothing in the picture to lead my thought to Mrs. Coleman (formerly Mrs. Deekens), for the sitter was Captain Ainger, her nephew, whom I had never seen, which is an evidence of who striking the likeness must be, for it is often difficult to recognise a photograph even of mortals when one has no clue to the sitter. I have seen people puzzling over a portrait

when it has been that of the very person shewing it, and I question whether any one in looking through an album has not sometimes been baffled as to the who is it? of even an intimate friend.

Captain Ainger had sat with the hope, and also a promise, that his aunt would manifest, and I have no doubt that she was enabled to do so with so much clearness in consequence of the many years of her life that she had devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, and the picture had been taken early in May, before the onslaught upon that persecuted medium had became so virulent. The face being so youthful is a similar instance to that of Mr. B.'s wife, who looks like a sweet young bride, although she had attained to middle age (plate V. No. 42).

Letter, No. 6. "I am thankful to have the good news to communicate to you of the return of Mr. Hudson's power, and I trust it will soon be again in full force, but I have not much to describe beyond the very curious picture (plate I. No. 6) which was taken on the 1st day of August.

When I went to Mr. Hudson's on that afternoon, I found him very down-hearted, for many Job's comforters had told him they thought his mediumship was gone entirely, never to return, but I cheered him up by the assurance I felt that we should obtain some manifestation on that very day. I accordingly took my seat, but on the first plate there was only myself, which did not shake my conviction; so we made another trial, the result of which rejoiced us both. I had placed a chair by my side, and, rather below a sitting height, there appears a veiled head, of which the features are quite distinguishable. She is slightly looking up to me, and we seem as if we might be in conversation, perhaps on the very subject of the manifestation. But the picture is in itself a perfect test, for although the head and face are thus clear, there is *no form*, the space between that and the chair are quite vacant. The veil is delicately embroidered, and is so transparent that the twisted ornament of the chair-back is seen through it as it floats down to the ground on the right-hand side, and something of it seems to be seen

under the chair. I do not recognise the face, nor have I any impression as to who it may be.

In addition to the already mentioned fact that I never leave Mr. Hudson's side during the whole process of preparing and developing the plate, I ought to say that there is no other person present when I have my own sittings, we have the glass-house to ourselves, where no intruders are admitted. The introduction of another chair was suggested to me as a test for the satisfaction of the outside world, and it makes the picture the more remarkable, as the clear space is defined by the velvet seat below it. It was a great astonishment to us both when we saw the gradual development of a head without any body being attached to it.

There is also on the upper part of the photograph, above me, a sort of slanting cone, which continues more faintly until it seems to rest on the spirit head, and it reminds me of a communication from Mrs. Tebb one evening at her house. We had been quite silent for a few minutes, when she said, "I must try to tell you something that has just been shewn to me, which is, that the position in which you are now seated is the very best for the photographic manifestation—I saw a long stream of light behind you, in which were many spirits who seemed to be throwing power towards you, but when you moved, turning somewhat round, the stream became dimmed and grey, appearing to lose some of its force." We then studied the bearings of the house, so as to calculate my position, and found that I was sitting with my back to the North slightly *westward*, which is just the direction in which I am usually *impressed* to place myself in Mr. Hudson's studio, and this ray poured upon the spirit is an outward manifestation of the phenomenon she described. This communication was the most striking to me from its harmonising with several others that in past years have come to me from different sources, indicative of spiritual significance in that point of the compass.

I am induced to mention this circumstance now, as it may be of some assistance to the numerous amateur and professional photographers who are striving, with some de-

gree of success, to develope in themselves a mediumship in this especial branch of spirit-power, for a knowledge of this law may shew them one of the obstacles that may have hitherto stood in the way of their progress, and I earnestly hope that from many studios may soon emanate evidences to the materialist that when the mortal body is consigned to the grave to crumble away into dust, the spiritual body which has then passed into the hereafter, is in reality as completely *substantial* a being, although sublimated beyond the cognisance of our earth-bound faculties. It may even induce them to believe that there are some of their fellow-creatures possessed of *higher senses* than their own, although in brain knowledge they may be infinitely inferior, but let them be assured that they are at least equally needful in contributing to the general happiness and well-being of the world.

The photograph taken on the 8th is more in accordance than the generality of them have been, with people's preconceived ideas, for the full-length spirit form is very ethereal looking, and the chair and stool by my side are seen through the transparent drapery (plate I. No. 7). The unveiled face has a sweet, calm expression, but the air of peaceful repose has been one of the striking characteristics of these spirit-photographs, in which they differ so widely from the hundreds of cartes-de-visite that may be studied in the shop windows, where you feel that the sitters are full of self-consciousness, and have been posing themselves for a picture, whereas the spirits seem to have simply come forward for a higher purpose than the gratification of *self;* there is a peculiar meekness and modesty, with a total absence of assumption, shewn even in their very attitudes, which make one feel while looking at them how poor and contemptible are the discords of earth, each one fighting, not so much for Truth, as for his own way.

I was much disappointed in my sittings of yesterday (the 15), for I had hoped for some special manifestations with which to wind up my letter; besides which I had had another suggestion from my correspondent, Mr. S——, who

has a fertile imagination for tests, and Mr. Hudson, who is most willing to comply with each of them, took some trouble to unscrew the dressing-glass from its stand, in order to plant it upright in one chair, while we arranged the other chair in such a manner that it should be reflected in it, and I took my station behind the one upon which the looking glass was placed. The result was a very pretty picture, but alas! there was no spirit to be also reflected in the glass. We persevered with *four* more plates, but the result was the same. We then removed the glass, to try whether that had been the impediment, but still no spirit. I then sat down for two more plates, but was equally unsuccessful. The failure may have been occasioned by my own mental condition, for by the morning's post had arrived a letter from a relative abroad, from whom I had not heard for four years. The fear that it might bring painful news produced palpitation of the heart, so I did not open the letter until after my return home at night, and strove to dismiss the subject from my thoughts; but the disturbance to my system may have interfered with the work, and I have touched upon this personal matter because I look upon it as a lesson given for the guidance of all.—Believe me, yours, &c."

August 16*th*.

I have gone into fuller details of our efforts than I did in my original statement, but the evidence was even stronger than I recorded in my own note-book at the time, for the photographs (some of which, in both positions, I had printed as a memorial), had not even the flickering waves of undefined spirit-power which had appeared all through Mr. Hudson's worst time:—there was an absolutely level atmosphere, such as might have been turned out by *any* photographer.

A strong feeling came over me that the ethereal-looking spirit (No. 7) was a lady whose spirit-flower I had drawn some years previously for her daughter. There was something in the bearing of the figure that reminded me of that daughter, besides which, I had been desired for that day's

sitting, to wear a locket she had given me for my birthday, in 1867, which would have served as an additional link to enable the spirit to manifest herself on that plate. I therefore wrote to my friend in the country, requesting her to ascertain from her spirit friends whether my idea was correct, for it is difficult for us to decide for ourselves in such cases, as the renewed youth of the happy ones in the higher spheres lessens our power of recognition of those whom we can only remember in their ripened age. The answer she received from the godson who most frequently writes through her was an affirmative, and further evidence was adduced in a letter I had from her a few days later, where she says :— "While I think of it, will you secure me another copy of my dear mother, for I feel sure that it is she. As to the youthful appearance, I do not consider that an objection to the individuality, as an hour before her death her expression and appearance for a few minutes were like a person of twenty, she was radiant with beauty. Also about the time the photograph was taken, my mind was dwelling strongly upon her, and usually she is not much in my thoughts."

I find a scrap from the scientific Mr. S——, *August* 1872, which will interest many. "What you say of the magnetic currents (alluding to Mrs. Tebb's directions) corresponds with some messages conveyed to me through Mr. Home in January 1868. I was then told that in 1878 the condition of the earth's magnetism would be such as to facilitate *personal* appearances. At the present time I believe the earth's negative meridian is a little west of North."

7th Letter. "It is a source of great pleasure to me to find that spirit-photography is gradually on the increase, not only in England, but in other countries, and I have just added to my own collection half a dozen specimens, which have been copied by Mr. Hudson from some taken (I believe) in Austria, which are quite of a different character from those received through his mediumship, shewing that in this, as well as in every other phase of spiri-

tual phenomena, the class of manifestations are infinitely various. In these, almost on a level with the head of the sitter, is a small cluster of clouds (varying in size), within the centre of which is the spirit semblance. On each of three of the photographs is a clearly defined head, as large as that of the sitter, but the other three have what seem to be small pictures surrounded by the cloudy mass :—seen through a good magnifying-glass, one of these pictures is found to be a representation of the Holy Family. They are very peculiar, and have a certain interest of their own, which has made them popular with Mr. Hudson's visitors.

I will now continue my account of those taken by him, and I am happy to say that the tide has now turned in his favour, and I expect that when London is again full, his studio will be as closely besieged as it was when first the rumour of the new manifestation drew both Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists to the Holloway Road, to judge of it for themselves; but no one has had such opportunities of proving its truth as myself, for in all my weekly visits, Mr. Hudson has given me free access to every shelf and corner in his dark room, so there have been no secrets from my sharp eyes and busy fingers, which has enabled me to speak so positively as to the truth of the results thus produced under my own inspection. He told me the other day of a fresh test that had been applied to his work, and I afterwards heard from some one else the name of the gentleman. The negative had been duly sensitised and placed in the slide, when the intending sitter asked Mr. Hudson if he had any objection to his making that a test experiment, "Not the slightest," was of course the reply. "Then oblige me by developing that plate." This was immediately done, and the result was a simple film without form or mark on it of any description. The same gentleman tried every other test he could think of, not for his *own* satisfaction, for he had already had sufficient proofs of Mr. Hudson's honesty in the work, but that he might be able to say to others that he had tested the manifestation in every possible way.

Now that the sharp controversy has faded out of people's minds, it may be as well to explain that one of the suggested accusations of fraud, was that the plate was already prepared, with a pseudo-spirit, which the developing fluid would bring to light at the same time with the sitter, of which such an experiment as that was a triumphant refutation.

On the 22nd of August, a lady friend met me there, who was desirous of obtaining a special portrait. She therefore brought with her a knitted hood that had been her friend's work, and I hung it on the back of the chair that I placed by her side.

Mr. Hudson had been very fully occupied all the morning, and was consequently much fatigued, so that he feared there would not be any manifestation, but we were much pleased, as the negative developed, to see a spirit form seated opposite to her, *not* on the chair placed by her side, but on an invisible seat. It was not the friend for whom she had wished, but the features, which are of a masculine type, are handsome and well defined; the mouth and lower part of the face are hidden by the woollen hood, but although *that* is *opaque* to the spirit, the rest of the chair back is *transparent*, for the drapery about his head is seen through it. It is evident that the spirits only see those material objects which are in rapport to themselves, either as belonging to a friend or through the influence of a medium, and although this fact may have been acknowledged by us before, it is now *proved* by photography.

In February, 1870, at one of my own Friday afternoon sittings with Mrs. Tebb, the spirit, Sir Peter Lely, was conversing with me through her, and I asked him whether he could do direct drawing, but he exclaimed, "Direct drawing!—it is very strange—I never heard of it in my time. I wonder how the spirits can see the paper and pencils." I pointed to where I had placed them under the table, and requested him to try, with my help, to see them. He thanked me, and said, "Now I see the pencils—but it is harder to see what you call white. I shall see it

presently." He did afterwards succeed in seeing both, and in our weekly meetings gradually developed some portion of direct power, to be, as we then understood, brought into full use at some future time, and the direct photograph taken on or after May 16th, of which I have given the history, has been one evidence of success.

I spent the evening of August 25th at Mrs. Tebb's, and after I had mesmerised Mr. Tebb, who was just recovering from a severe illness, we were seated quite quietly, and I observed that she seemed to be seeing something, so I enquired what it was, and she said, "They were shewing me that the first appearance of the spirit is in the form of an egg." We were then again silent, and she passed into deep trance, and presently said, "It is suggested that to the bath already prepared for use shall be added—as an experiment only—the half of the shell of the last egg laid by the Dove ; * this may be added seven minutes before the time when the bath is likely to be needed. It may be divided into three portions, and after the bath has been used, they should be removed, and kept from the light until they are again needed : they must be divided at the point, so that a portion of the end of the egg may be retained in each piece It will be well for the mediums connected with this photographic work to partake rather freely of eggs as an article of food, and previous to the photographic séances, the chief operator should bind a fold of linen about this part of the head (placing her hands across the forehead) to the back, which has been dipped in water in which eggs have been previously boiled." I asked if it should be put on wet. "Wet and cool, but not cold, there should be no salt, or other substance in the water, and it should not have been used more than seven hours previously, for the first operation. It will be well also to use the water rather freely for the hands during the processes of manipulation connected with the photographic work.

* The Dove here alluded to was brought to me by the spirits on the Whit-Sunday séance of 1868 ; an account of which I have given in my "Evenings at Home in Spiritual Séance."

It will be well for all those who can be interested in the success of the experimental work now going on, to unite in prayer at a given time, for the successful issue of the work that should be in progress at that time; needed help may thus be brought to those engaged in this work, and distance need be no impediment to useful service on the part of those interested. Yes;—this was an answer to your thought." [I was thinking whether that ought to be about half-past one on Thursday.] "It is right." (May I ask those who will be willing to comply with this suggestion, to make a change in the time, for as it is now September, the change of light at this season of the year will necessitate earlier operations, so that my Thursday appointment with Mr. Hudson will for the future be at half-past eleven.)

"This is sufficient for the time, but information of a more interior nature, consequently more spiritual, will be given as the work progresses. The direction already given as to placing the sitter is of great importance, greater even than was conceived by the intelligence concerned in the communication. It is the A of this work, and is of the very greatest importance. It is the key, in fact, to successful spirit-photography; this condition must be observed under all circumstances.

I copied out and sent to Mr. Hudson the advice given for his benefit, but when I went there on the 29th of August, he was engaged for some time with four sitters, and afterwards had to dine, so that it was very late, and the light had become hazy before we began our experiments, he having the handkerchief wetted with egg-water bound round his brows. I had enclosed the Dove's egg-shell in a fold of net, with a long piece of white sewing-silk attached, so as to be able to drop it into the bath and take it out. On the first two plates there was nothing but myself, with the light so bad that there was no detail on the lower part of the plates, so I suggested withdrawing the blind from the window facing me, which is always kept closed, as giving a kind of double light, but on this emergency it was best to do so, although I expected it would produce a great glare on my face. The picture is a wonderful one, although somewhat

of a photographic failure. Far from being over lighted, my face is as dark as if it were night; on the upper part of the picture on the left is what may be described as an egg-shaped cloud, slightly compressed towards the centre, so as to produce something not unlike a figure of eight, and from that centre pour down three dark rays just over my head, which I am told were orange coloured, as a symbol of power bestowed. Behind me is a very faintly defined spirit form (afterwards recognised by Mrs. Tebb as Sir Peter Lely), but the most extraordinary circumstance of all is that just below the point of my right shoulder is placed an ornament, as if attached by a band round my arm. There is an inner circle of white, with a dark centre spot, and I am told that that is a large opal, within which is set a ruby, and that the outer circle is formed of different-coloured gems radiating from the opal. The full meaning of this jewel will be given at some future time, but I am told that although invisible to mortal eyes, it is always clasped round my arm as the badge of my calling.

A gentleman met me there on the 5th of September, who had several negatives taken, on only one of which was an indistinctly visible spirit, but on two others were manifestations of a different class, which I consider quite as interesting. For the first of these I was impressed to mesmerise the vacant space by his side, and also himself slightly. On that plate a light passes perpendicularly from top to bottom, and there is another in a horizontal direction, just below his knees, forming a kind of cross. On the other were four horizontal ascending rays of light across his legs, like the steps of a ladder; they are not quite straight, being rather broader (and whiter) at the middle than at the ends. When he saw it developed, he said, in a dreamy sort of way—"Four steps in life," but I do not know whether he said it from impression (plate V. No. 38).

He requested that when I had received the proofs, I would let him know if I received any information about them, and I had to write as follows: "In that wonderful one which was taken after I had mesmerised so strongly

the space by your side, and also yourself slightly, the broad lower light represents the light which is now all about your path, through which indeed you are now walking even while upon earth, and the light that proceeds directly down upon yourself, signifies that it has been given as a healing blessing from above. Of course it is needless for me to add that that blessing is the knowledge of the truth of spirit communion. I am also to call your attention to the fact that the pillar of light is in front of you, and that thus, as to the Israelites of old, the light of The Lord is to be your guide; even in the brightened pathway you have to tread. I think your own interpretation of the four ascending horizontal rays of lights, when you saw the development of the negative, was correct, namely, that they typify four steps in life:—whether you have had, or may have, four decisive changes, I do not know, but nothing more comes to me with reference to that picture."

All those who have been to Mr. Hudson's studio know how seriously his background was damaged by the violent physical manifestations which, in the commencement of his work, took place in the presence of some of his sitters. He did his best to repair the fractures, but ugly places were left, which injured the appearance of the photographs, and needed a good deal of remedying in the prints. Indeed they gave rise to some of the aspersions against Mr. Hudson, for as the same character of damage could be found in two or more places, the outsiders thought they were repetitions of the same flaw, instead of different ones, therefore they used their pens to attack him, when their eyes might have suggested to them that the gift of a new screen would be a suitable expiation for the mistake into which they had fallen. The new background has, however, been furnished to him, and on Thursday last, he had got it up in readiness for my sitting to be the first with it. He thought it was probably much too light, but that it would be better to have it so for the trial, and then to have it darkened if desirable, in which he was wise, for in these earlier stages of spirit-photography, much of the work must

be experimental, so as to ascertain what conditions are really the best: the screen is to be two shades darker.

We neither of us expected any manifestation on the first plate, but as the developer was poured upon it, we both saw what appeared like a tall spirit-figure flash out, but as the process went on, all sight of it vanished entirely, and if we had not *both* seen it, we should have thought the other had been misled by imagination. When we took it out into the light, a very faint outline was perceptible, so he re-developed and intensified it to the utmost, making the negative very dense, and what we took for a spirit form looks to me like a garment suspended from some kind of head-dress. I had again immersed the Dove's egg-shell in the bath, and I have been told to write at the back of the photograph, "The consecrating manifestation with the new background."

I had the pleasure of being present yesterday at a conversazione held at Mr. Dornbusch's house, in commemoration of the second anniversary of the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism, which I enjoyed very much, and am glad to find they are doing so much to help others to a knowledge of that which vivifies their own lives. Their members have increased very much in number since the establishment of their society, although many of the earlier ones have dropped off, and one can well understand how such should be the case, as the home séances take the place of outside seeking, while the Association still works on like a nursing mother to those who have not yet attained conviction.

I heard two anecdotes which bear on the subject of my letter. Mr. Burns mentioned that a father and mother had come to him in joy and gladness, bringing with them a photograph taken by Mr. Hudson of their daughter in the spirit world. Another gentleman told me of some friends of his who had gone from Victoria Park to Mr. Hudson's, and during their absence a spirit communication had been given at home, stating who was the spirit who was then being photographed, so that they were greeted

with the intelligence upon their return, and the message was correct in every particular—Believe me, yours, &c."

September 17th.

8th Letter. "DEAR SIR,—Your readers will doubtless remember perusing in your August number a letter from Mr. Gillingham, of Chard, on the subject of sham spirit-photographs, taken by himself and a friend. He was kind enough, about a fortnight ago, to send me a specimen, and I certainly was surprised that the sight of it should not at once have been perfect evidence to his own mind of the genuineness of those given through Mr. Hudson's mediumship, the dead inertness of the drapery being so totally unlike the spirit garb, in which there is, if I may so term it, a species of *vitality* which is completely wanting in our earthly garments. The comparison of this photograph with the *true* ones has enabled me to realise as a *visible fact* that which I had already accepted from spirit-teaching as a truth, namely, that our clothing in the hereafter is literally woven from the emanations of our life upon earth, thus the numberless texts in Scripture bearing on the subject are not to be considered as merely figures of speech, but as promises to be fulfilled, such as in the last chapter of Proverbs, 'Strength and honour are her *clothing*, and *she shall rejoice in the time to come.*'

On the 26th of September, I was accompanied to Mr. Hudson's by a friend from the country, who had for months previously been continually promised by a godson-relative that he would endeavour to be photographed with her, and to our great satisfaction, on the second negative taken was the tall figure she hoped for, with the handsome face gently smiling upon her; the countenance is in profile, and although veiled, the expression upon it is very apparent. On the upper part of the picture is something like a rich sunset cloud, which passing from above his head, seems to rest upon hers. It is, I am told, formed of the influences flowing from himself and his own special circle in the spirit world, shewing how they are

united with her in the work now going on upon earth, they were assisted in externalising this cloud of power by the linking of earthly ties through the means of the two letters on the chair beside her, which she had received from his nearest relatives, who were thus, as it were, included in the lower circle of sitters, every letter carrying with it, in very fact, a portion of the writer's own being, thus retaining within itself, according to the tenour, or the feelings uppermost when it was written, a fragment of the higher or lower nature of the sender.

There was but the one drawback that the spirit was rather far from her, therefore a portion of the picture must be cut off to bring it within the carte-de-visite size, so I asked if he might be permitted to try again, so as to approach her more closely, to which an assent was given. When the next negative was developed, there he was again, as nearly as possible on the identical spot where he had stood in the previous photograph, but he had indeed approached nearer to us, for the veil was removed, and the position of the face was rather fuller—the costume too, was altered;—in the first he wore a long garment (to which the veil was attached) covering him from head to foot, which I am told was violet, a colour which has been interpreted to me in my drawings as signifying religion, and we read in the 29th chapter of Job, 14th verse, 'I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem.' In the second he has a robe of a delicate rose colour (charity), with a lower skirt of a deeper tint of the same hue (love).

There is a curious manifestation on this second plate, about half-way up the picture in front of the spirit, which has something the appearance of an extended torch with a strong flame rising upwards from it at the end, from which smaller ones issue forth along its length, of which the explanation has been thus given me:—the colours of which it is spiritually composed signify courage and unselfishness, the smaller flames have been the emanations from different evidences of those qualities in his earlier life,

culminating in the grand climax whereby the silver thread was broken, when, after saving two young friends from drowning, his own spirit was entirely severed from the exhausted body, to carry on similar works of love in a higher life.

She was now desirous of trying for the portrait of a beloved sister, having with her a lock of her hair, and a little volume of manuscript poetry, which she placed on a seat by her side, but on the two following plates were no results, and I received an intimation that Mr. Hudson must go to his dinner, as it is needful that he should be well nourished, to keep up the physical power required for his mediumship. During his absence I was impressed to mesmerise very strongly all that part of the studio occupied by the sitters, also to kneel for a few minutes on the spot we hoped the spirit might occupy. When the plate was ready, I asked Mr. Hudson to wait a moment, as I thought I had to mesmerise the place again, instead of which I found I had to remain standing by the side of my friend, and when the negative was developed, she and I were but very dimly seen, while in front of her is the sweet kneeling figure of the sister she longed for. Her drapery, I am told, is blue (meaning devotion to Him who said, "I am the Truth"), but of a tint more glorious than any of ours of earth or sky. It enfolds the whole figure, covering the head, thus giving only a partial view of the exquisitely pure face, as it crosses over just below the mouth, but the features are clearly visible, shewing the dark eyes and a glimpse of her dark hair, and the picture is an unmistakable likeness, so that our day's work was in all respects a most complete success (plate II. No. 14). Before my friend came up to town I had received a suggestion that I was to be with her in one of the photographs, but in the excitement of the work I had altogether forgotten it. I now learn that my close proximity was needed, as I was strongly linked with the spirit-sister, although I had never known her upon earth, by my having drawn her Spirit-Flower (lent to me for my Exhibition), and she was thus enabled to avail herself of our united vitality to manifest so lifelike a

countenance: it was needful that the face should be partially hooded, or it would have been too luminous to be photographed, for she is an exceedingly bright spirit; but as this work progresses, even brighter ones than she will be able to shew their faces in glorious groups, but all the labourers in it must be content to walk slowly and steadily in the path they have to tread, rejoicing in each fresh evidence of growth, and giving thanks to Him who in these latter days has showered down such wondrous gifts.

With reference to the colour, blue, I am told that the spiritual hues do not present the same photographic difficulties as those of earth, and that in such matters our worldly experiences will avail us little, so that until our eyes are open to behold that which is now invisible to us, we must be told, as to a blind man, what are the colours of a photographed garment.

Mrs. Tebb met me on the 3rd of October, and in one picture where we are together, there is a faintly defined spirit form (since explained to me to be the damsel named Rhoda, mentioned in Acts xii. 13), and behind us are several little flame-like manifestations. During our talk she had told me that she has occasionally lately felt a signal like the resting upon her hand or arm of a spark of fire, and she thought these were external representations of them, and even while we were speaking about it, we both experienced the sensation.

In a subsequent negative (after two almost unsuccessful ones), where I sat alone, I felt as if a hand were being laid in blessing upon my slightly-bowed head, but in the photograph no hand is visible, as it appears to be only the very ethereal drapery of a form rather bent towards me, the sleeve of which is near enough to my head for the extended hand to have been placed upon it. In that also are several of the floating flames.

Since receiving the proofs I have been told that the imperceptible spirit is Salome, wife of Zebedee, and mother of James and John. She did a pen-and-ink drawing for me in January 1865, representing the great outpouring of

spiritual gifts in these days, especially to women, of whom there was to be a linked chain—as if to work with one another,—and I had referred to the prophecy in a conversation with Mrs. Tebb a few days before.

I was desired on the following Thursday to take my little Bible (which had belonged to Cecil) with me. I seated myself at the small table, and had to turn over the pages until my finger was stayed in the half-closed volume, where I placed a book-marker, when I rose to accompany Mr. Hudson into the dark room. There was a spirit form, but it was very faint indeed, and needed a great deal of redeveloping, the film too, was weak, in consequence of the collodion being quite new, for Mr. Hudson says that the longer it has been in his possession the better for the spirit manifestations. On examining my Bible, I found that the selection had been from the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians, beginning, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant;" and when the proofs came home I was told that the faintly discernible spirit is St. Paul, and I seem to be listening to him as he repeats his own written words.

There were one or two negatives with no result; but when again there was one, I had had to place my fingers in two portions of the Bible,—for the one, the same as before, but the little finger was pressed against the last verse of the book of Exodus: "For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys." Up high in the corner above my head is a white cloud, thus giving, as it were, a symbolical representation of the Shekinah.

After Mr. Hudson had dined, we had another trial, but the day had darkened into gloomy rain. I had to place the frankincense burner within the Bible. There is no spirit, but there seems to be a broad level light along the upper portion of the picture; and above my head, as if just descendingly emerged from that light, is what appears like a spoon. It puzzled us a good deal, for, although I placed

a marker in the Bible, I did not think of consulting it while in the studio, and it was not until after I had returned home that I did so, when it struck me as one of the most wonderful manifestations I have had, for the chapter was the 7th of Numbers, in which are enumerated the offerings by the princes of Israel of twelve spoons of gold, each filled with incense, at the dedication of the altar;—so that the placing my incense-burner withinside the Bible on that especial page was typical of a similar dedication.

In a note from Mrs. Makdougall Gregory to the editor of the *Medium* she says—"I have got my spirit-photograph from Hudson. The spirit figure is that of my sister Isabella, who passed away five or six years ago. The side-face is perfectly defined; altogether it is a very good one." I brought home a print of it with me on Thursday, but I also saw the proof (then going to be sent to her) of one that was taken a week ago, which is in every respect better, especially as a likeness of the sitter herself, who is so ardent a worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

In the *Spiritual Magazine* for May was a letter from Baron Kirkup, in which he gives an account of some taken in Florence, adding, 'I enclose a portrait of my daughter with the spirit of a boy eight years old, who died at Capua seven years ago, the likeness is perfect.' I saw the photograph in Southampton Row, and was much struck with it, for the boy's head seems to rise through a flower-pot that is standing near the young lady, and one leaf is *in front* of his face, so I was desirous of having it, and asked Mr. Burns to undertake the commission, but I have only very lately received it. I lent it to Mr. Hudson to copy, in which he has been eminently successful, for I think I prefer his reproduction to the original, so he can now supply it to those persons who may like to compare the results given through different mediumships.—Believe me, yours, &c."

October 14th.

In December, I sent a small article to the *Christian Spiritualist* in addition to my monthly letter, and as it refers

to the photographs, I will insert it here. The editor gave it the heading, "In London and in Boston: two séances."

Three séances have been kindly given at Mr. Burns's, for the benefit of Mr. Powell's widow, to aid in raising a sufficient sum to meet the expense of taking her and her family to the United States, where her eldest son is in a comfortable situation, and they can thus be together. I am happy to say that the various efforts have been successful; and before this is published, they will probably be on the other side of the Atlantic.

I was present at the three, but there is not a much more difficult undertaking than to give an account of trance mediumship, unless by a shorthand writer at the time; but a communication to myself interested me so much that I committed it to paper while still fresh in my mind. The medium was Miss Hudson (*no relation* to the photographer of marvels), and she was spoken through to each member of the circle. When my turn came, after speaking of the glorious body of bright ones who surrounded me, she said:— "There is in particular one especial spirit who attracts my attention; she is rather short, but she has a peculiarly sweet face, with a very gentle expression." I was at once sure whom she was describing, and asked if she had not been photographed in the early part of Mr. Hudson's work, and the answer was "Yes." I then requested her to describe the veil she had worn at the time, so as to be sure of the identification. "She is veiled now, for she has kindly placed a slight covering over her face, so as to enable me to look at her, otherwise the dazzling brightness would be too much for my eyes to bear, but it is not the same veil she wore when being photographed, but I hope to be able to describe both. That which she now has on comes down a little below the throat, and has flowers all along the edge. The one she was photographed in, was as if made of golden tissue covered with beautiful brocaded patterns, which however could not be seen on the picture." [But,] urged I, [what was the shape of it? for that was peculiar.] "It was just caught up above the head, but as nearly as I

PLATE 3.

can describe it, the shape was something like a very long and a very narrow sheet." [Just so. Then is it Grandmamma?] "The spirit bows her head, as a sign of assent." The description was entirely accurate, and is another interesting corroboration that the higher spirits must veil their faces (like Moses, when he came down from the Mount), for they are too overpoweringly brilliant even for good spirits of a lower grade to bear to look upon them—for in this instance it is not the medium who sees, but the spirit who is speaking through her—and all these facts (thoroughly well known to experienced Spiritualists) ought to be a sufficient answer to the continual query of outsiders, with reference to the spirit-photographs. "But *why* do the spirits always come veiled?" We must try in our souls to rise, so that the vail of partition may be "rent in twain," and that nothing may be needed between us and the brightest of the invisible throng.

I do not know whether your space will admit of your inserting a conversation which took place with a trance medium in Boston (Mrs. Mary Hardy), but as it also refers to the chief interest of this time, I venture to copy it for you. It was in a letter to me from Miss Ingram, and was dated October 21st. Her Mamma's spirit had the control of the medium, and said, "Some time ago I spent a long morning with you, and I was looking among those things you preserve as little treasures, and I saw there the portrait of an English lady whom you value very much. . . . It is that photograph where there is a spirit standing behind her." [May I know the name of the lady?] "Georgiana Houghton. She is wishing for you to return home, and is not the only one who is feeling anxious about you. I collected magnetism so that I might go and visit her. I spent an hour and a half in her house, and I looked at every painting she has. They are wonderfully beautiful, even to our eyes, who are accustomed to spirit-art. I saw her so distinctly I could tell you the dress she wore, saw all her surroundings, the ferns and the dove. The conditions of her home were so harmonious with the magnetism

I had taken with me, that, as I might express it, the atmosphere was transparent. She was alone when I went there, and very soon I was drawn by an influence to observe *her*, in place of looking at her paintings. She was thinking of you, and thinking with so much intensity that she almost pronounced your name aloud. A lady called, and I was intrusive enough to listen to their conversation; indeed I may say that I stole it, that I might repeat it to you across the Atlantic. These two friends talked of what you call spirit-art, and next of spirit-photographs, and they mentioned one man by name as being a reliable man to get spirit-photos, it was 'Hudson' they called him, and as this conversation continued, I observed another lady enter, but like myself she was from the spheres. I did not know her, but I soon discovered that she was a relative of Georgiana's. I think she is a sister, but I could not be positive, for I did not speak with her. She wears a great deal of white drapery, and a part of it descends in folds from the head." And here Mamma raised her hands to describe by action the sweep of the head-gear. "As Miss Houghton talked, this spirit-lady (as I for clearness will call her), went close up to her, knelt down before her, and laid her hands on Miss Houghton's lap, she grasped her dress between her fingers, and had Miss Houghton looked, she would have seen her dress slightly lifted up, but she was too much engrossed talking with her visitor to notice the slight movement." [Then you did not find out who the spirit-lady was?] "No, not nearer than by conjecture I thought her a sister; it is the same lady as appears on one of Miss Houghton's photographs with the white drapery. I knew her by the drapery, as it is a somewhat singular dress even with us, though we all dress as we please, still there are costumes that appear singular to us worn by many in the spheres. I wished to tell you these particulars when I came here to-day, as you would feel interested to hear of your friend round by the spheres, and if you will be writing to her soon, you can let her know of my having visited her."

It must have been my dear sister Zilla whom the spirit

saw here with me, and when I answer Miss Ingram's letter, I will send her one of Zilla's photographs, so that she will be able to see how accurately her Mamma has described the drapery, for Miss Ingram has herself only seen one of our spirit-photographs, that of my Aunt Helen, which I sent to her some time ago."

A clergyman friend, lately returned from a Continental trip, told me of a picture he had seen by one of the old masters, representing the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, in which the whole pose of the two figures, as well as the graceful folds of the drapery, reminded him of the photograph in question. Unfortunately our conversation diverged from the subject without my asking him where he had seen the painting. Since then he has passed out of mortality.

Letter, No. 9. "I am happy to say that the manifestations continue to increase in wonder and interest, and I only wish that some of our wealthy Spiritualist friends would give efficient aid to this most marvellous and convincing evidence of spirit-presence, by supplying Mr. Hudson with ample funds to carry out the suggestions that are so frequently broached to me, such, for instance, as taking larger photographs, and with two or more cameras at the same time, so as to obtain different views of the same spirit. I know that this is most desirable, but I also know that it would entail heavy expenses, which Mr. Hudson's present means would not admit of. It is not as if there could be always a certainty that the spirit should appear upon the first, or even the second plate, for there are frequently several before the manifestation takes place, each using its proportion of collodion and chemicals, thus seriously increasing the cost of each spirit-negative, to say nothing of Mr. Hudson's personal fatigue and anxiety.

I am thankful to say that all worry from the storm that has beat about him has passed away, for he has received strong testimony from important quarters, and sometimes when visitors have come to him as strangers and he has offered them every facility for test, they have assured him that such tests are totally unnecessary, for that from such

and such friends they have known how triumphantly he has passed through all the ordeals that could be proposed.

Our sitting was late on October 17th, for Mr. Hudson had had a business engagement in town, but on the first plate was a very shadowy form, but the spirit was one who had been much in my mind during all the previous week, namely, the woman mentioned in Scripture who had been healed by touching the hem of Christ's garment: the expression in her face seems as if the miracle had just been performed, for one sees joy blended with surprise and awe. In front of her is a burning light, a type of her living faith.

I stood for another photograph, on which there is a something that I am told is a pen, foreshadowing some event in my life.

On the 24th of October, some misfortune had happened to the sensitising bath, so that although on one plate there was a spirit, the negative was seriously damaged, being all over spots and patches, which grieved me much, as it was very interesting. The spirit has on a bonnet, and a very thin veil, through which the features are clearly seen; both her white hands are extended towards me, and in one she holds a small picture, which she appears either to be giving to me or speaking about. But I no sooner saw the proof than I felt a strong impression that it resembled a photograph *in a bonnet* of the Duchess of Kent, that I had seen in the shop window of the Stereoscopic Company a year or two back; and as I had business in the City the *next* day, I asked my "advisers" whether I might then purchase it, and received an immediate consent. The comparison then satisfied me of the correctness of my surmise:—the purchased picture is a full-face, taken from a painting by Winterhalter—my spirit-visitor is in profile, but the peculiar arrangement of the dark hair is similar, although carried farther down the cheek.

On the following Wednesday evening at Mr. Burns's, I told Mrs. Tebb that I had purchased a photograph because of its resemblance to one that had come, and she said,

"Wait a minute, don't tell me any more; has it not reference to one of the Queen's family?" "Yes, the Duchess of Kent:" to which she rejoined, "I was just going to say that very name." She then went on to tell me that during the last week she had been having such a wonderful insight given her of the Queen's innermost life, and that thus her character had been revealed to her as grander and fuller of beauty than she could have imagined, so that she had learned to love and admire her even far beyond anything she did before:—and that it had seemed given to her in some way with reference to me and to the spirit-photography. I told her my impression was that if the likeness were really an important one, I should have some repetition of it on the next day, for that I had received directions to have my sittings with Tommy in the morning, and that after Mr. Hudson had dined, I was to sit alone.

I had been forbidden to mention to Mr. Hudson whose had been the spirit-form on the previous week's troubled negative until the fresh photograph had been taken. I was impressed to seat myself with my hand on the table, palm upwards. To my great delight, the self-same spirit stands facing me, *without* the bonnet (which I believe had been worn the first time so as to lead my thoughts to the identification), and wearing a veil so transparent that the face is as clearly seen as if it were not there. Both hands are well defined, and in the right she holds a picture which she seems about to place within mine. She is apparently quite unaware of any table being there, for her form rises through it so that the two appear completely intermingled. I think she is giving me some injunctions as she hands me the picture, for mine is a listening attitude.

We tried a couple more plates, but the light had waned, so we had to leave off. I then shewed Mr. Hudson the purchased photograph of the Duchess of Kent, and he, too, decided that the likeness was unmistakable, and was as pleased as myself. The new negative had now to be redeveloped, and I went into the dark room with him during the process. To our dismay, in a short time the negative

became of various tints of orange, and seemed utterly spoiled (occasioned by his having added some of the fluid out of the sensitising bath to the developer), so that it could not possibly have been printed from. He then began to try to remedy it with cyanide of potassium, and was much flurried, but I told him he was not to be uneasy, for we were to try again, but I could not exactly imbue him with the same calm security I felt myself. He, however, succeeded in quite clearing the upper part of the picture, so that it would seem as if we were placed on clouds, and fearing lest the cyanide should be destructive if more were used, he was obliged to leave it in a state that was still far from satisfactory.

Of course, after the expenditure of so much time, the light was far dingier than ever, but when the first plate was ready and in the slide, I told him to coat another, and put it in the bath, but if that were unsuccessful, we must leave it for that day. The first was a total failure, there being no detail whatever on the lower part of the plate, so I suggested his drawing away the blind on the other side, and I think the exposure must have lasted fully five minutes, but on the plate, to our intense gratification, was the *same spirit* seated, apparently in conversation with me, and, as in the previous one, utterly ignoring the fact of the table being there.

I went indoors, to wait while Mr. Hudson did the varnishing, and he presently made his appearance, very proud of his chemical skill, for with some preparation of ammonia he had put the first negative to rights, therefore there are the two, or rather the three, to bear testimony to one another, being alike, and yet various.

For the morning séance of that 31st of October, I had dear little Tommy Guppy with me, I seated him on a small hassock upon the table, and stood behind, so that he might rest against me, and on the plate appears a tall female figure in a bonnet, with flowing embroidered drapery, which I at first thought was extended towards us by her right hand, but I now see that the face of another spirit is just visible within the drapery which falls so as

to touch Tommy's face. It is altogether a very pretty, graceful figure (plate I. No. 9).

I wanted to vary the pictures, so for the second I placed a higher stool on the table, and altered my own position, still having my arm round him, and on that is a spirit figure with a dark coloured robe, and white drapery falling from the head; the face is unveiled and clearly defined, and the hand is extended holding something towards us, perhaps a flower:—that, too, makes a pretty picture, and the twisted leg of the table is seen through the drapery.

For the next he stood on a chair, with my arm encircling him,—there are waves of light in the atmosphere, but the only manifestation is a pen, which has been photographed for me twice before, and the following negative is connected with it, for opposite to us are several sheets of paper or parchment, from some of which an aura appears to arise."

I am here to interpolate the following, which was not in my published letter.

Mrs. Tebb came to see me on November 8th, 1872, when I shewed her my later photographs, which she had only glanced at when I met her in Southampton Row. We had especially some talk over the three of the Duchess of Kent, and then those that had been done with Tommy, when I found that her attention was gradually concentrated on the last I have described, and she passed completely under influence, and said,—

"Yes,—the shadowy, undefined portion of matter at the lower left hand represents work already accomplished, which has taken the form of personal correspondence by letter. This is conjoined with the better defined substance at its right, which portion indicates your work in detailing special experiences for public purposes. When this work has grown in size and substance to correspond with the portion depicted on the lower right hand of photograph, *a suggestion will come* (wonderfully has this *now* been fulfilled! G. H.) that those experiences extending through the correspondence by letter to public prints should be collected,

and with additions given to the world in the form suggested in the left hand impress left upon photograph (she pointed, with closed eyes, to the different portions as she alluded to them, the one now named being the left hand of the three). The central portion, closely connected with the left-hand substance already mentioned, contains a full history of the Drawings, commencing with the first sketch in pencil, and extending to the end of the present year. This in itself will be a complete history of that work, and will finish it. The third, and best-defined form of the row, at the right-hand side of the photograph, will gather up in a condensed form all that went before the history of the Drawings, prefaced by the autobiography of the medium for all this work. . . . More could be given. . . . This communication is not intended for present publication, but a record should be kept, with the date of when given, for future reference."

I had not spoken a word during the communication, but I now asked, [May I enquire about the pen, *three* times given?] "It is given three times to represent the three important purposes for which it will be required. . . ."

As well as the pen with Tommy, I have mentioned one a fortnight previously, which had been interpreted to myself as a foreshadowing of some event in my own life, but I have yet more to relate on the subject, which I can now read by the light of Mrs. Tebb's message. She had met me at Mr. Hudson's on the day fortnight before that, when several negatives were taken, the latter ones not being very satisfactory, as there was at the time a most fearful storm of rain, thunder, and lightning. When the last plate was developed, Mr. Hudson was of opinion that there was no kind of manifestation upon it, but I saw a *something* near the top which on that dark day I could not well make out, so I said he need not varnish it, but that I should like *one* proof, which I found ready on my next visit, and it turns out to be likewise a pen, and the circumstances attendant upon the reception of these three photographs are now full of meaning.

The *first* refers to correspondence, personal as well as public. Mrs. Tebb, a dear friend with whom I have very much correspondence on spiritual and other subjects, was with me at the time. . . . In storm and trouble the work had to go on;—this photographic work has indeed been going through storm and tribulation. . . . Darkness was around us, and became even more dense while the photograph was being taken:—it would seem to earthly eyes as if my present position with respect to worldly matters were very dark indeed, but still, by God's help, the work goes on. . . . Even the very brooch worn by me at the time (for I am always guided as to what jewellery I shall wear), had its significance, for it was a beautiful cameo of Thorwaldsen's "Night."

The *second* is to be used for the history of my Drawings,—for that I was alone in the studio,—again typical of the character of the work, in which I am essentially alone,—and I seem to be musing on the goodness of Him who has bestowed upon me so sweet a gift to cheer my solitude but I marvel at the prophecy which says that that history is to cease with this present year; but perhaps it may mean that no *new thoughts* will be afterwards evolved through that channel. The brooch I wore was Papa's likeness, and the work was begun while he was still a dweller upon earth;—the earrings were Mamma's gift, and her great enjoyment was to watch my Drawings in their progress.

The third pen, that with which I am to write my autobiography, comes to me while my arm is tenderly clasping a little child, thus imbuing me with all the sweet emotions of life,—waves of light (filled, if we could see them, with loving faces) soften the atmosphere; thus shewing me that out of darkness comes light, as the day-dawn follows the night. My ornaments are cameos, one brooch a vase with four doves; the other a Psyche with the butterfly as emblem of the soul's resurrection; the earrings playful Cupids;—the whole set being types of love, life, and joy, to all of which I feel that through much tribulation I am come,

dwelling as I do among the delicate harmonies of never-ceasing spirit-communion.

I ought still further to add, that although some parts of Mrs. Tebb's foreshadowings may have surprised me, I have long known from my own spirit-guides that a time was to come when I should have to compile works of the description she mentions, and I have even said so to one or two friends who have suggested that I ought to publish my experiences, adding that I waited patiently until the proper time should arrive, when it would be made quite plain to me.

Upwards of eight years have passed away since that prophecy was given and my reflections upon it were written, which have never since been looked at until this very now, when, most unexpectedly to myself, the fulfilment is in a measure taking place, thanks to the generous liberality of one who is neither of my kith nor kin, towards whom my gratitude is too deep for words, not only for the assistance given, but for the delicate manner in which it was proffered, almost as if the obligation were on *his* side instead of mine. I could not refrain from another word on the subject in this volume, although I have made a slight allusion to the fact in my "Evenings at Home," these two works forming the *first* and the *third* of those alluded to in the prediction. The other book, which is to consist of the interpretations of my Drawings, is, *I am told*, still to be deferred, I believe for some years, but no limit, or *un*-limit, as to time is given me; I am to *wait*, even as I have done in this case, until the clear demonstration comes to me. That will, in reality, hold an intermediate place, although it may not seem to do so, as it is all written in the small books from which the selections will be culled. The "Evenings" also will follow as well as precede this, the second series not yet having been commenced.

"To return now to Tommy's first photograph, the spirit on which I fancied might be Mrs. Guppy's mother, as the majestic proportions reminded me of her own; so when I shewed them to her on the following Thursday, I enquired

whether any such impression came to her (for she could not have any memory to aid her, having lost her mother in infancy), but as it did not, she suggested placing our hands on the table, when raps immediately came, and holding the picture, I asked whether it was Mrs. Guppy's mother. "No," was the answer; but as the idea was still strong in me, I thought I might have put the question in the wrong form, so I said, [Is it Tommy's grandmother?] to which two raps came, meaning *doubtful*, or *perhaps*. Then I named aunts and other relatives, but still it was "No," till the spirits signalled for the alphabet, when they spelled "Sarah B-e-a-c." Here Mrs. Guppy shook her head, not recognising any name belonging to her, but then "h" was added, and she exclaimed, "Oh! Sarah Beach! why that was the *maiden* name of Mr. Guppy's mother, who married twice." We thus understood why a doubtful response was given to my enquiry as to whether it was Tommy's grandmother, for the affirmative would have misled me, as I was thinking only of *Mrs.* Guppy in the question. No information came as to the spirit on the other photograph, so our little séance came to an end. I then went up to Mr. Guppy (who was in the billiard-room with a gentleman), and told him that the spirit with Tommy was Sarah Beach, and it was gratifying to see the smile of delight and surprise that came on his face as he recognised his mother's name.

This circumstance recalled a similar experience I had had in my early mediumship, when I received a communication signed with the maiden name of the mother of my dearest friend. I had not known her in her earth-life, and as she also had married a second time, she no longer bore the same name as her son, therefore she reverted to the original one.

On the 7th of November Miss Rose Hudson was to have a sitting, but Mr. Hudson did not believe anything would come, as he had tried her with Herne, as well as by herself, but I had no doubts on the subject.

For the first she was to be alone, and I stood, as I usually do in such cases, close to the wall, about half-way

between the place occupied by the sitter and the camera, *facing* the North-west, so as to make a sort of line of communication from that point. On that plate the spirit (whose head is partly draped, but the face clearly defined), is turned away from Miss Hudson, and he, like herself, is looking towards me, and Mr. Hudson remarked, "Ah! Rose, he knows who is your good friend!" It is a pretty artistic picture, and I must call particular attention to the thick velvet centre of the chair-back, as it is an important item in the next photograph, for which, I had been instructed, I was to be with the sitter; I accordingly stood at the back, between her and the chair by her side, on which I had to place my hand. Two negatives were taken on which there was no spirit, and then I was impressed to mesmerise both Mr. Hudson and the empty chair, and the next result was most marvellous. The velvet portion of the chair has become perfectly transparent, and the face of the *same* spirit (with the head drapery cast off) peeps laughingly through it, almost framed by the carved wood-work, which partly conceals the left cheek; and the whole figure, of which the attitude is wonderfully expressive, is seen through the chair, very slightly veiling it. The expression of Miss Hudson's face is as of astonishment that a spirit can be at play, but I, on the contrary, look amused, as if it were quite a natural thing; and really, if we *could* have seen the spirit, I dare say that is much as we should have felt. We were all in great glee over the negative, which makes a very pretty picture, as well as being so astonishing an evidence of spirit-power. I have since learned from Miss Hudson that the spirit is her cousin Harry Graham, a youth of eighteen, who died about three years ago. They sent the photograph to his father (a non-Spiritualist), and he, as well as his daughter and daughter-in-law, immediately recognised the portrait. (See plate II. No. 16, and the same chair is seen in the two nearest pictures, one above, and the other by the side.)

I was to wait for my own sitting until after Mr. Hudson had dined, and for it I had received very particular spirit-

directions. I was to take my seat by the table, then half-rise, and turn as if to greet an entering visitor. I think there were again two negatives taken, on which there was only myself, and I was once more impressed to mesmerise Mr. Hudson, and then we had the greatest wonder of all. My face is pressed against the spirit, whose veil falls partly over me, so that I am *within* it, and we seem locked in a mutual embrace. The feeling that comes upon me when I look at it, is as if a loved relative whom I thought was dead, had suddenly appeared before me, upon whose breast I would fain weep out my joy at so unexpected a return. (See plate I. No. 8.) It is my dear nephew Charlie, who is one of the most indefatigable workers on *that* side in collecting power and the other needful requisites for the growth and perfection of this most interesting phase of spirit-manifestation, and has therefore been permitted to follow out his own conception of the manner in which he would like to appear.—Believe me, yours, &c."

November 16th.

Mr. Shorter met me there on the following Thursday, and instead of the piece referring to it that concludes my own letter, I will copy what he says in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December. "On Thursday, November 14th, I accepted an invitation from Miss Houghton to meet her at Mr. Hudson's studio. A second figure appeared in two out of three photographs taken. In one the head is stooping forward, resting on the chest, and seems to have moved a little, and there is a hood over the face so that the features are not clearly discernible. The face of a child is also faintly visible, partly covered by the drapery of the other figure. They are like a mother and child well known to us, but both are too indistinct for us to confidently identify them. There is also the faint image of a pen, apparently in the air, about a foot from the floor. In the other photograph the spirit-form and face are clear, and strongly remind myself and sister of an old lady who lived in the house with us many years ago, and with whom I was a

great favourite when a child, but as we are unable to recall her features quite distinctly to mind, we cannot be so sure of the identity in this as in the portrait obtained on October 18th (mentioned in an early paragraph of the same article). A second careful inspection of the photograph under better light confirms our impression that it is indeed the portrait of our early and venerable friend.

T. S."

That same magazine contains a long and strong article on the subject, giving a "List of the names and addresses of forty sitters who recognise the spirit-portraits taken by Mr. Hudson, and who have volunteered their testimony in his favour, besides whom, there are others (some of high rank and social position) who likewise do so, but who have specially desired their names not to be made public."

Letter, No. 10. "DEAR SIR,—I heartily wish a happy New Year to you and your readers, and I trust that before it comes to its close, Spiritualism may have compelled even the most benighted materialists to confess that there are powers outside of ourselves working wonders in our midst, and they may even learn that some of those workers are their own deceased relatives, that therefore death is not annihilation but simply passing on to another life, such as they may have *earned* for themselves while on the earth, for we are taught that all is not brightness in the world beyond, but that as a man sows, so will he reap.

The past year has brought to us the most certain evidence of individual spirit-presence, by the interesting phase of manifestation on the photographic plate, thus enabling those whose eyes have not yet been opened, to share in some degree the advantage of the clairvoyant, with the additional gratification of retaining the picture, whereas the vision will have passed away from the seer, who sometimes loses even the remembrance of it.

Mr. Hudson has given me a most unexpected pleasure, for he told me a week or two ago, that he wishes to present me with a complete set of all the spirit-photographs taken in his studio, therefore he will have them printed for me

as speedily as the weather and his other engagements will permit; he has already given me upwards of sixty, which, in addition to those I had myself purchased, makes my collection amount to one hundred and eighty, no two of which are alike, and that very fact is sufficient answer to the aspersions which have been brought against their authenticity, even setting aside the great number of instances where the individual spirit has been rejoicingly recognised. But to us experienced Spiritualists the recognition of our personal friends has not been a necessity, for we all know that we receive communications from invisible beings whom we have never known, but who come to us either for help or from affinitive attraction, therefore it may be even easier for them to be photographed than others whose very ardour may disturb the conditions, because for them, as well as for the mortal sitter, calmness is indispensable to obtain a satisfactory manifestation.

Some of the spirit-faces are exceedingly clear, and must have brought comfort to many an aching heart, and I should feel indebted to those who have thus received the assurance of the presence of their own loved ones, if they would favour me with a few lines of information on the subject, not for the purpose (unless so desired) of making it public, but to give the full value to the portrait, by writing the explanation on the reverse side, as I always do to those that come through my own mediumship. If also the correct date could be given it would be an additional favour, for although Mr. Hudson has done his best for me on that point, there are very many cases in which he cannot be sure, as during the great press of work in the early summer, when his place used to be crowded, the names and dates were not always entered in his books.

I have already occupied so much of your space that I must only describe a couple of the photographs taken since my last letter. For that on the 14th of November, I was impressed that I was to kneel, and on the negative being developed, we were much surprised to see on my head in the picture a closely fitting cap, rather light hued, but with

a sort of pattern on it; a spirit is opposite me, whose drapery slightly shades my face, and on the photograph are likewise several floating flames. On the following Thursday I again had to kneel, and the same cap is on my head: the spirit who stands facing me is offering to me what I at once recognised as the hilt of a sword, the rest of it being still underneath his mantle. This led me to look for the text which seems to bear upon it, Ephesians, 6th chapter, 17th and 18th verses: 'And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: *praying always*, with all prayer and supplication in the spirit.' I then turned to Kitto's 'Biblical Cyclopædia,' for the description of the ancient helmet, which, as he says, in the earliest ages was made in the form 'of a beehive or of a skull-cap.' The cap on my head (exactly alike in both the kneeling pictures), is decidedly shaped like a skull-cap The spirit in each photograph also wears a helmet, the first very much resembling one of the illustrations in Kitto's book, with the side-piece covering the cheek, while the helmet in the second covers the forehead very completely, leaving the remainder of the face very clear, and I am told that the spirit is St. Paul, who thus comes to symbolise his own teachings.

I had intended narrating the circumstances of two or three different tests that I have either witnessed or heard of lately, but the words seem withdrawn from my mind, and the impression comes strongly that they are for others to record, being simply unneeded by me after my nine months' experience of Mr. Hudson's straightforward openness in my regular weekly visits.—Believe me, yours, &c."

December 16th.

"Since writing the above, I have had a letter from Mr. Ivimey, of 34 Euston Square, which I transcribe.

'My dear Miss Houghton,—I willingly send you the particulars of the test I had at Mr. Hudson's. He suggested trying to get a spirit-photograph when no other recognised medium was present. On the first plate no spirit-form

appeared. 'Never mind,' said Hudson, 'I will try three.' The second plate was sensitised and placed in the camera. I took my seat and was focussed. Hudson was about to uncap the lens and begin to count, when I stopped him, left my seat, went into the dark room, and told him I wished the plate to be reversed. He did not hesitate a moment, took the slide out of the camera, and offered it to me to place as I liked, but I declined, thinking I might injure the plate. However, he took the glass out, saying, 'You want it like this, I suppose,' turning it upside-down. It was then put in the camera, I took my seat at once without being again focussed, the cap was taken off the lens, the portrait taken. I got up from my chair, saw the plate taken out and developed, and on it was the spirit form.* The next plate was put *into the slide*, and Hudson said, 'I suppose you want this turned,' and was about doing so, but I said that could remain as it was—no spirit form appeared on this plate. You are welcome to use my name. I forgot to say that Hudson had no personal knowledge of the test I was about to apply. Believe me, yours sincerely, JOSEPH IVIMEY, jun.'"

The picture thus tested is one of the illustrations (plate V. No. 40).

The next time I went to Mrs. Tebb's, she recognised the spirit who appeared with me on the 14th of November (see page 95) as one whom she had several times seen while going over Canterbury Cathedral, when she had first felt the sensation as of a slight burn from a spark of fire, and he had then worn the same kind of head-gear, with the side-pieces for the cheeks. She was much interested in noting further that in the photograph were the same floating flames that had been manifested on hers. The name was then given, St. Stephen, "a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost."

On the second Thursday mentioned in my foregoing

* If Mr. Hudson kept the prepared plates that the wiseacres talk about, the spirit would have appeared in this instance with the head downwards.—G. H.

letter, I found Mr. Hudson suffering from neuralgia, in consequence of the damp state of his studio and dark room after the long succession of rain we have had. I mesmerised him at once, and gave him some relief. I was to begin with Rosabel, who was to have one sitting in honour of her new dress:—there were three negatives before the one that was a success; a very sweet, modest girl, with a pretty hat, and she thought she was the sister of her cousin Harry Graham, who was photographed with her a fortnight previously. But alas! for calamities—I have to-day had a note from Mr. Hudson, in which he says, "I am very sorry to inform you that the one taken with Rose is destroyed; the wet got into the press, and when the proof was taken from the frame, the film came with it." It was a great disappointment, but I promised her another sitting instead, for which she sat on the next Thursday. On the first negative there was but a shadowy head and bust, so we decided on giving her another sitting, on which is a kind of half figure, the drapery very pretty and transparent, but the head scarcely discernible; but since the proofs have come, I have been struck by the marvel in this instance, for they are the *same* spirit, the head having been given first, and afterwards the body, making a most curious manifestation.

A young friend met me at the railway station to accompany me for a sitting on December 5th. She had had directions from her own spirit-circle as to what to take with her as connecting links, but she was not to tell me beforehand, so as to be able to state the fact to any of her sceptical friends.

When seating herself, she produced a lock of hair, a prayer-book, and a letter: the two former were placed on the chair by her side, but the letter she held in her hand, as if she had been engaged in reading it, but was just then impelled to look up. Facing her are three spirit-forms; one, a tall male figure, has like herself a letter in his hand, and her immediate impression, on seeing the negative, was that it was her brother, reading her last letter to *him*, she

having in her hand *his* last letter to her. By his side is another figure, turned towards him, so that only the side of the cheek is visible, and the same is the case with the third figure, who is seated, and the drapery of the standing female is seen through her head and shoulder.

In the afternoon of the same day, a lady and gentleman had sittings with me, and three of the many negatives had good manifestations of a spirit-form on each, but the rapidly increasing cold was prejudicial to the chemical work, so that as photographic specimens they suffered.

On December 12th I had again to kneel for my own photograph, and also found myself invested with the cap of light. The explanation was given for me to write on the back of the photograph. The aged spirit standing opposite me is St. Peter. His long stole is of a deep violet hue. On the rounded lappet of his hood may be seen a cross, as if embroidered thereon, and I am told that he loves to wear that emblem as a sign that he was permitted to suffer the same manner of death as his loved Lord, that by crucifixion. When I had written so far, I was impressed to read the 1st Epistle of St. Peter, until I came to the 4th chapter, 13th verse, which I here copy:—"But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings:" which seems to be a singular foreshadowing of his own fate.

An unexpected visitor came that afternoon, a Mr. Robertson from China, who was shortly going to California; he had been in the morning to Mr. Burns's, where he had seen some of the photographs, and he had come to Holloway at once in the hope of a sitting. He had some talk with Mr. Hudson, who then came to know if I would consent to sit for him, for which I obtained leave, but, being a stranger, I had first to shake hands with him so as to blend the physical atmosphere. On the first plate was nothing, but on the next was a beautiful figure whose features show very distinctly. We made another attempt, but with no result, and when our séance came to an end, he asked me to favour him with my address, in case any of his friends should wish to make an appointment with me.

On Wednesday I had a note from him, requesting another sitting with me on the following day, at the suggestion of spirit-friends, through the mediumship of Miss Hudson, the clairvoyante. He had not yet received the proof of the photograph taken the previous week, the weather having been such that printing was a total impossibility. I appointed eleven o'clock, and found him there when I reached Mr. Hudson's. The rain still continued to pour down, and the studio had been flooded, so that Mr. Hudson had had to dig hard, so as to make drains and trenches to carry away the abundance of water; they had also had to take chairs and everything into the house, so that the studio looked very bare. Not having used the bath during the whole week, he had not thought there would be any need to filter it, which was unfortunate, as the result was that the negatives were very spotty. We told Mr. Robertson how very much the weather was unpropitious for manifestations as well as for the photographic department, but he was willing to accept whatever might come, as being at any rate evidence for his own friends, to whom he had been talking about Spiritualism, which was a perfectly novel subject to their minds. On the first plate there was a spirit-form, with the face tolerably clear, and also a very distinct profile face lower down. On the next was nothing, but on the third a figure somewhat resembling the other but more shadowy. We made one more attempt, but unsuccessfully, so, as the day had become yet more dreary, we left off; but Mr. Robertson, who was going within a day or two into Scotland, hopes to have another sitting on his return to London before starting for California.

On Christmas Eve Mrs. Guppy had a considerable gathering of Spiritualist friends, and when we were nearly all assembled, she proposed that she and Mr. Williams (the well-known medium) should go into the cabinet for the manifestation of spirit-faces. They took their seats accordingly, and we arranged ourselves as we pleased about the room, forming a rather numerous assemblage of spectators, and the gaselier was so arranged that the shadow

fell across the square aperture which is cut in the cabinet at some little distance higher than the door; the remainder of the room was fully lighted. We soon heard the full tones of John King's voice, conversing first with Mr. Guppy, and then speaking to several of the company by name. Then by degrees we saw a gleam of something white rise to the open space, and gradually John King's head was seen surmounted by a white turban. I could discern a handsome nose and an abundance of dark beard and whiskers, but the dim light made me uncertain whether I could attempt to describe the face; however, I found that the features had been firmly impressed on my mind, for on seeing at Mr. Hudson's a photograph of Mrs. Burns, I instantly recognised the spirit in the picture with her, as unmistakably the one who had shewn himself to us on that occasion, and thus there is now the double evidence of positive individuality in those who at first could only make themselves known to us mortals by means of the spirit-rap on the table before us. In the photograph he also wears the same peculiar turban that I saw on his head. One point that has interested me much in thus seeing the living spirit-head, is the fact that he did not in the slightest degree resemble either of the mediums in the cabinet, so that the manifestation did not corroborate any of the *theories* I have read of the faces bearing the type of those through whose mediumship they are enabled to shew themselves. No, what they gather from the medium is not *form*, but the light whereby they may make themselves visible to our eyes. He still talked on while at the aperture, and an orange was thrown out, which he said was for me.

After he had vanished from our sight, Peter's voice was heard in conversation, and what amused me was the peculiarly deprecating tone of it (especially while talking to Mr. Guppy), as if he spoke in continual fear of being scolded. Some of the party said they saw occasional hands and arms from the aperture, but I did not. Mrs. Guppy and Mr. Williams then came out of the cabinet, and Mr. Guppy with another gentleman went in, but the only result

was strong physical manifestations in another part of the room.

We then went down to supper, and passed the remainder of the evening in dancing and other social amusements, thus happily commencing our Merry Christmas, and may all who were present, hosts and guests, be blessed with a Happy New Year.

In the *Spiritual Magazine* for January 1873 appears a long article from Mr. Beattie on the "Philosophy of Spirit-Photography," wherein he wishes to build up a kind of theory based simply upon his personal experiments, and as far as they go, he is quite welcome to his own way; but they do not comprise the whole question as carried on through different mediumships, and, as a Spiritualist of many years standing, he might have had a faint inkling that such would probably be the case, for in *all* classes of manifestation, the phases vary in some degree with each individual; therefore the decision as to the *modus operandi* can usually only be arrived at with reference to the one class of experiences. Before quoting from the latter part of his article, I must take exception to an early phrase, where he says, "I am not in any sense alluding—nor am I going to allude—to what has been written about real or unreal manifestations; but rather to what has been said upon supposed photographs of spirits, instead, as I conceive the matter to be, photographs by spirits." Now, during his own experiments, the photographic process was most indubitably carried on by himself and his coadjutors, and the spirits only provided the *object* that was to be manifested on the plate, and now I will proceed to give his idea of the manner in which *his* circle of invisibles may have effected that purpose, which forms the latter half of his article, because I think that all theories may help some minds to the attainment of a portion at least of the enormous bulk of truths that Spiritualism will gradually unfold.

"All our most complete thinkers in the great schools of physical science, in order to account for the vast mechanism of things, are forced to the conclusion that there exists an

infinite ocean of ether, in which all material substance floats, and through which are transmitted all the forces in the physical universe; through its pulsations are revealed to us not only all immediate phenomena, but likewise the existence and actual constitution of the orbs that traverse space.

"Is it not rational, then, to conceive of a universal substratum of spirit-substance, out of which all spiritual phenomena are evolved, in which the spiritual universe, with all its creations, move and have their being; a universal substance, which, when breathed upon by divine energy, becomes organised into recipient forms of God's love and wisdom, and into whose hands, and under whose power, all material substance becomes passive and plastic?

"In photography, we have to deal with purely physical conditions. Is there any proof that in the production of these pictures any other than physical conditions have had play? In other words, is there any proof that spirit-substance purely has ever influenced a prepared plate, by virtue of its spiritual radiations setting up chemical changes on the plate? or, on the contrary, are the photographs called spiritual not as purely physical as any others produced by physical radiations thrown off from purely physical substance, the form of that substance having been given by intelligent beings *outside* of it, and moulded into shape for their purpose?

"In the spirit-photographs taken under my own observation, I had considerable proof that spirit-substance was not photographed. The forms were, as forms, vague, but as photographs extremely well defined. The first twelve told us distinctly that experiments were going on in condensing elastic substance into human shape, as through these a process of growth towards more perfect form was evident.

"In a second series, mechanical forms only were used, and, as in the other case, a growth from a lower to a higher kind of the same form. And a third series followed. Now in many instances these forms were seen and described by individuals present during the time they were

being exposed; besides, the individuals controlling these forms would give full information how to light, and how long to expose them. Another principle connected with these series of photographs, when viewed as a whole (*and to be useful they must be seen as a whole*)—namely, that these forms are such, and are so singularly related to one another, that even to the superficial it is impossible not to see that such a series of forms could never have been conceived of by any one who would have had a mind to deceive. In every case where I have shewn them, and explained their nature to scientific men, they were extremely astonished, and saw at once and admitted that not one man in ten thousand would have conceived of such forms in any plan of deception. Some have suggested that these forms were produced for want of power to make higher. If so, the law then of growth from meaner to higher forms has really a noble use. I know that if higher forms had been given, none would have believed us —our experience would have been useless. The evidence in this special case is as if it were providential, and serves a purpose that could not have been served by any other kind of forms or way of doing it.

"But this is a little from my purpose. We daily hear of spirit-photographs being made, many of them said to be recognised as likenesses of friends of long-ago; we hear daily of spirit-faces being seen, spirit-drapery being materialised. Now, are the photographs any other than material resemblances, moulded by spiritual beings, of substances capable, when so condensed, of throwing off energy very actively? Are the faces more than material forms upon which light may impinge, and which in some cases of darkness are self-luminous?

"I have seen many of the photographs said to be likenesses; I have two before me now; the same gentleman in both. In one there is with him a sitting figure half under the carpet, clearly from an etching of a face, with a *profile type*, *exactly like* his own; in the other, there is a standing figure extremely tall and ill defined. *In both cases*

it is said to be his mother. A first-class artist examined them with me, *and no likeness could be discovered between the two.* The sitting figure evidently had been taken by the spirit-artist from some drawing.

"I mention all this to combat the notion that the actual spirit can be photographed. I have seen a large number of them which I believe to be genuine, but in no case have I seen them indicating the free play of true life.

"Besides, we cannot believe spiritual light to depend upon physical laws such as reflection, refraction, absorption, &c., but rather on states of the perceiving mind.

"If I am right, within the range of psychological phenomena, spirit-photography must take a high place in usefulness, if marked by suitable evidence, without which all manifestations are worthless.

"We know it to be a fact that impressions even of the highest value, if not varied or followed up, get rubbed out from the mind. I have the greatest difficulty, nay, I find it impossible to recall and properly realise much I have seen, and its influence upon my mind and life has long gone. How valuable to the long-absent traveller are the photographs in his book! With what force do they recall former scenes and associations; how many faces and stories does each picture bring back to the mind! So with the spirit-photograph; its use can hardly be fully estimated. I know families who have had marvellous experiences, and have long ago passed from under their influence; if they could now and then look upon a photograph, whose existence could not have been if immortality was not a fact, and if those they long had surrendered, as they thought, to the earth, were not now living realities, like the direct writing of the fac-simile of the name of some loved one. A spirit-photograph cannot be argued out of sight; it must take the first place as evidence. With minds requiring conviction of Spiritualism, after conviction the mind will, if of the true Christian type, soon hunger after higher food, in the shape of evidence of the possibility of all the wonderful records given in the sacred writings of the Old

and New Testament; and the Spiritualist once convinced of the great central truth of immortality, if he will but push his enquiries far enough and with a clear unprejudiced mind, will see that instead of being led away from the truth of Christ by Spiritualism, light radiating from so many sources will become focalised upon the Holy Jesus and His teaching that they will become more brilliantly luminous than they ever appeared before.

JOHN BEATTIE.

"CLIFTON, *December 10th*, 1872."

I would fain limit Mr. Beattie's sweeping phrases, when he says that *none* would have believed in them had the forms given in these experiments been of a higher kind than they were. I thank God that such has *not* been our experience. Although the battle against Mr. Hudson has been fierce, those who at once accepted the reality of his manifestations were very numerous, and the higher minds among them never swerved from their confidence in Mr. Hudson's integrity, even during the worst of the persecution.

With reference to his theory of the manifestations being built up with a substance collected in some manner from the atmosphere of the mediums, I dare say those photographed during the sittings of *his* circle had some such origin, for I have heard that a parallel explanation was given by the spirits who aided the work of Messrs. Parkes and Reeves, whose spirit-modellers or sculptors were in the early beginning such tyros in the art that the clumsiness of some of the forms was such that they likewise had unfounded aspersions freely lavished against their genuineness. But, as far as I understood, their assistant band modelled from the forms of spirits who were present at the time, and visible to the sight of those loving sculptors.

But the methods of spirit operations are infinitely various, according, not only to differing mediumships, but to the higher or lower degrees of the invisible friends at work, either actively or instructingly, and the system pursued in Mr. Hudson's studio was wholly dissimilar. The vital

force gathered from us by the spirit-workers was used, as it were, to illuminate the real form of the friend on the other side, who was thus rendered visible to the sensitised plate, and to me "they" used the simile of the plaster cottages and churches within which a small candle is placed to make a pretty toy for a child's delight, thus gladdening its eyes in the darkness of night. Even then there are many difficulties in the use of it, for notwithstanding the anxiety of the gone-beyond ones to shew themselves, they have their whims and their idiosyncracies as much as when they were dwellers upon earth, and sometimes have to be mesmerised into stillness ere this light can be amalgamated with the substance of their spiritual body, which sometimes even in itself acts mesmerically upon them. Thus, there will be variations of result, even with the self-same mediums and earthly sitters, supposing also that all conditions on this side could be exactly the same, because of the manifold characters of the unseen ones admitted to the privilege of a photographic séance.

Having studied the subject so closely, and under such wondrous teachers, I am willing to concede a fragment of truth to each and every theory, knowing that the varieties of method are multifold in all the phases of spirit manifestation.

. . . . . .

Letter, No. 11. "I felt rather inclined to give you in my last letter some intimation of a photograph to which I was looking forward, but judged it best to await the result of the anticipated sitting, so as to send you the account in its completeness.

After leaving Mr. Hudson on the Thursdays, I usually spend the remainder of the day with Mrs. Guppy, and on the evening of December 12th we were chatting in the half light, when, after a little pause, she said, "I have been seeing such funny things about you." Of course I asked her to describe them, and she said she had at first seen a number of little boys stroking and caressing me, all striving to reach me by pushing between one another: they vanished,

and she then described another spirit whom she saw, and added, "Now they are all gone, and you seem to have a sort of halo of light above you, a rich yellowish light." While she spoke, I felt a strong pressure on the sides of my head. She then exclaimed, "Oh! now I see two beautiful little angels, with real wings and all, but they are quite tiny things, not above so high" (parting her hands about nine or ten inches), "they look just like little fairies, so bright and sweet, and they are holding a box just above your head, a curious-looking box, with the word TREASURES written on it." My thoughts are so mainly engrossed with this work that I immediately asked if it could be photographed, and she saw the word Yes, in letters of light, on the box. The impression then came to me that it might perhaps be done on the occasion of my last sitting for the year, which was to take place on Friday, December 27th, and we went on conversing without my asking her if that had been the end of the vision.

On the following Thursday my visit to Mrs. Guppy was but short, for I was engaged to dine with Mrs. Tebb, to whom, in the course of the evening, I began to relate what Mrs. Guppy had seen, when she asked, "Were you told what the box contained?" so I mentioned the word that was inscribed on the casket, and she explained that while I was telling the circumstances, she too had seen the vision, and the word TREASURES, and she thought that she might possibly thus have had fresh information to give me. I told her I had a kind of appointment with my spirit-friends to try for the photograph on the 27th, and she felt as if she should like to go on the Friday morning to Mr. Hudson's house, so as to be in the atmosphere of the work, but that she should be guided by her impression when the time came.

When I reached Mr. Hudson's on the important Friday, I found Mrs. Guppy there with her infant, for she had had a message rapped out to her on the previous day by a spirit who desired her to "Take the baby to Mr. Hudson's to-morrow, to be photographed on Miss Houghton's *own*

plate, because I want his portrait for my son." This message was peculiarly significant, for Mrs. Guppy did not know that I had had directions to take with me two glass plates which remained of half a dozen I had purchased some months before for a test experiment; they had lain on the colour-box near my easel ever since, and would therefore be thoroughly permeated with the spiritual atmosphere of my home.

She then told me that at a séance with one or two friends a few days previously she had had most minute instructions for this sitting, as the spirits wished it to be the very last occasion that Mr. Hudson should be tested *in any way*, therefore for the future they would rather that no one should be allowed to enter his dark room, as the mingling of all kinds of influences is so injurious to the success of the manifestations and the full development of his mediumship. She had then been told that I should bring the glasses in my pocket, marked with my own monogram, and I was not to let them be for a moment out of my possession. I had, when I bought them, scratched my initials in one corner with a diamond, and now I had to clean one, collodionise it, and place it on the dipper into the sensitising bath, Mrs. Guppy and I having the dark room to ourselves, as Mr. Hudson was not to be admitted. When the plate was quite ready, and (after duly focussing) placed in the camera, the slide was drawn up. I had then to *seal* the slide in that position, with the seal I wear on my own watch-chain, so that the slide could not be moved without breaking the sealing-wax. Mr. Hudson's only duty, therefore, was to uncap the lens for the exposure, and re-cap it when finished. I took my seat with the baby on my lap, Mrs. Guppy standing behind me; but the infant did not approve of so sudden an arrangement, and cried frantically during the process. Mrs. Guppy said I was to look straight into the lens, for it was by the light emanating from my face that the manifestation could be shewn. Mr. Hudson's "Thank you" was the signal that it was done, when I gave the baby into Mrs. Hudson's comforting arms, and hastened with Mrs.

Guppy to see the result. She desired me to examine the seal, which was exactly as I had left it, and then with a knife we had to break it away before we could let down the slide, so as to take it out of the camera. I then had to pour the developing fluid on the negative, and to our great joy, there was the box, held above my head by the two little winged angels. (See Plate IV. No. 29.) Mr. Hudson was now admitted to share our gratification, and go on with the finishing process. The exposure had been scarcely long enough, so that the lights and shadows are not so clear as in the following photographs, and although there unquestionably is a word on the little casket, about the length that would be occupied by Treasures, we should not have been able to decypher it without the previous visions.

I went to the specimen-room to tell Mrs. Tebb of our success, and to ask her to come to us in the studio. She had arrived before we had commenced operations, but was to remain in the house until the first negative had been taken, then to join us for the two following ones.

I seated myself for the next plate (Mr. Hudson as manipulator), both Mrs. Guppy and Mrs. Tebb standing behind me, and then I found I had to slip one hand up for Mrs. Guppy to take hold of, and afterwards the other for Mrs. Tebb, so that we three are linked together by our clasped hands. The manifestation is curious, for there is a light above my head which partially conceals their busts, but leaves the heads clear, and it seems the representation of the light seen over my head by Mrs. Guppy, before she saw the box of Treasures (plate IV. No. 28).

For the next Mrs. Guppy had some little difficulty as to how we were to be grouped, but on a sudden the impression came. Mrs. Tebb and I are seated quite close to each other, and Mrs. Guppy, who was standing behind, pressed my head down on to Mrs. Tebb's shoulder, she then laid a hand on each of us. Over me may be seen a glimpse of a dove's tail, as if the bird itself were just hidden behind Mrs. Guppy's scarf, while a bright little angel hovers over us both. While Mr. Hudson was in the dark room develop-

ing the negative, Mrs. Guppy mentioned that at the close of her vision on the 12th she had seen one single angel over my head, and when the plate was brought out, there was the very manifestation. The proofs reached me on the 31st of December, the anniversary of my mediumship, so my spirit-friends had shewn their usual foresight in deferring that marvellous sitting, so that I should thus receive the pictures as a kind of spiritual birthday-gift.

A lady and gentleman belonging to the Society of Friends had made an appointment to meet me on the 2nd of January, and notwithstanding the heavy rain, they came up from the country for the purpose, and obtained four negatives with manifestations. During the exposure for the third plate, there was a violent storm of hail mingled with the rain, and we agreed that if there should be anything on the plate, we must not forget the circumstances under which it was taken. On it are two female spirits whose white draperies commence with the exact form of the old-fashioned quaker bonnet. One is rather taller than the other, but only a small portion of the faces are visible, as they are turned towards the sitters, and those who remember the style of bonnets will know how modestly they concealed the faces of the wearers.

It was again wet the next Thursday, and I was sorry to find that Mr. Hudson was very poorly, so much so that he had feared the day before that he was going to have a fit. He had had to refuse some sitters, and to go to bed; and although rather better that day, he thought there was little likelihood of our having any success; and indeed only on the second plate of four did we obtain anything, and then I was told that we had better leave off, but I am much pleased with the one we did get, for it is a wonderful manifestation. My left hand is extended, and into it is being dropped something from above, which is not unlike a good-sized locket, or a very small purse; it seems to be suspended by a chain from either side of it, which may be traced as a fine line to the top of the picture. Behind the chair at my side stands a female figure looking upwards,

pointing with uplifted hand and outstretched finger in the same direction, as if to impress upon me that all good gifts come from above. Can it be one of the treasures out of the casket.

The long continuance of unfavourable weather has been strongly against the progress of this peculiar phase of mediumship, as it is of course detrimental to phenomenal manifestation as well as to the material work, which we all know needs good atmospheric conditions, therefore we cannot be surprised that the pictures should often be failures as specimens of photographic art, but they are none the less valuable with reference to the cause of Spiritualism, and I would advise all who are interested in the subject to lose no time in availing themselves of the opportunity, and to be thankful for whatever may come. As the year advances they may, if they like, go again and again, but the present moment is theirs, and who may be certain of to-morrow? Besides which, mediumships are insecure, the power passing away for a time, in some instances never returning, and even the mediums may pass on to the other side of the valley, to pursue their work under different conditions. It is likewise a most fascinating pursuit, for the pictures generally possess an artistic charm purely their own, and give one a sense of freshness and truth which must touch those whose souls are capable of being impressed.—Believe me, yours, &c."

January 13*th*, 1873.

Letter, No. 12. "A twelvemonth has now nearly elapsed since the first development in Mr. Hudson's studio of this most marvellous phase of spirit-power, and wonderful indeed have been the evidences there given of the continued existence of those who, in quitting the tabernacle of clay, have found that they still retain a personality as completely their own as while treading this earth of ours. We Spiritualists have, during many past years, received most abundant proof by numberless methods of the identity of our own departed loved ones with the spirits communicating

with us, but still the materialist and the sceptic have looked on with the supercilious smile of fancied superiority, and have declared all to be imagination! But that argument (if worthy of such a name) falls to the ground when a recognised relative or friend, long since passed away, appears by the sitter's side on the photographic plate; imagination, however clever, cannot act on chemical substances, neither would that same faculty clothe the loved form in draperies unlike any garments to which their own eyes were accustomed; thus the likeness and the *un*likeness both contribute to form the certainty.

And how has he been treated? the man upon whom God has bestowed a gift of such wondrous power? He has been attacked and vilified in a most paltry and pitiful way, and being (*necessarily*) a man of a nervous and sensitive nature, he might have been utterly crushed by the unkind breath of slander, had not a few staunch friends, who had thoroughly proved the genuine character of the manifestations, strengthened and upheld him by word and deed. Would that a small portion of the wealth of this land could have been diverted into that channel, for want of means has been a sad obstacle to the work, and some of the loveliest pictures have been for ever lost by accidents arising from the difficulties of his position; and it would indeed have been a record of contrarieties and disappointments, if one had been kept of all that he has struggled through during the last year. But he *has* struggled on in spite of difficulties, his manifestations have been tested in every possible way, and he has received numerous letters from persons of high standing, bearing testimony to his courteous willingness to submit to the very closest scrutiny, thus enabling them to be perfectly certain as to the truth of the photographs taken in their presence, and thereby confirming their belief as to the authenticity of all the others. Such tests are never more to be permitted, which will be for the benefit of the sitters themselves, for it is well known to all those accustomed to séances, that better manifestations are invariably received when the circle is very harmonious, and

every arrangement made that can tend to place the medium in a pleasant and happy frame of mind, and that same rule holds good in this class of mediumship as well as in every other, therefore those who have striven to make him miserable have had the greater blame.

Before entering upon any of the circumstances of the past month, I would fain ask a favour of those who have taken an interest in these recorded proceedings. The 7th of March will be my anniversary in the work, not only in Mr. Hudson's studio, but with reference to my own spirit-photograph taken eight years before, as I mentioned in one of my earliest letters, therefore I hope something specially beautiful may be given in commemoration of the event, as Mr. Hudson's studio will on that occasion be closed to other comers, so that there may be no risk of disturbance; and I would here ask all my friends to breathe a loving prayer that added blessings may be poured upon the work, as well as to have it much in their thoughts during the time that we are likely to be occupied, and I am anticipating the presence of the two dear mediums so strongly linked with me, whose powers aided me in the extraordinary photographs connected with the box of Treasures. On the 16th of January I found Mr. J. B. Robertson at Holloway, with his brother, Mr. John Robertson of Glasgow, who had only quite lately heard anything of Spiritualism, and was much interested in all he was learning on the subject. They had several negatives more or less successful, but Mr. John wanted some special portraits which he had not obtained, so he made an appointment for me to meet him there the next day. On the second plate was the sweetest little child-figure (looking perhaps about three years old), with the head sideways, as if lying on something, but it was rather higher than the seat of the chair by his side, over which the thin veil drops. Her features are clearly defined, with the eyes open, and a bright little look, as if to say, "You see I am quite alive, and I am not gone far away, I *can* come back." The face seems to me to resemble his own, so I asked if he had lost a little sister. "Yes," said he, "many years ago,

but I have also lost a little girl of about the same age, and it was her photograph I wanted." I was surprised, for it had not struck me that he might be a married man. (See plate II. No. 17.)

The next plate was quite ready, and we were just preparing for the sitting, when Miss Hudson came down with a present that Mrs. Tebb (who knew I was to be there that morning), had kindly brought me, and she was then going home again, but I was impressed to send her a message, requesting her to come at once to the studio, as we were to wait till she came for the exposure of the plate; so she took her seat on the opposite side of the studio and looked towards the sitter. As soon as Mr. Hudson had re-capped the lens, I asked if she had seen anything. "Yes," she answered, "I saw a young girl who looked about eighteen, standing by the side of that gentleman." He and I went in to see the development, and there in the picture stood the young girl beheld by her. He was indeed fortunate, being but a neophyte in Spiritualism, to have had such an unexpected test, and it is an additional item in Mr. Hudson's mountain of evidence. Mrs. Tebb afterwards told him that the impression came to her that it was a sister; so doubtless she has grown to womanhood in the spirit-world. She has a transparent veil hanging over her extended hands, which falls over one of his as it lies on the back of the chair, to express that he is just beginning to go behind the veil that has hitherto separated him from the unseen world. In later years I have often seen his name as a prominent supporter of Spiritualism.

I had arranged for a sitting for January 23rd, with a gentleman whose only leisure day is Thursday, but unfortunately Mr. Hudson had some important business from home, and requested me to name another day for my visit to him, so I fixed Friday, but I feared my sitter would be unable to come even at my earliest hour; however I wrote to tell Mrs. Guppy (who was staying at Norwood) of the possibility, suggesting that she might, perhaps, obtain a communication on the Friday morning, whether for him or any

other sitter, which might prove an interesting test. Instead of waiting till the day, she sat at once on the receipt of my letter, and had a message that 'Mr. Hudson's *nervous anxiety* would disturb the manifestation. The best spirit would be on the plate that I had prepared myself, but that *no one* but Mr. Hudson and I must *look* at it. I was not, however, to say anything about it to Mr. Hudson.'

On Friday, the 24th, a clergyman from the country met me for the early sitting, having for that purpose deferred his journey home till the night train. He had had two negatives taken, both with manifestations, and had been much interested in seeing the photographic operations, never having before been in the dark room, and he was gratified in having every detail thus shewn to him, so as to be able to testify to Mr. Hudson's candid openness.

I had been spiritually apprised that if he had no objection, it would be well for me to be with him for the third plate, so, as he was quite willing, I stood behind his chair, and there was on the negative a lovely spirit, with a face as clear as our own. Mr. Hudson, in his delight and excitement, was turning it to shew to the mortal sitter, when alas! it slipped through his fingers into the tank or washing-sink below, and when he had fished it out, the film was all in fragments, and utterly destroyed. Poor Mr. Hudson was terribly cut up, but it was past remedy, so we took our places for another plate, on which there is a spirit form, but the face is not distinguishable. On the fourth negative there was a manifestation resembling a mass of sheets of paper, so I asked my reverend friend if he had ever published a volume of sermons, which he had done, so it may allude to that work, or be anticipative of a future one.

It was only on my way home that it struck me that in our misfortune was the fulfilment of the message given by the spirits to Mrs. Guppy. The plate had been, in a measure, prepared by me, as my presence with the sitter had been needed to give full power, and then Mr. Hudson, in his 'nervous anxiety' had indeed 'disturbed the manifestation' by wishing to shew it. Thus I found that the message

had been given as a warning, or rather as a lesson, for had the mischance not occurred we should not have learned it, and it gives an additional reason for the necessity of excluding the sitters from the dark room, for it may be that the likeness for which they are the most anxious may thus be destroyed, in all probability *never* to be repeated. Other calamities have also, at times, befallen the negative, in consequence of there being a looker-on, for in moving the position of the plate before it is fully developed, it is apt to become streaky, and that is sometimes the cause of that defect in photographs condemned by outsiders, who do not take into consideration the many difficulties of Mr. Hudson's class of work.

As my sitter was to come in the afternoon of January 30th, only three negatives were to be taken in the morning, so as to reserve Mr. Hudson's power. One had been done, on which there was nothing, when Miss Hudson came to say there were two gentlemen in the waiting-room, one of whom wanted a sitting, as he was only in England for a few days, and would have no other opportunity, so I went in to explain the circumstances, adding that I would waive my right to the two negatives, and would remain up there while they went to Mr. Hudson in the studio. During the time of their talk, for that was all the result, I saw Mrs. Guppy, who told me of a spirit-message of which she was the bearer to me. "Miss Houghton must not, for the future, permit *any test whatever;* she is, and has been, so to speak, the back-bone of spirit-photography, and has received grander evidences than any one else, but she must rigidly enforce the conditions, and if she allows any kind of tests, the consequences will fall upon herself, as, for a month afterwards, she will not obtain any photographic manifestations." Directions so stringent as these cannot be gainsaid, so for the future all visitors will be denied access to Mr. Hudson's dark room in any of my séances. He now came to tell us that the gentlemen were gone, so as Mrs. Guppy had time to stay while one negative was taken, we went to the studio, she suggesting that we should have a large plate,

which Mr. Hudson accordingly prepared, and behind me is the shadowy figure of a young niece, whom I recognise, but others may perhaps not do so, for I have been so closely trained in the study of faces during the last year that my eye has been thoroughly educated, and that faculty, like all others, requires cultivation, so I am never vexed with those persons who cannot see likenesses, knowing that it arises simply from their powers in that line being only partially developed, whereas some, who think themselves extra-clever, see likenesses where none exist.

Miss Hudson, the clairvoyante, met me there yesterday, and I had the pleasure of introducing her to her celebrated namesake. There were three negatives taken of her, on each of which there is a spirit form, but I will not attempt to describe them, as I have not yet received the proofs. In the afternoon I had my own sittings: on the first plate there was but a shadowy form, and on the second a faint manifestation, but on the third there was a spirit-figure on each side of me, with the faces very clear, and the one on the left looked very lovely, so that the last day's work I have to relate was highly satisfactory.

I was present at a séance at Mrs. Guppy's on Thursday week, with a young lad as the medium, who will, I think, develope into great physical powers. Mrs. Guppy was not herself in the room, so that I might be the better able to appreciate his strength, as he spends much of his time at her house for the purpose of development, and I am led to mention the subject because I am rather indignant at the accusation I so frequently meet with in the publications of the day, *i.e.*, 'the *jealousy* of mediums,' which I look upon as utterly groundless. Who are so anxious to develope fresh ones as mediums themselves? Indeed, to take Mrs. Guppy for instance, she has been quite a nursing mother to many young beginners, who have often drawn from her to such an extent that her own vitality has sometimes suffered. In fact, there are scarcely any among our English mediums who have not willingly given time and efforts to help others onward in the same course; how, then, can

they reasonably be accused of jealousy? Simply because some gentleman had been foolish enough to reject the joys that Spiritualism brings, in consequence of having heard A speak against B—two mediums who were considered by their friends to be equal in gifts. His was the loss, and perhaps ere now he may have learned better, also that one swallow does not make a summer, and that one person's harsh judgment of another ought not to be taken without enquiry as a final decision upon a point of such infinite importance. We all know that Spiritual gifts are wonderfully various, each phase doing its own appointed work, whereby a perfect whole will be formed, which, like a grand building, must have its lower and solid foundations suited to its earthly position, gradually rising to its loftier and more beautiful superstructure, but of which the under portion is as indispensable as the upper.—Believe me, yours, &c."

February 14th.

I was at Mrs. Tebb's on the last Sunday in January, and while she was looking at my photograph taken on the 9th, in which something is being dropped into my extended hand, she heard the word "Coins," and it seemed to her as if there were several coins falling into it as well as the heavy little bag or purse. She then passed into trance, and after a few words about other workers, said, "To you the gold will to all intents come from ABOVE, and will be devoted to spreading the knowledge of the great truths of Spiritualism." I then asked if she could give me any information as to the spirit on the photograph. "It is one of those commissioned to care for your *external* life." [Is she any relative?] "Yes—she is;—an aunt." [A near aunt or a far-back one?] "A far-back aunt." [One I have ever heard of?] No answer. [Have I ever known her?] "No." Then she seemed striving for a name, and I said, [Is it Auntie Peggy?] No answer, so I amended, and said, [Margaret?]—and almost at the same moment, she said "Margaret!—I saw the name pass before me." Now Auntie Peggy, or more correctly Margaret Warrand, was

an aunt of my maternal grandfather, Alexander Warrand, of whom Mamma had sometimes spoken to me, having known her when, as a very young girl, she had spent six months in Scotland among her father's family. She was one of those very sterling, upright-minded Scotchwomen who are looked up to by every one for advice in the emergencies of life; and doubtless when she passed into the spirit-world, she must have eagerly sought out among earth's denizens for the bright young descendant of her house whose light step and refined intellect must have been like sunshine to her in her old age, and thus, for Mamma's sake, she must still have taken an interest in me, and the work that has gradually come to me. How little do we realise the strong links that bind us to our ancestors; they never cease (if they are of *grand* natures), to watch over their descendants of succeeding generations, the chain for them never having been broken. Therefore, when in these photographs there come to us unknown faces, we may well welcome them as probably those who have hitherto unsuccessfully yearned to make us cognisant of their continual presence and watchful care. I remember once, on the occasion of the marriage of my cousin, another Alexander Warrand, who was doubly allied to us, being a cousin on both Papa and Mamma's side, I was told there was an immense concourse of congratulatory ancestry stretching forth on each side into the far distance.

Letter, No. 13. "DEAR SIR,—I must begin by expressing my thanks to those kind friends who complied with my request to have their good wishes during the time of my Commemoration séance on the 7th of March, including also those whose written words of sympathy I have already received, especially her who, about the very moment that we had finished, despatched a few lines from her country home to wish me "many happy returns of the day," and I earnestly hope that the year now auspiciously begun may be productive of great development and fresh wonders.

The first photograph taken of Miss Hudson, the clairvoyante (February 13th), was a very peculiar one, and may

be termed a *volunteered* test, such as the spirits in almost every phase of manifestation are willing to give, and which are far beyond any that we can ourselves suggest. The spirit seems to be kneeling, so as to lean her forehead against the *back* of the prie-dieu chair that stands by Miss Hudson's side: the eyebrows are hidden by the upper portion of the wood-work surrounding the velvet, but a part of the carved ornament is visible *through* her forehead, while part is hidden: the nose and part of the drapery shew through the velvet, which, however, conceals the mouth; it is a singular combination of the material and spiritual substances asserting themselves, as it were, alternately, and seems an illustration of Miss Hudson's own mediumship, as she remains in a thoroughly normal condition during both trance and clairvoyance. The head-dress of the spirit is peculiarly graceful, and waves of dark hair float upon the white drapery below (plate II. No. 18).

I had an appointment on the 21st of February with Mrs. Brown of Belfast; the weather was unfavourable, but there was no remedy, for she was only in England for a few days. The first negative was calamitous, all being hazy, spotty, faint, and bad, except the spirit (half-length), which is very sweet, with beautifully diaphanous folds of drapery. A second was done with the same result, only the spirit is quite different, looking like an Irish maiden of ancient times, with an immense wealth of dark hair. Mr. Hudson attributed the misfortunes to his having been disappointed of his glasses, and he had therefore had to send for some to a glazier in the neighbourhood, so that they were, perhaps, not chemically clean, and might have disturbed his bath, which he was then told by his "teachers" to filter. The last plate was good as a negative, but the spirit was undefined (more of the character of Mr. Beattie's experiments than anything else), and not to be compared with either of the previons ones, but the portrait of the sitter came out well, and there is a light which seems to flow over her face and a portion of her dress. I have since had a letter from her, in which she tells me that she went

that same evening to visit a trance-medium, who could not see any of the spirits surrounding her, but said that "she saw like a glow of golden mist about her," which was doubtless the light represented in the photograph. She had brought a young friend with her in the hope that he might be permitted to superintend the process, but as tests are no longer allowed, these misfortunes seem to have occurred to answer the purpose, and at the close of her letter to me she adds, "These last spirit-photographs, though bad as works of art, have done more to convince my friends of their genuineness than all they ever saw before."

Two interesting negatives were taken on the 27th of February, my own last sitting for my photographic year, although on neither of them are spirit-forms. On the north-west part of the first plate are seven pens, that number having a strong significance for me, as my guardian band consists of seventy, who come to me in septs of seven. There are also other curious symbols in the same picture, one of which, some years ago, was revealed to a clergyman, who is a non-Spiritualist, but a man of much erudition and thought. . . . (Now, while transcribing this, the seven pens seem to come to me with much fuller meaning, for in the latter part of Mrs. Tebb's prophetical trance, respecting the books I was to write, she mentioned and designated *seven* of the Archangels, selected from the whole number, who would especially assist me in the preparation of the works.)

In the other photograph, I am seated beneath a Spiritual Arch, similar to one seen by an American trance-medium. Mrs. Lacy (who visited England in 1866), which was described by her as protecting me from all untoward influences, and the communication is given in full in my "Evenings at Home," page 99.

On the 4th of March I met Mr. Grant and his sister, who had several photographs taken. On his first there is a head as if looking out of a waterfall, and he seems to be in conversation with Mr. Grant, who looks up at him as if

preparing to reply. In the next, two faces are seen, almost interblended, the lower one being that of a boy with a white collar, while from about his eye upwards is seen the profile of a woman's face; perhaps they may be mother and son. On the lady's photograph is a female spirit, with the features but dimly visible; she wears a quaint-looking cap or hood tied under her chin, and something like a small tippet covers her shoulders.

They then sat together; and by the lady's side is seen a kneeling figure with a sweet face, and a veil so thin that the organs of causality are to be seen as well defined as on the lady's own forehead. For the last plate, I stood behind them, so as to strengthen the power of manifestation, and above us are seven spirit lights, one of which rests on my head, and another, to which she and I both seem to have our eyes attracted, is strongly defined by lying on my black velvet sleeve.

Mrs. Guppy was already at Mr. Hudson's when I arrived there on the 7th of March, and I was soon followed by Mrs. Tebb, in readiness for our Commemoration séance. According to previous directions given by the spirits, four new-laid eggs (with tumblers and a fork), were taken down to the studio, and we at once adjourned there. A friend of mine has kindly lent a large lens for the purpose of more successfully taking larger pictures, which had been properly adjusted to Mr. Hudson's camera, and was now to be used for the first time, as the negatives were all to be taken on what are technically termed *whole* plates.

Having divested ourselves of our out-of-doors garments, we seemed with them to have cast off all thoughts of the outer world, and through the whole séance acted under impression.

A voice whisperingly repeated to Mrs. Guppy "Our Father—Our Father," so, in obedience to the suggestion, we knelt down, and united in saying the Lord's Prayer.

I then broke the eggs, each into a separate glass, and was going to remove the germ from the first, before beating it up, but I felt my hand spiritually stayed, and Mrs.

Guppy said, "I was just going to suggest that nothing ought to be taken from it, when I saw you desist from what you were on the point of doing." When they were all beaten, nothing being added, any more than taken from them, I gave one to each of us, and was impressed to say my usual grace; "Sanctify, O Lord, we beseech Thee, these blessings to our use, and us to Thy service, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Mrs. Tebb was to sit for the first picture, and as soon as she was placed, Mrs. Guppy was impelled to kneel by her side, and again we said the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. Guppy then rose and took her seat opposite me, for I was standing in my usual place; we thus formed, as it were, the four points of a cross, as Mr. Hudson, with his camera, was of course facing the sitter. She then saw a form kneeling exactly where she had been, and as I was mesmerising towards the spot, she said, "Pray don't leave off, for at each flow of the power from your fingers, I see the figure strengthen, and it fades as you withdraw your hand, so that it is strong and faint alternately." She then asked Mrs. Tebb to raise her hand, in order to hold it above the head of the kneeling figure, so that in the picture she appears to be blessing the suppliant spirit.

I seated myself in readiness for my turn, but scarcely had I done so, when placing my hands in a prayerful attitude, I rose from the chair, which Mrs. Guppy removed from behind me, with the words, "Miss Houghton needs *no* support," and my lips uttered, "Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me. The Lord *alone* is my strength."

Then Mrs. Guppy heard a sweet voice say aloud—"In the days to come they shall point up to you." On the negative is seen a shadowy kneeling figure, the forefinger of whose uplifted hand points towards me.

Mrs. Guppy leant her elbow on the pedestal, on which she placed a book, in preparation for her picture, but she put her right hand up to her head, exclaiming, "Is there not something on my head?" No; there was nothing, but she still seemed to feel it, and even while the negative

was being taken, she gave her head a slight shake as if to throw off what she felt upon it; and in the photograph there is something on her head, like a handkerchief folded into a kind of cap. A spirit faces her, whose drapery is drawn aside so as to shew the upper part of the countenance very clearly.

For the last plate we were grouped together, but there was no form, only spirit-lights, the two lower ones being very large: one of the smaller ones is on my head, as in the photograph with Mr. Grant and his sister.

At my sittings yesterday there were again no spirit-forms, only symbolism, but the last was a very wonderful one. There is a bright light as if in the depths of the sky; it is not round, therefore it cannot represent the sun, but it irradiates a kind of circle of clouds with a sunset effect. Beside which there is a species of belt, which, if the glass had been large enough, would, I think, have been seen to encircle the whole, for it goes above the top of the background, sweeping round to the left, and passes across my dress, not outside of it, but upon it, for it takes, in some degree, the waves of the folds. It is well for these manifestations that Mr. Hudson uses larger plates than ordinary photographers do for the carte-de-visite size, for which he has several times been admonished by knowing visitors, who expostulate on the expenditure of collodion and chemicals; but were their (may I say?) stingy suggestions to be acted upon, many of the spirits would be lost altogether, for they cannot always approach close to the sitter, nor is it possible to know beforehand on which side of him it could appear, therefore if a space were left in readiness, it might be on the wrong side, when, perhaps, a fragment of drapery might be all that would tell us what we had lost. This last picture will have to be printed to the full extent of the plate, and will thus be larger than what is called Victoria size, as those on the other plates will be beyond the cabinet size, but the ultimate result will be all the more satisfactory, so that if the earthly atmosphere will brighten, we may hope for greater marvels as the year advances, but for some

months past it has certainly been photography under difficulties.

With reference to Mrs. Brown's photograph, she thus writes to me in a letter from Ireland: "I took mine to a friend here who is a planchette writer, but not a Spiritualist: she at once said that the spirit in the second negative was the same as that I got a year ago (her mother). Her brother, who came in, made the same remark, and so did another friend to whom I shewed them afterwards. Before I left, I said, "Has Planchette been writing much?" She said it had not, but at my request she brought it out. It began at once, and wrote, "Yes, just the same. Your mother was there to see you, and she is here." My mother had in her youth "an immense mass" of black hair, which was one of her many beauties."

The quotation she makes of "an immense mass of hair" is an allusion to my observation to that effect in my letter to her. I am likewise amused with those non-Spiritualists who bestow a *personality* on the planchette (poor little useful piece of wood!) and thus do not acknowledge to themselves that they are consulting spirits!—Believe me, yours, &c."

March 14*th*.

One single trouble came to me with reference to Mr. Hudson in a something wrong. It was not in his own place, but it was through his own self that it came to our knowledge on the Commemoration day. Finally I have learned all the circumstances unto the smallest item, and although a wrong-doing can never be converted into its opposite, it was in itself of no vital importance—but it has been made a heavy weapon of attack against him,—even by some who may not have stopped at only *one* wrong thing. For my own truth's sake I could not pass it over without a word; more especially as through the manifestation came so deep a lesson of loving charity that it ought to be blazoned forth to the world. I must now give a full account of the two seances relating to it, although to the

latest of them a slight allusion has been made in the preceding letter.

On the 24th of January I was to sit for three plates, and I was impressed to begin by placing my waterproof cloak on the chair I usually occupy, but instead of seating myself, I was to stand where I do as the medium for other sitters. There was but a slight manifestation, as also on the next, where I was seated *on* the cloak, and was impelled to look upwards; but the third, although there is no spirit-form, appears to me very wonderful. My hands are in an attitude of prayer, and I am looking rather downwards. The atmosphere is filled with waves of spirit-light, but on my dress are lights and shadows which go downwards, and beneath me is an appearance as if they were reflected in a deep stream. The whole effect of my figure is as if I had been raised from the ground, chair and all.

Afterwards came the interpretation to me. . . .

The waterproof cloak was placed on the chair to express that I must not neglect any needful precautions against earthly difficulties; but being thus protected, I must leave the entire issue to the Lord, and calmly await whatsoever He may send, in the assurance that even if I have to pass over mire and through deep waters, my foot shall not be soiled nor my garments wetted. Psalm lxix. 14, 15. "Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink: let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters: let not the waterflood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up."

In the final one, my dress is buoyed out, and I am, as it were, being carried over deep water, the lights and shadows on my dress being reflected therein as in a mirror. Psalm xlvi. 1, 2, 3. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, and the waters thereof roar and be troubled." Isaiah xliii. 2. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

I shewed these photographs to Mrs. Tebb when she came to see me on the 6th of March, and she received the impression that they referred to something in the *near future*, and these words were solemnly given through her, "My grace shall *ever* be sufficient for thee."

Most true was her prophecy, for the manifestation especially referred to what we learned on the *very next* day at the photographic Commemoration séance, when all that trouble came upon me which gave me a week's trial and anxiety; but on the following Thursday, March 13th, after a long and serious conversation with Mr. Hudson, whose penitence was truly sincere, I was desired by my spirit-guides to pardon the transgression, and to sit as usual for my three negatives. Two, with manifestations, were accordingly taken, but while the third plate was sensitising, I received yet another monition from my teachers, to the effect that I was to shake hands heartily with him, as a sign of *utter* forgiveness, and that it was no more to be remembered *against him*:—and then indeed did we have an evidence of God's grace, and that the pardon was not *mine*, but came from ABOVE, for I received the grandest manifestation I have at all known, of which I have given a faint description in the foregoing letter, but I will now copy what I wrote when I had received the proof. On the No. 1. the light behind me is very bright, and along the top is a rich cloud of power, from which there seems a kind of flow, as if the power were being showered down at intervals for different purposes. Behind the strongest flow may be seen a shadowy form. . . . On the No. 2. the flood of power comes in more definite rays, and my head is bent down as if humbly to receive the one that is then being shed upon it, seeming to irradiate where it touches. There is an oblong something in my lap, which has not yet been interpreted to me. . . . The No. 3. is yet more puzzling to describe than when I had seen it only in the negative, for the light I had seen as if in the depths, is the high light of an egg-shaped form, wonderfully rounded and shaded, which seems to lie within the irradiated clouds. My fingers

PLATE 4.

are interlaced over the chair-back, and I appear to be looking out eagerly and earnestly, as if in wondering amaze at the marvels by which I am encircled and overshadowed.

Mrs. Tebb was here on March 28th, and we talked over many of the photographs, which were spread out on the little table before her, but I hoped something would come about the above-named No. 3, which she held in her hand; but she gradually loosened it as she passed under influence, then she drew towards her the No. 1, placing one finger on it; by degrees another finger was laid on No. 2, and the cluster was finally made up by the addition of the No. 3; and she was quite still for some time, at last, in a low voice, she said, "It is all,"—which seemed like an intimation that she was filled with the necessary power for the communication, for she then withdrew her fingers from the photographs, and after a short silence laid her thumb on the No. 1 (where I am looking up), pointing upwards with the rest of the hand, and very impressively said, "I will *still** lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence (she then forcibly laid her finger on the No. 2, where my head is bowed down to receive) COMETH (then with much vehemence she placed her hand on the marvellous No. 3) MY HELP." The very great force with which she spoke aroused her, but she soon passed again under influence, and touching the photographs in the reversed order, said (beginning with No. 3), "My help (No. 2) cometh (No. 1) from THEE, not from mortal man or woman." So far she seemed to speak as if embodying my attitude in the different pictures, but afterwards as if addressing me, for there was a change of voice, but still much impressiveness and vigour. "Men and women may aid in this work, but they can only be instruments in the Hands of the Great Power of which glimpses are here portrayed. The work in its fulness *will* go on, whether one man fall or a thousand, for so it is *decreed*. Put not your

* The *still* here interpolated, being so strongly emphasized, refers to the original text having been given me for the back of the first photograph taken through my own mediumship with only Mr. Hudson, May 9th, 1872, when I find myself alone among the mountains.

faith in mortals, be they princes or be they peasants, for flesh is weak. Trust in the Lord, and it shall be well with THEE." The last word was so strongly given that she thoroughly awoke at once with a start, and when I had read over to her what she had said, the impression was given that the "COMETH" refers to both *spiritual* and *material* help, the object in my lap being a kind of purse, but that lies unheeded by me, in my adoration of the Bestower. In the early part of her visit, when I first shewed her the photograph, I pointed out the kind of belt enclosing me, and said that it seemed to me like a wall or encampment protecting me, and she heard a voice answer, "Yes, it is so." I have now sought out the texts bearing on the thought. Psalm xxxiv. 7. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Zechariah ii. 5. "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."

Letter, No. 14. "When I reached Mr. Hudson's on the 20th of March, I found that he was engaged with a gentleman from the country, with whom he was not very successful, for there was no spirit on either of the plates, and only a faint kind of manifestation; so it was arranged to make another attempt with my mediumship, and on the first plate there was a male spirit, with well-defined features and a moustache. The white drapery covers the forehead and head, but is folded off in a peculiar manner, and there seems to be a kind of embroidery on the lower part. There is also the shadowy gleam of another spirit behind him, that of the sitter's sister, who is the prominent feature in the next negative that was taken; she departed this life as a child, and has since grown to womanhood, and I am told that she is almost always with this brother. They are both pretty pictures, but in each of them there is a rather broad dark line across the back, almost on a level with his head, which is the more striking to me as in one he is seated, whereas in the other he stands; so I thought they must have some significance, and when Mrs. Tebb came to me on

the day after I had received the proofs, I pointed out the line to her, and as soon as she had taken the portraits in her hand, she passed under influence, and said, "It indicates an accident—and is given as a warning—it has to do with something to his brain, like a shock. The warning is given by the male spirit." Indeed, in the first photograph, the line seems to flow from the shoulder of that spirit, passing under his chin, and then crossing at the back of the sitter's head. I have written to tell him of the warning given, advising him to be careful not to strike his head against anything, and perhaps he may thus avoid a risk that might otherwise have been serious. (No answer to my friendly caution ever reached me.)

On that day I had a very curious one taken at my own sitting. I seem to be in a large room, with a sort of reticulated pattern, extending to the very edges of the negative, where it is clearly defined, but becomes hazy (as if beyond the focus) towards the background of the picture, where there is an appearance of arches, as if verging outwards: there is also the effect of a large star; and this manifestation refers to another portion of Mrs. Lacy's trance, mentioned in my last month's letter. The star has been delineated in one of my own spirit-drawings exhibited in Old Bond Street, but not in the same as the spiritual arch also spoken of. These photographic marvels seem to fill me with awe, for they shew that the various revelations given to us through trance and clairvoyant mediums are the *realities* that surround us, and that as by degrees this new class of work is perfected, each portion of our future home may be presented to our mortal sight, and I am most thankful that my regular weekly sittings should have enabled me to receive so great a succession of wondrous revealments, and I venture to anticipate that gradually many Spiritualists will follow my example, and look upon their sitting in Mr. Hudson's studio as a bright point in their weekly duties. I have this additional entry on May 9th. I had not expected that this photograph would have been the one entered upon by Mrs. Tebb to-day, as I

already understood it to a certain extent, but while holding it in her hand, she became entranced, and placing her finger on something like a very small, pointed doorway near the chair on which my hand is laid, said with much force: "Behold the cavern-like opening from whence you emerged from the natural into the spiritual kingdom. It is typified at this spot on the photograph, and the contrast between its dark appearance and the fulness of light above and around you is very striking. You *cannot* now return through this opening into the darkness of the natural life, but rays *from you* can penetrate the gloom beyond this opening, and many mortals, seeing this light, shall be led up through the darkness into great light, and when, in process of time, the rays of the Sun shall shine through you, starlight in the cavern shall give place to sunlight, and many more shall know of the power by which these things are accomplished." Here she awoke, and I suggested that there were some objects in my lap that I could not understand, and asked if the spirits would kindly explain to me what they were, and she again passed under influence, and added, "These represent the workman's tools. By the proper use of these, delineations of the scenery in the spirit-world can be given." She again returned to the normal state, and I shewed her one of my black sable brushes, which, with its tin mounting, and nicely tapered black handle, was indeed represented by the four or five little instruments in my lap, as types of those used by me for spirit-flowers, fruit, crowns, &c., also for the drawing of the star here photographed.

On the next photograph that same day there is a kind of tree waving towards me, which refers to a vision of Mrs. Tebb's in February, 1871, of the planting of a tree which is in due course to shelter me. A pencil drawing symbolising the same was done at my séance a few days later by Mrs. Ramsay, the full meaning of which was in allusion to the taking of the Gallery for my Exhibition, and that representation is granted to me now, to shew that the tree still flourishes, and will do its work in due course.

A third negative was then taken, on which there is a sweet female spirit, with a veil so transparent that it scarcely hides her features at all; an exquisitely embroidered shawl drapes her figure as she stands looking placidly upon me, while a glimpse of my hand, which is placed on the back of the chair (of which she seems unaware) is seen through the folds. In the background are distant mountains. (See plate II. No. 12.) The intimation was given to a friend in the country, and afterwards confirmed to myself, that she is the wife of Manoah, and mother of Samson, and the history of the angelic manifestation to herself and her husband is given in the 13th chapter of Judges.

On another occasion a gentleman brought a relative with him who was strongly antagonistic to Spiritualism, and he insisted upon her being with him in a photograph. There was no spirit, but in front of them was a sort of barrier, almost like the battlements of a castle. Unfortunately they did not care for it, so the negative was destroyed, which I much regretted, as it was strongly significant of the mischief done by those who in their wilfulness set up the barrier of their own wisdom (?) between themselves and the proofs the Lord is now granting that we are indeed surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses:" in which respect they imitate the Jews of old, who would not receive Christ because He did not come in the manner they had ordained that He *ought* to come

On the 3rd of April there was on the plate with me a beautiful spirit, but from some defect in the collodion the film peeled off when the varnish was applied, and was lost for ever. On the 10th Mr. Hudson had a fresh supply of collodion from another maker, in the hope of getting free from that class of troubles, but that was scarcely sensitive at all to spirit influences, so we had to return to the previous store, but still there was nothing very satisfactory, and I thought the power was perhaps being saved for the afternoon, when a gentleman had appointed to meet me, whose acquaintance I had made during my Exhibition. I must own that I was disappointed, for being the Thursday in

Passion-week, I had hoped for some special manifestation, such as those of last year of the Palm and the Cross (see page 12), but having been once given, I suppose I ought not to have expected any repetition of such a boon.

In due course my sitter made his appearance. There were several failures, but on one negative we obtained the portrait of his sister; but the collodion film was so brittle, that even in the necessary washing it tore off at the bottom of the picture, but that will not signify if printed in an oval.

Then came one which I think will be one of the grandest taken, and I am much disappointed at not having yet received the proof, so as to be sure of all the details, therefore I can only give them as I wrote them out on my return home. A massive-looking figure stands in a majestic attitude with one arm extended towards something hanging from the corner of the picture above the sitter, which looks like the decoration of some order, and the impression came to me that it was an ancestor of his, who had lived into the fourteenth century, and he is pointing towards it as one of the honours received in his earthly career. He seems to have a fine face, with a full, dark beard. The gentleman can trace his family back to the time of William the Conqueror, and evidence is thus given that our forefathers still watch over the proceedings of their earthly descendants, and therefore we owe it as a duty to them as well as to ourselves that we should shrink from any paltry or contemptible action lest we should wound those whose blood flows in our veins, and who look to us to elevate instead of debasing the current in its onward course (plate II. No. 13).

When I went to Mrs. Guppy's, I found she was still much troubled by the painful scene that had occurred on the previous Saturday evening, when Mrs. B——'s fraud in simulating spirit-faces had been exposed, and she was sadly distressed that it should have taken place at her house. She had been too much discomposed even to attempt a little quiet sitting to learn what her spirit-friends thought on the subject, so in the evening she suggested that we two should

have a short séance. We sat exactly opposite each other, at the round table, the gas remaining fully turned on. When we had said the Lord's Prayer, a message was rapped out, "You must kneel, and put your hands under the table." Mrs. Guppy asked if we were both to kneel. "No, only Miss Houghton." Of course I complied, and she also put her hand under the table, when she felt fingers touching her, but then the impression came that both her hands should be on the table (in the full light), when I immediately felt something touch my hand, but at first I could not follow her advice to grasp it, for it was withdrawn directly: —again I felt something, and took hold, but there was decided resistance, as if the spirit were gently pulling against me. It was then placed completely in my hand, and to my joy, on raising it above the table, I found it was a sort of crown made of palm (our English willow-palm), the branches being interwoven in a manner that puzzled us, for no *human* hands could so have done it without breaking off the little brittle buds, which are exceedingly closely set. It was sweet and fragrant, as if just freshly gathered, and the external sprays are so arranged that it forms a kind of triangle, symbolic of the Trinity, and the little spikelets give one the idea of a crown of thorns as well as of palm. I shall take it with me next Thursday to Mr. Hudson's to be photographed, after which it will be placed in a frame which I am having made for it. The information now comes to me that the resistance I felt when first I tried to obtain possession of it was to signify that we may not expect to receive the palm without struggling for it, as it is an emblem of conquest.

When we had duly expressed our gratitude and delight that the Maundy Thursday should have been thus celebrated, I asked whether the spirits would give some message to Mrs. Guppy relative to her present trouble, and they rapped out, "Do not despair—all you have done has been from the purest motives, and in time every one will be forced to do you justice. All will be well." A few of our questions were answered with respect to what has been said and done,

which strengthened the conviction that the triumph of imposture can be but very short-lived. The message given to myself on the subject some days before was that "the waters are at present a good deal muddied, but they are being filtered, so that the stream of Spiritualism may flow brightly and purely through the land, and all those who have the *truth only* at heart must work to that end.

P.S.—The delay in receiving my proofs was partly occasioned by its being Easter-tide, but I find I was indeed mistaken as to the character of my own, taken on the day before Good Friday, for, far from being unimportant, nothing could have been more grandly appropriate. In the first picture I am standing with both hands slightly extended, and in each hand is a small slice or piece of bread. But what is yet more wonderful is, that on my cheek, as if traced in the very flesh, is a delicate cross. In the second picture, my hands are in an attitude of prayer, while a spirit is advancing towards me, holding in his outstretched hand the sacramental cup of wine. Thus the two photographs form the most complete commemoration of the Last Supper on the anniversary of its institution, and I do, indeed, feel most marvellously favoured. I have since learned that the spirit who is bringing me the cup is St. John, the beloved disciple.

I am just returned from Holloway, where I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Cargill, and have received his permission to mention his name as the sitter who had the interesting portrait of his ancestor, and I may likewise state that at a previous séance he had obtained the photograph of another ancestor, who had lived in the century before, but it was not sufficiently dense to be printed from, and has therefore been fitted into a case as a positive.

My crown of palm photographs beautifully; I have had it done as a picture by itself, and also as a background decoration in the other negatives taken to-day, of which one was indeed a most singular one. Two gentlemen came for sittings, and after one or two negatives, taken separately, they were to be together, and on that plate there was a

something that covered about a quarter of the upper part of the picture; the crown of palm on a frame, and the head of one of the sitters being seen through it. We were all puzzled, and at length discovered that it was the head of an immense animal, and they then mentioned that they had been yesterday evening to a séance at a lady's house, and had questioned as to whether there was a future existence for animals (which *Spiritualists* are fully aware that there is); they were answered in the affirmative, and the subject was, I believe, a good deal discussed, but this photograph brings yet more conclusive evidence, and I wish we had been fortunate enough to have had a large-sized plate, so as to have had the portrait of the whole gigantic animal, which looks like one of the ante-diluvians, with soft mild eyes. There are also faint glimmerings of other animals on the previous plates.

I hope you will forgive my sending you this addition to what I had previously forwarded, and that it will reach you in time to be added as a postscript.—Believe me, yours, &c."

April 17th.

On the evening of Good Friday, Ann came up to say that there was a widow lady downstairs, who wished to know if I would be so kind as to see her for a short time. She gave her name, which I remembered as that of a lady who had called upon me about fifteen months before, when her husband had only been dead a fortnight, as she had heard of me from a friend, and thought I might be able to give her some comfort in her affliction, which I had been happy enough to do, but I had never since heard anything of her. She was very grateful to me for receiving her, and said that for some days past she had had me very much in her mind, but that morning, when she was at the Victoria Station, the impression had come most forcibly that she was to come to me that evening, and to give me a half-sovereign, for which I should have a special purpose, which half-sovereign she had held in her hand while speaking, and then laid it down on the table. Such an idea was to me

a perfect enigma, and baffled my comprehension as much as it had done hers, for in her own mind she had fought strongly against the impression, feeling the difficulty of approaching any money subject with me, but she had thought that possibly I might be making up a subscription for some one, and should thus immediately understand it, and we both wondered what could be the meaning of the little golden piece. Then it struck me that it might have to do with the spirit-photographs, and that she was to expend that sum in them; but no, she could not think she was in any way to receive an equivalent for the coin, but she was much interested in hearing about them, as the subject was quite new to her; so I gave her the history from the beginning, and was *told* to shew her quite the earlier ones, when of course I came to those of this time last year of the Palm and the Cross, with which she was wonderfully struck. I shewed her the three sprays of palm then photographed, and afterwards proceeded to give her the account of the previous day's séance, exhibiting the Palm-crown, when it suddenly flashed upon me that the real purpose of the money was for a frame for that latest gift:—for I had said to Mrs. Guppy the evening before, that I should at once have it framed, laughingly adding that I did not know where the money was to come from, but I supposed it would be *provided* for such an *indulgence* as well as for my needs. What I meant was, that I could not but hesitate lest such an expenditure might seem unjustifiable under my circumstances, but still I had meant to do it, and had intended to go the very next morning to my frame-maker to give the order,—and thus the gold was brought to my hand, to shew me even once again how tenderly all my smallest wishes are cared for, and the scruples of my conscience considered to the smallest item!!! How can I ever be thankful enough for the many mercies vouchsafed to me, which are indeed "fresh every day."

As for my visitor, she was overjoyed to feel that her little offering should be so honoured in its purpose, and marvelled

too that she should have been led to bring it to the exact time, and on the day so grand and holy. I was impressed to beg her acceptance of the pair of photographs that had led our thoughts into the right channel, and asked her likewise to select any one of the others that she might prefer, which she did before leaving, but hers was a very long visit, for she arrived at about six in the evening and remained till eleven.

Letter, No. 15. "The work becomes to me even more and more interesting, for it seems that through the photographic channel we shall gradually receive illustrations of all that has previously been given in the different phases of spiritual teachings. At present the ideas are, as it were, only shadowed forth; partly from the art, as intermundane, being but yet in its infancy, partly from the many drawbacks, such as want of funds and other annoyances, which impede Mr. Hudson's mediumistic development, which from its high class is peculiarly sensitive to those pricks which would make no impression upon the class of individuals endued with minds of the type of a rhinoceros's hide, and I must here thank the gentleman who, under the cognomen of a Truthseeker, wrote a long letter in the *Medium* for May 9th, giving his testimony to Mr. Hudson's integrity, only regretting that he did not add the weight of his name to the interesting statement therein contained, as I fully agree with yourself in feeling that, *when practicable*, all such evidence should bear the true signature, but there are occasions when the means of livelihood, not only for the writer but his family, may be jeopardised by such an avowal, and in such a case I think him justified in withholding it until such time as he shall have learned how great is the blessing for which he may freely risk all things, but for *that* he must have become a *true Spiritualist*, and not be merely a séance frequenter, for the sake of some variety in the amusement of his evenings.

I mentioned in my last letter a photograph of Dr. Cargill's, on which is the spirit of his sister. She wears a veil so filmy that it does not hide her features in the least, but the

picture gives a fresh character of manifestation, for on her head she wears a lovely crown, as if formed of jewels, with strings of pearls and other gems. Those who visited my Exhibition in Old Bond Street, two years ago, will have seen there several representations of the Crown of Glory, and will also have read in the Catalogue the wonderful explanation given by my spirit-guides as to the manner in which these crowns may (or may *not*) be formed from the actions of the individual during the life upon earth, and it is a great delight to me to find that through my mediumship the same evidence is being given in another form. Dr. Cargill also tells me that he was promised by his sister, one evening at a séance, that she would shew herself to him "in her glory." Of course he imagined that he would in due course be permitted to behold her spirit in its full effulgence, for we are all apt to mistake prophecy, and to form our own views as to its method of fulfilment, but I have no doubt that in this photograph the promise has been fulfilled, and he, too, views it in the same light. 1 Peter v. 4. "Ye shall receive a crown of glory, that fadeth not away."

On the 24th of April, my hands were lifted up on each side of me in a curious attitude, and although on two negatives there was no manifestation, on the third there is a tiny creature flying towards me. I am looking eagerly at it, and the position of my hands is explained, for I appear prepared to catch it as soon as it shall come within my reach; it is at about the same level as my hands, and in the photograph is about the size of a small ladybird, and somewhat resembles it in shape. I imagine that the two previous negatives had been necessary preparatives to enable the little thing to keep steady.

In the next picture I am dimmed into obscurity, but rather high on the negative is the upper part of a veiled spirit preparing to crown me with an exquisite wreath of flowers. The veil and some of the flowers are of dazzling whiteness, and along the border of the former is the appearance of embroidery, taking somewhat the form of crosses.

Miss Shorter pays a regular visit to Mr. Hudson's studio

on the first of each month, and as it fell this time on a Thursday, I assisted with my mediumship for the occasion. She had a lady friend with her, and there is a veiled figure, whose features and short curling hair on the forehead are but faintly visible. All over the photograph there is a curious pattern, the *design* of which, as a sort of diamond, is most discernible where it has the appearance of a carpet on the foreground—but the same pattern is seen on the chair, the sitter's dresses, the spirit's drapery, and even on Miss Shorter's face. When first I saw it on the negative, it reminded me of the representation of that room of my spirit-home that I described last month, but I find that the design is quite different. On the background of several of the later photographs something of the same kind has been seen, but all various, and above a fortnight ago I received, through the pencil of a drawing medium, a similar character of work. Miss Hay has kindly sent me, from Moravia in the United States, one of her latest drawings, which is entitled "Sketch of Scenery in the Summer Land." Perhaps some of your readers may have seen at 15 Southampton Row two of her pencil drawings, which she presented to Mr. Burns before she left England, and will therefore be acquainted with her style of work. She had not then any intimation as to their meaning, and we should certainly not have supposed them to indicate *scenery*, therefore the present mutual evidence of photography and the pencil is doubly valuable. I took her drawing with me yesterday to Mr. Hudson's, so that he might see and also photograph it, and it makes a sweet little picture, which I think will be much sought after by those whose similar manifestations in his studio will thus receive interpretation.

On the 8th of May, I had an appointment with Miss Walker of Cleckheaton, in Yorkshire, whose deep grief at the unexpected loss of a dearly loved sister has only been alleviated by the consolations of Spiritualism. I do not know when I have been more touched than with her first letter to me, in the September of last year, pouring out all her deep woe, and seeking advice as to whether communion

with those who had quitted the earthly life might be permitted and believed in; for I am happy to say she is sincerely religious, therefore it was only *misunderstanding* the Scriptures that occasioned her doubts. My answer completely reassured her, and we have since occasionally corresponded on the same subject. She called upon me in October, when she paid a previous visit to London, and on this occasion resolved to have a sitting at Mr. Hudson's, having been promised by her sister, through a medium at Bowling, that she would, if possible, manifest on the plate, which, to our gratification, she was able to do, with her unveiled face turned towards us, but she was herself too eager, and her features have slightly moved, so that they are not very distinct, and there was yet another drawback, that of Miss Walker's having been somewhat fagged from having sat up late at a séance on the previous night. I wish to impress upon all intending sitters that they must do their utmost to be in a perfectly healthy state of mind and body, so that their atmosphere may be thoroughly receptive of the spirit-presence, as it makes a serious difference as to the manifestation. Those who only make a flying visit to London should go to Mr. Hudson's *before* they fatigue themselves with sight-seeing, but if they have calls of business, those should be attended to first, so as to leave the mind free from any sense of duty unfulfilled. On Miss Walker's second plate is the upper part of a male spirit, and nearer to her may be seen the form of her sister's head drapery, but the face beneath it is not distinguishable.

In the course of the same day Dr. Cargill sat for a large-sized photograph, but there was no defined spirit-form, although the picture contains much that is interesting. The upper part looks like a curtain lifted away, on which are designs exceedingly resembling Miss Hay's drawing, while beneath it, in the space thus opened to our view, are glimpses of numberless faces, some of which are quite perceptible. I am happy to say that he intends to have another séance for the large size, for those are the pictures I want brought to perfection, and I hope that in the course

of the summer, our wealthier Spiritualists will try to aid that development. How I wish that mine could all have been taken on whole plates!

Yesterday we had the pleasure of a sitting with a lady from Newcastle, and I am anxious to see the proofs, for I think they will come out very clearly. On the first plate was a handsome youth, with a dark moustache, holding in his hand what appears like a roll of paper or, perhaps, of music. The second picture looks like that of a young girl, and if we are right in our surmises, they are exactly the two for whose portraits she wished, as she told me when talking upon the subject after the séance was over.

P.S.—I have heard from Miss Walker since she received her proofs, and learn that the male spirit is her eldest brother, with the hair on his face as he wore it in this life.—Believe me, yours, &c."

May 16th.

Letter, No. 16. "The name of the lady from Newcastle, whose photographs I mentioned in my last letter, was Mrs. Hare, and when the proofs made their appearance, I found that the female spirit was not a young girl, as I had imagined. I have since had two very interesting notes from Mr. Hare, in which he tells me that it is the portrait of a cousin of his mother; he mentioned it as his own opinion in the first epistle, and the second contains the corroborating testimony of the spirit's son, daughter, and grandson, the latter of whom exclaimed, the moment the picture was taken out of the envelope, "Aunt, that is Grandmother." Mr. Hare has given me full permission to strengthen the facts by stating his name, and he adds that if either he or his wife should visit London, they will wish to try again, concluding with, "For this question is *the* question of our time, and I would rather spend money on it than anything beside."

Dr. Cargill had his proposed séance for the large size on the 22nd of May, and on the first plate a spirit made his appearance, whose (three-quarter) face is turned towards

the sitter. He has a long dark beard, and holds within his drapery, so that we only see its upper and lower ends, a staff or wand, but he stands rather too far back, and is, consequently, slightly out of focus, which becomes more probable in these large photographs, where the focus requires to be more rigidly observed. That is one of the lessons the spirits who come for their portraits have yet to learn, and under some conditions it may be impossible for them to come close, and thus place themselves at exactly the same distance as the sitter from the camera, which must be borne in mind by those persons who wish to try for the large ones, and they must be content to take whatever may be the result; they may, however, give some help by having the thought as to the necessary position very strongly and frequently in their mind before making the attempt.

On the second plate there is a suggestion of spiritual scenery; for behind Dr. Cargill are what look like trunks of trees, while at the top, on the right, is the appearance of foliage. I much fear that we have there lost a manifestation, for at the lower part, close to the edge of the plate, is what looks like a fragment of drapery, so that a spirit may have been standing beyond the photographed space.

On one of my plates taken on the 29th of May is the portrait of a male spirit, who was instantaneously recognised as a dear friend of her own by a lady whom I have the pleasure of meeting very frequently at Mrs. Guppy's after my Thursday séances at Mr. Hudson's, and I am told that he had thus made acquaintance with some of my own spirit-friends, who gladly granted him the opportunity, for which he was so anxious, of proving to her that he is permitted to watch over her, although he is himself removed from worldly cares and trials. We had a short séance in the evening, when he gave his name by raps in additional corroboration, and she has since given me one of his photographs, taken shortly before his last illness, and the likeness is unmistakable.

On the 5th of June, my sitter was a gentleman from

Manchester, and a very sweet-looking spirit faces him, whom he was told was his aunt, but I have not yet heard whether he recognises the likeness. She wears a sort of high-crowned bonnet, on the front of which is a star, and she has on a shawl with an embroidered frill, within the folds of which is seen a glimpse of another star.

It was the Thursday between Whit-Sunday and Trinity Sunday, and I then had my own sitting in the hope of a special manifestation, which was indeed fulfilled; but I hardly know how to attempt any description, for it must be seen to be appreciated. At its fullest size it scarcely covers three quarters of an inch, and it floats just between the height of my two hands, one of which lies in my lap, and the other is on the back of the chair by my side; a third proportion of it is in front of that chair back and the rest beyond. In the centre is a space or deep hollow; above it is a kind of shrine covered with a fold of white drapery, within which is a cross: the drapery then lies in billowy folds, emerging from which, on the right, is either a star or a crown, but I think it is the latter: on the left is a garland of flowers, and other clear little forms, which will I hope some day be interpreted to me. The shape of the entire manifestation is somewhat triangular, but the lights, shadows, and half-tones are quite a triumph of photographic art, so that it is literally a little gem.

Miss Hay is just returned from her four years' visit to the United States, and she made an appointment to meet me on the 12th, and was much gratified to recognise immediately in the lovely unveiled spirit on the plate her cousin Janet, whose face she had also seen at the séances of Mrs. Andrews, in Moravia. She holds a flower in one hand, and from beneath the head drapery floats one of the graceful ringlets that on the former occasion she had turned her head round for the purpose of shewing, as an additional means of identifying her. On the second plate was a manifestation somewhat resembling the character of her own drawings.

After she had left the studio, I had my own séance, for

which I had been impressed that I was to seat myself on the ground, resting one elbow on the chair and the other on my knee, so as to place my hands together, and I told Mr. Hudson that after he had uncapped the lens, he was to wait for me to say, "Now," before covering it again, for that the spirits can judge best how long an exposure is needful, and in this instance the signal was not given until about half as long again as he would have thought expedient; indeed he felt disposed to say so as the time went on, but his invisible helpers suggested patience, and the result proved that they were right; and again I have had a lovely picture. Resting *on* the chair (this is the *first* time that any spiritual substance has seemed aware of *inert matter*), and reaching nearly to the top, against which it leans, is what appears like a roll of paper or parchment, wreathed across with flowers, not quite half-way up; beyond is a little mass of drapery with wrinkly folds, and several small objects, among which is clearly an artist's palette. The whole manifestation is about the size of the one taken the week before, and is a very pretty little picture, looking, too, so very substantial that it seemed almost impossible that we should not have seen it with our bodily eyes.

On Saturday morning I received a telegram from Mrs. Guppy, asking me to be at Mr. Hudson's at two o'clock that afternoon, and I found it was to meet Captain Phillips, from the neighbourhood of Manchester. He had spent Friday evening at her house, when they had a séance, and the spirit Katie spoke of the photographs for which he was to sit the next day, and said that she wished Miss Houghton to be present, and when the answer was given that the appointment was already made with Mr. Williams, she said she was fully aware of that, but that Miss Houghton must also be requested to come, so the telegraph was to be called into requisition.

Punctually at the hour named Captain Phillips drove up, bringing Mr. Williams with him, and we all proceeded to the studio, when I told Mr. Hudson that, as for my last sitting, I should be spiritually impressed to regulate the

time of exposure, and in each instance it was much longer than we should ourselves have thought needful, but I learn that the invisible eyes can see the image as it forms on the sensitised plate, and therefore know when it is complete, while to us, when we take it out of the slide, it is still a blank until the developing fluid gradually reveals it to our vision.

Captain Phillips seated himself, and Mr. Williams went into the cabinet outside, which is behind the screen, while I took my usual position in the studio. There was nothing on the first plate, but on the second there was a charming figure which he at once recognised as his mother. (See plate V. No. 37.) While we were rejoicing over that, a lady arrived who had been at the séance of the evening before, and had then been told to come, so as to sit with him for some of the negatives, so that arrangement was made for the next, when, of course, the change of conditions slightly disturbed the work, and the next plate contained only the two sitters, but on the following one there was a spirit resting her head on the arm of Captain Phillips, whom he likewise thought he recognised, and I think her face will print out very clearly. Again the two sat, and just behind and above them was a figure whom he thought was his father. For the last picture he sat alone, and there stands before him a female figure, slightly bending her head forwards, as if in greeting. I think the draperies of all the spirits will come out with great beauty, from the circumstance of the lengthened exposure.

We then went over to Mrs. Guppy's, and in the evening we had a séance. Katie, in an audible voice, congratulated us on our success with the photographs, confirming Captain Phillips's opinion as to who the spirits were on the first three plates, and telling us that the last was the grandmother of the lady sitter, who knew her to be her guardian spirit. She then gave Captain Phillips several messages from his mother, and chatted a little with each of us before taking leave. I asked whether Charlie, who had given me his signal during the day and evening, could speak to me, and

he said, "Good night, Auntie dear;" thus concluding our séance, of which I have only given a fragment.

My best piece of news I have reserved for the end of my letter, which is, that Sir Charles Isham called upon me about a week ago, and in course of conversation kindly offered to present a stereoscopic camera that he has, so that I shall soon hope to be able to tell of the results taken with that instrument, which I expect will probably become the most popular method of trying for the spirit-photographs, and I trust that all your readers will visit Mr. Hudson for the purpose of doing so, and thus strive to indemnify him for all the difficulties he has undergone.—Believe me, yours, &c."

June 16th.

The following letter appeared in the *Spiritual Magazine* for April, 1873. "To the Editor.—Sir,—On calling last week, at the residence of my friend Mr. Henry Smith, I was particularly struck, whilst waiting in the dining-room by myself, by a carte-de-visite that was standing on the mantel-shelf. The picture represented Mr. Smith, sitting in an arm-chair, looking at, perhaps conversing with, his son, a child of six or seven years of age; whilst standing up on the other side of him was a figure, which no one who had known the original personally—as I have done—could fail to recognise in a moment as a good portrait of Mr. Smith's father, who left earth-life about a year ago. The features were most marked, and the dress, consisting of a long dressing-gown and a black scull-cap—unmistakable. Whilst examining this picture it never for an instant occurred to me that it was a spirit-photograph. When Mr. Smith entered the room I drew his attention to it, remarking that it was a very good likeness of his father. He immediately enquired of me, somewhat abruptly, what I knew about it, alluding to the circumstances under which it had been taken. I replied that I knew nothing whatever of its history. He then informed me that he had gone to Mr. Hudson's for the purpose of getting, if possible, a spirit-

photograph of his late wife, and having had a sitting, this was the result. Mr. Hudson did not know Mr. Smith, sen., in life, and I believe was not at all aware that he had departed to the 'summer-land.' The likeness is one of the most accurate that I have seen.—Yours fraternally,

GEO. SEXTON."

In a far-back number of the *Medium* was a very long letter from Lieut.-Colonel Steuart, giving an account of a séance with Mr. Hudson on the 11th of December 1872, when he obtained the portrait of his deceased brother; with many interesting particulars, which have, however, passed from my memory, but I consider the photograph very striking, for which reason it is included among my miniaturised illustrations (plate V. No. 41).

The origin of the storm that burst so early on Mr. Hudson's devoted head was that a gentleman who had published, in April, 1872, his recognition of a spirit-portrait, took the said photograph to Mr. Beattie of Clifton, who, *ipse dixit*, pronounced it a fraud, and shewed how spirit-photographs could be simulated (very inferior to the real thing, be it said), thus bringing on all the trouble that I have very faintly shadowed forth. Mr. Beattie afterwards tried experiments of his own, to which also I have slightly alluded in the previous pages, but still, like many other Spiritualists, his *faith* in the unseen powers could only reach as far as his own *experience* had gone. Fortunately, however, he came up to London in the month of June, 1873, and on the 9th, a gentleman, giving the name of Bruce, went to Mr. Hudson for a photographic séance, asking permission to go through the whole process himself with test conditions, to which Mr. Hudson was spiritually impressed to accede, and the result was fully satisfactory. A few days after, much to his surprise, he received a letter with the full signature "John Bruce Beattie," to say how much pleased he had been, and that he should write an account of the séance for the *Spiritual Magazine*. In a later letter he says he believes the spirit to be his nephew, and that he has sent a photograph to the mother for identification. Such is the

statement I had written at the back of the picture on plate VI. No. 51; and I will now give his own account at full length as it appeared in the *British Journal of Photography* and in the *Spiritual Magazine* for August.

"If our senses perceive any phenomenon we do not understand, and so strange that our reason at first refuses to enquire into the likely causes of it, it is, in such a case, manifestly our duty to see, first, that the new appearance is not opposed to the known and clearly demonstrated truth we are already acquainted with; and secondly, to make careful note of all relating to such appearance, in order that if it re-occur a sufficient number of times, and at the same time under the observation of a strict and free mind, facts will become plentiful enough to point the way to the law or laws upon which the strange phenomenon depends. It must be obvious that if we refuse to sift and record appearances which take place, on the ground that they seem to go against our experience, then little fresh ground will ever be broken. But what have the brains of our scientific men been employed in during this century? Why, they have been making revelations, bringing to light, and reducing to law and usefulness, principles that *seemed* opposed to all past experience and knowledge. As, for instance, look at the deep-sea sounding: the men so employed have brought to light facts that have completely upset the notions held of organic life in the sea even a few years ago.

"I make these remarks as an introduction to some statements I am about to make relating to some experiments in a new branch of photography,—namely, the power or possibility of photographing forms invisible to ordinary eyesight, and which forms indicate the presence of unseen intelligent beings of some sort controlling the forms so photographed.

"Last year, at this time, I made a long series of experiments of the same kind. The results of these experiments have astonished many scientific men both in this and other countries. Many smiled, and said I was self-

deceived; all gave me credit for truth, but few for brains. I can assure my readers that one thing is true of me—I always look right into everything. I am pledged to nothing but truth, and if I see a thing is straight, I will not say it is crooked. Similar experiments have been made by many men in various parts of America and Europe. Some have been successful, some have failed, and some, I believe, were guilty of deceiving in the matter. My last year's experiments I recorded at the time. I will now give briefly an account of my first experiment this year.

"I, accompanied by a friend, called to see a professional man, whom we did not find at home. Being disappointed, I observed, 'I have long wished to see Mr. Hudson, who is said to have produced "spirit-photographs."' My friend agreed to accompany me, and in a minute's time we were in a cab on our way for Holloway Road. I fully instructed my friend as to keeping my name unknown to Mr. Hudson. My companion being an amateur photographer, he was easily coached up on that point. In a short time we were at our destination, and, cabby discharged, we entered a respectable-looking house. The reception-room seemed as usual in ordinary establishments A lady remarkable in appearance attended to us. She was most civil, modest, and unassuming in her bearing. The head was broad set, indicating considerable balance of character. After some talk I asked if her father ever made experiments in spirit-photography. She replied, 'Yes, sometimes.' Was he successful? 'Only occasionally.' She had just taken from a drawer some samples to shew us when Mr. Hudson came into the room. I scanned him over from head to foot. He seemed about fifty-six years of age, of a sanguine nervous temperament, much like a retired actor; he possessed a good frontal brain, but low in all the executive organs; self-esteem, firmness, and the instinct of persistence being all defective—a man you would not take for a deceiver, yet one you might suppose would be easily led.

"But I find I must be brief. After sufficient conversation for us to understand each other, he said—'Do you

know my terms?' I answered, 'No.' He replied, 'They are one guinea, and I make these experiments. If nothing comes on the plates I cannot help it.' The daughter had told us that Mr. Young had tried, and had a complete failure.

"I then said, 'I suppose you will allow me a full chance, along with my friend, of investigating the experiments as they proceed?' He answered, 'Yes' freely. We then went out to a garden and into as common a glass-house as any I have been in for years. It had an A shaped roof, with light on both sides. The side and roof lights were curtained with what once had been white but were now yellow curtains. At one end was a background painted seemingly in oil colour, of the usual tint. This stood about two feet from the wall, leaving room for a person to sit or stand in a partially dark place behind it. At the other end the usual operating room, freely lighted with yellow light. The bath was a common one, made of procelain without case or lid. The camera was a well-worn bellows one, about 10 by 8, drawn in to suit a portrait lens of about six inches back focus. All the machinery I most scrupulously examined, and at the same time had the use of my friend's eyes and other senses. I asked for the glass to be used, and I secretly marked it. *We* saw it coated and prepared.

"The daughter was to sit as the medium. I said I would rather she would stand by me than sit behind the background, which was agreed to. All being ready, I sat profile to the background, in order that I might see it, my friend at the same time controlling the exposure.

"The sitting occupied about one minute. The result was a failure, no ghost being then in attendance.

"In the next experiment all was the same, except that the medium sat behind the background. On the picture being developed, a sitting figure besides myself came out in front of me and between the background and myself. I am sitting profile in the picture; the figure in three-quarter position, in front of me, but altogether between me and the background. The figure is draped in black, with a

white-coloured plaid over the head, and is like both a brother and a nephew of mine. This last point I do not press, because the face is like the face of a dead person and is under-lighted.

"In my last trial—all, if possible, being more strictly attended to than before, and in the same place, relative to me—there came out a standing female figure, clothed with a black skirt, and having a white-coloured, thin, linen drapery, something like a shawl in pattern upon her shoulders, over which a profuse mass of black hair loosely hung. The figure is in front of me, and, as it were, partially between me and the camera.

"I wish, if this business be all deception, some one would 'make a hole' through it for me. Mr. Hudson was exceedingly careless as to my doings. He left me in the dark room many minutes together, and there was nothing I left unexamined. Besides, in my own town, on Tuesday last, in making a series of experiments, I got results of a singular character, but which I will not publish till they are a little farther advanced.

"Now to conclude: if the figures standing by me in the pictures were not produced as I have suggested (remembering their possibility has been otherwise proved), I do not know how they were there; but I must state a few ways by which they were *not* made. They were not made by double exposure nor by figures being projected in space in any way; they were not the result of mirrors; they were not produced by any machinery in the background, behind it, above it, or below it, nor by any contrivance connected with the bath, the camera, or the camera slide.

"I apologise for taking up so much space with this matter, but I hope the enquiry will interest some of your readers. It may not appear to be capable of commercial application at once; but surely we are not to measure all knowledge by that standard. If there be truth in this matter, there is no truth so important to our race.

Clifton, Bristol. John Beattie."

The editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* adds the following extract from a private letter from Mr. Beattie to himself:—"Since my return home, I have been going on with our experiments. The results are most startling. To write a report of them will require much time and care, they are so completely strange and bewildering. My reason is crushed into submission to what she staggers and rebels against—there seems to be no escape from the consequence. One thing I do thank God for, and that is, I have no bias of any kind; my mind is free to examine, and come to true conclusions. I never feel to have anything at stake as to how the conscience will lead me. I must write carefully a statement of our present work. I cannot go on long with it; the manifestations are so strange, independent of the photography, I cannot rest for thinking about then.

JOHN BEATTIE."

The same magazine contains also the following testimony of Mr. Traill Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, which had appeared in his periodical in the same week as the previous article. "In another column Mr. Beattie has described some photographic experiments of an extraordinary nature which have been conducted in his presence, and has hinted at others which have been conducted by himself under other circumstances. Every one who knows Mr. Beattie will give him ample credit for being a thoughtful, skilful, and intelligent photographer, one of the last men in the world to be easily deceived, at least in matters relating to photography, and one quite incapable of deceiving others; and yet Mr. Beattie comes forward with a statement resulting from experiments performed by himself or in his presence, which, if it means anything at all, means that there is, after all, really something in spirit-photography—at any rate, that figures and forms which were not produced by the operator have been developed upon the plate with quite as much, and in some instances more, vigour than the visible sitter.

"The main facts once admitted, the question arises: By what means are these figures formed upon the collodion

film? The first impulse is to attribute it to a double exposure on the part of Mr. Hudson the photographer.* But here a difficulty interposes—Mr. Hudson need not be present at all, indeed it is but an act of justice to that gentleman to say that, when we were trying experiments in his studio to determine the truth of the so-called 'spirit-photography,' we obtained entire possession of his dark room, employed our own collodion and plates, and at no time during the preparation, exposure, or development of the pictures was Mr. Hudson within ten feet of the camera or dark room. Appearances of an abnormal kind did certainly appear on several plates, but by whatever means they were caused—and on this we do not intend at present to speak—the photographer had nothing whatever to do with their production. Neither will the 'previously-used plate' theory apply in this case, for the plates were quite new, and were obtained from Messrs. Rouch and Co. a few hours before they were used, and apart from the fact of their never having been out of our possession, the package was only undone just before the operations were commenced.

"A step, and a very sensible one, towards endeavouring to elucidate the mystery, has during the past week, been taken by Sir Charles Isham, a gentleman who takes a very strong interest in this subject. He has provided a binocular camera for the purpose of carrying on the experiments; so that if any 'appearances' are visible on the plates in future, their exact relationship to the sitter will be more readily apparent than heretofore. We shall report the results of the experiments with Sir Charles's camera."

The editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* continues his article in the following well-chosen words:—

"We hope that other gentlemen who have erred in this matter will now hasten to make the *amende honorable* to Mr. Hudson for the grievous wrong and injury they have unwittingly done him, if not for his sake, for the sake of

* Alas! for human nature! should the *first* impulse always be suspicion of fraud?—G. H.

the truth and of their own credit and future usefulness. In the infancy of the subject, such mistake was natural and quite excusable, and even a somewhat censorious judgment may be pardoned as proceeding from honest though mistaken zeal. Error is only culpable when in the light of better knowledge it is persisted in."

. . . . . .

On the 19th of June, I had rather a curious manifestation, which is difficult to describe, as it consists of what appear like patches of light, differing in length but mostly somewhat oval in form, which seem to be as it were raining down, and then to lie about my path, and I was very glad, when Mrs. Tebb came to see me about a fortnight later, that when she had passed into trance, that was the photograph on which she laid her finger, and said, "The representation of the detached portions of light shewn here give an idea of the religious character of this manifestation. From this medium light constantly ascends, which light passing through the spiritual atmosphere assumes a violet tint (I have in my drawing mediumship been taught that *violet* signifies *religion*), and is used to convey a knowledge of sacred things to mortals. Behold here portions of this light, which is, to some who can receive it, a preparation for tasting the real bread of life. From this time this light can be shewn to sensitive mediums, and they will see bodily, so to speak, what has long existed in substance. The light in colour is of a beautiful violet tint shading into blue; when seen in the mass, the deeper tints are at the central point, (I think this must allude to the mass nearly at the top, the point of which seems to be just above my head), shewing that directly above the medium (pointing upwards and bowing her head) centres the most holy power, from whence she draws direct inspiration in the full meaning of the word (breathing very strongly, and waving her hand towards her throat, as if from an inner power), and this helps to form the violet cloud, which is pregnant with spiritual wisdom, and it is here depicted as descending in showers. Her best work is here typified,

and the power that has given this manifestation of a real existence can give all lesser things—the greater include the less. Now when you pray, it will be well to turn your face in the direction from whence this cloud comes,* and the blessing shall be even greater. You may, now that this outward manifestation is given, ask what ye will, and it shall be given you. This is the outward sign or symbol that you are now prepared to ask for blessings with wisdom.

This interpretation is, *for the time*, only for the chosen few to see, imparted by yourself; but a record should be kept for future use." Here she awoke, and I read the communication to her. (I have now been desired to insert it here.)

On another negative, taken that same day, was a spirit-form wearing a curiously shaped hat, but with a smiling countenance. There was a speck of some kind on the negative, which Mr. Hudson wished to remove, and unluckily swept his finger along the collodion side instead of the plain glass. It is fortunate that the spirit escaped all the damage, which, although considerable, is not unsightly. for it looks almost like a rainbow of spray spreading over from the spirit to be showered upon me; it really scarcely seems as if it could have been accidental, more especially as I had been impresssed to say that it was to be the last plate *unless some mischance should occur*. So then we prepared one more, on which is the same kind of pointed mass that is in the one interpreted above, as well as other manifestations not defined enough for description, although glimmering faces may be discerned.

On the 22nd of May I had again been directed to take Cecil's Bible with me, which I placed on the table, and opening it, laid my finger on a text. Opposite me is a veiled head at kneeling height, bending forward as if she had selected the passage, and had pointed it out to me.

* It is from the North-West point that the shower flows down, and my custom is to turn in that direction when I stand as a photographic medium, praying earnestly that a successful result may be granted.

There appears no substance of form at all; it is simply shaped by the transparent veil. I afterwards learned that she was Hannah, the mother of Samuel, and that a portion of the work alloted to her in aid of the children of earth is that of thus indicating passages of Scripture to those who prayerfully seek for guidance by that method. The one then granted to me was from Job xlii. 12. "So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

Letter, No. 17. "DEAR SIR,—On one of my negatives taken on the 26th of June, was a spirit with a very clearly developed face, which I rather thought was my brother-in-law, Mr. Neville Warren, and as I was very eager about it, and it was a beautiful day, Mr. Hudson said he would put it in press at once, and endeavour to get it printed and toned ready for me to take away with me, as I could do what more would be chemically needed for it. When he brought it up, I was delighted to find that it was my nephew Charlie (who rather resembled his father), and carried it off in triumph. Being thus not mounted, I was examining it in the evening by candlelight, when I found that as a transparency, there were two other faces visible, one (a female) very clearly portrayed; there are likewise others more dimly to be seen. But it is an evidence of how very much more there is in these spirit-photographs than we have any idea of, as there is no appearance of them in the print when placed on the flat card, so I have retained the one copy in its transparent state to shew to my home visitors.

On the following Thursday my cousins called upon Mrs. Guppy in the evening, and I handed them the packet of proofs I had in my pocket, without making any observation about them, when the daughter (then a non-Spiritualist), on seeing that one, said, "That spirit is exactly like Charlie Warren,"—which made me feel especially delighted, as the opinion was so utterly volunteered, for she had no reason to expect that it should be any one personally belonging to me.

On the 3rd of July, we were to try Sir Charles Isham's generous gift, the stereoscopic camera, which was formed

of two separate ones, constructed for the use of *dry* plates, and therefore very difficult to deal with in the management of *wet* collodion, as each tiny glass had to be slipped into a grove, so that the film always got torn or damaged in some way; besides which, Mr. Hudson was ill, with scarlet blotches on his face, burningly painful, and I afterwards learned that he was really poisoned with cyanide of potassium, having rubbed it on his forehead and eyelids, to get rid of the stains of nitrate of silver, with which he had splashed himself, and he must have abraded the skin, but formerly he never heeded such a circumstance, and he was not aware how much more sensitive to poisons he *must* be since the development of his mediumship. The illness of course affected his power, as well as inducing much lassitude, but we went on steadily with our unsuccessful experiments, returning to the studio, after he had dined, to continue our efforts; there were sometimes manifestations, but none worth keeping, and all much damaged; so at last it was intimated to me that we might leave off, and as we were both very tired, we gladly seated ourselves. After a little talk, Mr. Hudson suggested that we should make a trial with the usual camera, and I was told,—"Yes, one single plate,"—and on it there was a pointed kind of manifestation that had appeared on several of them in the course of the day, and above my head was a piece of drapery that looked like a mantle falling upon me:—over the proof of which we puzzled a good deal when I went there on the following Thursday, but the solution came to me the next day, when I was going to write on the backs of photographs I had brought home, for the drapery seems to cover the two separate lenses of a stereoscopic camera, while above them may be seen two squares as if for the pictures with a slight division between them, and it must have been intended as a prophecy that the proper camera he wanted for his purpose, with one *single* glass for the companion pictures to be taken together, would be forthcoming, as proved to be really the case, for I wrote the history of our troubles to Sir Charles Isham, telling him

that we were going to try and exchange the camera for one with a single plate for the wet process, to which we might adjust the same lenses, as they were in every respect perfection. In two or three days I received a hasty line from him saying that he had just recollected that he had another camera of the right sort, which fitted the lenses, and that he had sent it off at once to Mr. Hudson. Of course I wrote immediately to him, expressing my heartfelt gratitude, and looked forward eagerly for July 10th, when, having two sitters, (professionally), we only took the stereoscopic séance as an interlude between them. The camera is charming, and I gladly greeted the glasses of the same shape and size as my own old amateur work.

We were only to prepare two plates, so as not to expend power; the first was unsuccessful, but on the second, our eyes were gladdened by beholding, on the *twin pictures*, a manifestation of the same character as the two that I tried to describe in my last letter. The film was accidentally damaged in the manipulation, but that is of no consequence, as the manifestation has scarcely suffered and I look forward to very interesting results, as the stereoscopic pictures have always been in my opinion the most charming phase of photographic work, as well as forming a test that none can gainsay, and Mr. Traill Taylor seemed to think it would be incontestable. He was most kind on the subject of the first camera, and went over with me to Mr. Hudson's on the evening of July 3rd, to say that he would undertake the matter of the exchange of camera for him (having special opportunities as editor of a photographic journal), and would gladly lend his own, which was of the right sort, until the negotiation for another could be completed; and when I said that I would pay anything that might be needed in the transaction, he replied, Oh! no, that he would come and have a slide or two taken, to see if he could be more successful in getting a spirit companion than he had been on the former occasion.

An artist friend whom I had known at the old home called upon me on the evening of July 5th, having suddenly

received a strong impulse to do so, and we had a long talk on the subject of spirit-photographs, as it seems that he was the instigator of those taken at King's Cross (which are now quite at an end, as the photographer has emigrated), where he has had many sittings, and the manifestations have frequently been crucifixes and such like, also portraits of his children, and one of a Dominican friar whom he had known, who had died about two years before: there have likewise been angels with wings, but I do not know whether they have been representative spiritual sculpture or real beings, for these photographs none of them have the *living* appearance of those taken by Mr. Hudson. But Mr. W. was desirous of going to him for a séance in the hope of having something of a similar character, so he made an appointment to meet me there on the 10th of July. On the first plate was a manifestation I could not well make out, as it is very faint and undefined. On the next was a spirit, and the *same* one appeared on the following plate, more fully portrayed. He was much surprised at the long exposure that was needed, for which I receive the directions from my own teachers at the moment; but those in the afternoon required yet longer, being about six times the length that Mr. Hudson would have given. My sitter was then the Rev. Mr. Barrett, who was introduced to me by another clergyman at my Exhibition in Old Bond Street. He is a mesmerist of considerable power, and has performed some remarkable cures. On his first negative there seems (as far as I recollect) to be a curious semicircle of full deep colour facing him, or rather it may be that he is within a *whole* circle, only a portion of it being thus seen, and I think it is a representation of the mesmeric atmosphere within which he dwells. On the No. 2 is a very charming figure of a female spirit, with a pretty hat and a thin veil. On the No. 3 was also a spirit, but a different one. For the fourth I stood behind him, and there were manifestations, but not any spirit-form. He was much pleased with his séance, and hopes to sit again on his next visit to London, and I felt that my day had altogether been a most success-

ful one, and I look upon it as the harbinger of many others.—Believe me, yours, &c."

July 15th.

In the above letter I have interpolated very considerably from my own note-book, but I have yet a fragment to add. While Mr. Barrett was sitting for his No. 2, I was moved to press the fingers of both hands very strongly on my throat, and during the No. 3, I was influenced to make gentle passes about the same part, and I wondered at the time whether it might be in any way for him, but I thought no more of the circumstance, and should have altogether forgotten it but that he accompanied me to Mrs. Guppy's, and in the evening he asked me the meaning of the movements he had seen me make, when I told him my impression. It then turned out that his illness has been bronchitis, and he has suffered much with his throat; so I suppose that while I am acting as photographic medium, I am placed in especial rapport with my sitter, and may thus be enabled to impart healing influence.

The next time I had the pleasure of seeing him, we had a long conversation on the subject of the photographs, more especially the second taken, which is one of my illustrations (plate VI. No. 46), and the impression came strongly to me that the portrait was that of his other-half, the Bride awaiting him in the spirit-world; one all unknown to him, for he had passed on through life without any awakening of that sort of affection, although his was a most sweet, kindly nature, and I have indeed found him a warm and steadfast friend. In the picture there appears upon his breast a curious manifestation, of the form of a true-lover's-knot, and near the lower part of her mantle floats what may be a ribbon, not tied, of a similar fabric, and in both the texture seems different from any other part of the photograph. I have to relate another singular circumstance bearing upon it. I send any letters of interest that I may receive to a friend in the country, and only a short time before I had forwarded to her one of Mr. Barrett's,

and into it (as is often her custom) she placed a piece of card, upon which, a few days later, she was spiritually aided to do his monogram in pen-and-ink. Rather more than half-way up, in the centre of the drawing, is a symbol very much resembling that in the photograph, and that also has a different character of manipulation from any other part. She sent it up to me (and I still have it) on the very morning after I had received the proofs from Mr. Hudson. I shewed it to Mr. Barrett in conjunction with the portrait while we were having our talk, and he was much impressed by the concurrent revelation. He passed into the next life on the 24th of April of this year 1881, and I trust he may now be rejoicing in the happy union that was not vouchsafed to him on this earth.

I must confess that, notwithstanding his stateliness, there was a something about him that made me in my non-respectful thoughts always designate him as "Dear old Dicky,"—and even so I was apostrophising him just now, when I received an intimation that he was present, and wished me to learn that my aspirations in his behalf were fully realised; for that she had welcomed him on his release from the earthly tabernacle: he had then gathered up the floating ribbon, forming it into a knot similar to his own, which he placed on her heart, and that they have never since been separated.

Letter, No. 18. "DEAR SIR,—I rejoice in being able to announce the appearance of a *real* "Spirit in the Stereoscope," the very first one having been seen therein on July 17th. He stands opposite me, seemingly in conversation, his handsome face with his slight moustache shewing clearly through the filmy veil that falls before it; he wears a hat with a broad turned-up brim, and on the front of the crown is a Maltese cross. Only the head and bust are visible; thus the stereoscope plainly shews that the space beneath him is completely vacant, which must convince the most sceptical that no *human* figure could have stood for it, even supposing that it had been possible to have met with any one so ethereal looking. The next negative gives another

view of the same spirit (or rather of his head-dress), for I had been impressed to turn towards the background and kneel down, he retaining nearly the same position relatively to myself, so that he appears on the opposite side of the picture. It is a defective negative, but valuable as being a sort of corroboration of the previous one. I dare say many of your readers are unaware that a stereoscope slide is *not* composed of two *similar* pictures: they are taken from different angles, each giving what would be seen by the separate eye, and it is thus that the effect of roundness is produced, and that all the details are so distinctly visible, which is not, as people imagine, only the result of the pair of magnifying glasses.

On the séance of the 31st two very wonderful photographs were taken, again forming a pair. On the No. 5 there is a group of different objects just beyond the chair by my side —first there is what looks like a picture of the Mater Dolorosa with closed eyes, but it seems to be in relief, for it is seen stereoscopically. It appears like an oval picture on a square mount, and it enables one to understand what we have already been taught by the spirits, which is that the pictures in our future home will stand forth as much more lifelike representations than those on earth. Flowers lie in front, on some white texture, which is more massed upon the right, where among the folds are seen stars and crosses, of which we should scarcely see the details in the *single* photograph. On the sleeve of my left arm is a large cross, turned downwards, and on the back of the same hand are two large pearls, with a glimpse of a third, which tallies with a former photographic manifestation, where something is being poured on to that hand, which was spiritually shewn to Mrs. Tebb as influence in the form of strings or streams of pearls. There is another large pearl in the white opening a little above my waist-band. In my lap, as if held between the two hands, is what looks like a small picture, while under the third finger of the left hand is another cross. The slide No. 6 gives another view of the same manifestation, and is even more beautiful. It looks

as if it might be an open box, from which rises a mass of transparent tissue, with stars, crosses, and such-like treasures laid in between the numerous folds, flowers also being scattered among them. The manifestations on my person have all vanished, except the pearl above my waist-band. Clairvoyants continually tell us that they see the spirits clad in shining raiment, sparkling with many jewels ; these latter I have never heard described, but this is doubtless a representation of some of those with which we may hope to be adorned in the future, for they must surely be gained by us during our earthly career, and each glittering gem will be full of meaning to our souls when we are admitted to the enjoyment of them.

(One Sunday, some weeks later, I was impressed to open the Bible for a text, the finger being instantly placed upon the following, and it was at the same time intimated to me that it referred to one of the photographs. S. Luke xii. 33. "Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth." It is indeed marvellously appropriate, for the receptacle for the jewellery is decidedly more like a bag than a box, not being squared in any way.)

On the following week I had another curious manifestation, where a white cloth seems as if it must be laid on a table, only no table is visible, and on it is a cluster of small objects, which I do not yet fully understand. On Thursday last, my dear brother Warrand is in the picture with me, but he unfortunately moved while the negative was being taken, so that two pairs of eyebrows (as well as other features) may be seen one above the other. Photography was not invented during his earthly existence, so he had not been trained to the necessary stillness ; besides which he was of a very active, energetic nature, and we know that the characteristics remain in the hereafter. On my lap are two Maltese crosses. When I had received the proof and recognised the spirit, I remembered several circumstances with reference to the ornaments I had worn, in conformity with the directions of my invisible teachers, shewing that

they had been selected for the purpose of aiding him to manifest. The bracelet on my right arm had been his gift to me. The tortoise-shell earrings had been a kind of joint present from the Conde de Vega Grande and himself, for the Conde had carved them, and Warrand had had them made up, and brought them to me from Canary. He was christened by Mamma's maiden name, so that he seemed especially to belong to the thought of her family; the brooch was the miniature of her grandfather, and the necklace was made of the hair of her sister—once Helen Warrand. On the other stereograph taken the same day is the portrait of the Condesa de Vega Grande; and here again we may understand how strong a reality there is in our love for relics, for whatever we have *touched* receives an impression from that contact that does not pass away, therefore it is easier for spirits to manifest themselves when they can be within the atmosphere of something appertaining to a portion of their earth-life. My earrings, carved by her husband, must doubtless have been handled by her many times during the work, so that, aided also by Warrand's friendly presence, she succeeded in bestowing her likeness upon me.

There seems to have come some development of power to enable jewellery to be photographed, for a cross is seen on the head drapery of a spirit with Mr. Holden of Birmingham.

Colonel Donn Piatt and Mrs. Barnard, of Washington, had some sittings on the 7th of this month. It was a very hot afternoon, which was photographically unfavourable; notwithstanding which, the faces of the different spirits portrayed were very clear; on three of the plates the veils were very thin indeed, and the fourth had his face quite uncovered.

On Monday last I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. (General) Ramsay at Mr. Hudson's, and our success was beyond our most sanguine hopes. She brought with her the photographs and hair of her husband, son, and daughter Môtee, all of whom have quitted this mortal life, and she

placed that of the General on the chair by her side, putting the others back into her pocket. The first portrait is that of a handsome man (not her husband, but perhaps a relative of hers), with a full dark beard; there is no veil, but a slight drapery falls from the back of the head, on which is placed a kind of military cap, put on hind part before, to prevent the peak from casting any shadow on his face, which is bent forwards. On his chest is seen a Maltese cross. After receiving the proofs, he was unmistakably recognised as her cousin, Colonel Burlton, and it gives an additional interest to know that it was taken on his own birthday, and that he was a Knight of Malta. I believe it was on the very last time she had seen him that he had volunteered the promise that, if it were possible, he would endeavour, when he should have passed to the spirit-world, to give her some peculiar test. He was not then apparently out of health, but he certainly here fulfilled the promise. She had not remembered that it was his birthday, nor was he at all in her mind, which was filled with the thoughts of her nearer ones. *I* recollected it, as I have his name down in my birthday book, but I did not mention it to her until after the séance, so as not to distract her attention from those whose portraits she was longing for.

And the next was the most exquisite photograph that has yet been taken. It is the portrait of Mrs. Ramsay's lovely daughter, universally known by the name given her in India by the natives because of her delicate fairness, for Môtee signifies a pearl. No veil conceals the sweet features, which are as perfect in their lights, shadows, and half-tones as if she had stood for her likeness in mortal guise, but on her forehead is a bright light, within which may be faintly traced the baptismal cross. A kind of half-handkerchief is thrown over her head, and there is a sort of ornament above it, but we cannot clearly make that out, and I cannot help regretting that the portrait was not taken stereoscopically, so as to have given us every detail unmistakably. A transparent drapery falls over her shoulders, partly covering the chair-back, and on the chair may be seen, not only the card

on which is the General's likeness, but the faintly defined forms of the other two that Mrs. Ramsay had in her pocket. Môtee's being above that of her father, while her brother's is by the side of it. (See plate III. No. 20.)

On the evening before, Môtee had written a very sweet message through her mother's hand, promising to be with us at Mr. Hudson's, to give as much help as she could to the fulfilment of her wishes, and saying that this photographic boon was even greater to the spirits than to us, and that we must all use it to God's glory. May He graciously aid us in our endeavours to do so.—Believe me, yours, &c."

August 16th.

Dr. Hitchman, of Liverpool, wrote to me for one of Mrs. Ramsay's photographs (as she had kindly granted me the privilege of supplying copies to those who might wish for them), and having received it, spoke very warmly in admiration of it in his following letter, finally adding :—

"As for dear Môtee,—

> Not pallid ; no—but fairer than the whitest snow
> That lies pure and unsullied on some lofty place,
> Rich with such joyous sweetness in those immortal eyes,
> That Love *triumphant* dwells in that spirit-face.

Well, indeed, may Mrs. General Ramsay cordially exclaim—*inter alia*—

> Death is the gate of no dark prison drear
> To mortals now ; behind its gloom we leave
> In blest oblivion, every care and fear—
> And thus the lost, for whom men erst did grieve,
> Shall *gladden* them ; since all may now perceive
> Some happy portion of yon spirit-sphere."

Môtee had been the first spirit to be photographed with her mother, at the time of her original séance on the 25th of April 1872, but there were then no distinguishable features, and it was through me that the assurance was given as to who it was. She seems to stand on a kind of ottoman (like a statue on a low pedestal), over which the long drapery falls, but in the pose of the figure there is a

something that resembles this later one, and gives to it the yet stronger interest of shewing how great has been the growth in the development of this wondrous power.

Mrs. Ramsay herself sent the following to the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine;* it appeared in the September number :—

Sir,—I had made an appointment with Miss Houghton, to meet her at Mr. Hudson's on August 11th, for the purpose of sitting for some spirit-photographs, and on the previous evening, at our usual weekly séance, my dear daughter Môtee wrote as follows :—

"My Dearest Mother,—I will be with you to-morrow. Take Jim's picture, Papa's, and mine. I will try and do what you want, by God's permission. Keep yourself calm —trust, and have faith; for with Him all things are possible. Is it not a great boon? *We* feel it such, as much as *you* do. Pray that it may be used to His glory first, and then be a great mercy and comfort to us."

On the Monday morning I took with me the hair and the photograph (taken during the earth-life) of my husband, son, and daughter. After a consultation with Miss Houghton, it was decided that I should place my husband's portrait and lock of hair on the chair by my side. The first spirit-portrait was not the likeness of either of the three, although I expect I may probably recognise it when I see it printed; but on the next negative I beheld my Môtee more beautiful than even in this life, with no veil to shade her radiant features, but looking sweetly down upon me. There was yet *another* wonder—for upon the chair in addition to my husband's cartes-de-visite were the *spirit* representations of the other two which I had *replaced* in my pocket, after taking his out—both more shadowy than the one that was there in material form, but clearly distinct.

H. C. Ramsay.

August 14th.

Dr. Thomson, who was one of the circle engaged in Mr. Beattie's photographic experiments, followed his good

example in going to Mr. Hudson's for a séance, which took place on the 11th of July, Miss Hudson officiating as the medium; and as it was likewise a success, I have also included it in my illustrations (plate VI. No. 54). He afterwards wrote the following letter to Mr. Hudson.

"4 Worcester Lawn, Clifton,
August 5th, 1873.

"Dear Sir,—As I promised, I write to let you know that the spirit-figure in my photograph has been recognised as a likeness of my mother, who died forty-four years ago, when I was born, and as there was no picture of her of any kind, I was unable to trace any resemblance in the photograph. I sent the letter, however, to her brother, simply asking him to let me know if he recognised in the figure any resemblance to any of my relations who have died; and he has written to say that he recognises in it the likeness of my mother.—Yours faithfully, G. Thomson.

"*P.S.*—I should perhaps add that I do not think my uncle knows anything about Spiritualism or spirit-photographs, as he resides in a remote part of Scotland; I infer this too from his remarking, 'but I cannot understand how this has been done.' I sent a letter to the *Journal of Photography*, but Mr. Taylor put it amongst the answers to correspondents last number."

Letter, No. 19. "Dear Sir,—A very curious incident occurred on the 22nd of August, which has given me much food for thought. I must premise by mentioning that for some time past I have not burned the frankincense in Mr. Hudson's studio, for as there have not been many mixed influences, I have not considered that it was needed, but I now feel that I must henceforth never omit to do so. For the first sitting on that day, I had been impressed to lay my hands in my lap with the palms upwards, and laid into them, in the negative, appeared a beautiful white cross. Mr. Hudson placed the glass carefully on the upper shelf, according to his usual custom, and we proceeded with the next, upon which was a female spirit, with the profile face

very clearly defined, but I do not recognise her. We were then going into the house, taking the negatives with us, but upon taking down the first one, what was our surprise and dismay to find upon it two marks, one not far above my head, where a piece of the collodion film had been taken quite off, as if by the tip of a largish finger, the other, a little higher up, was as if a finger had been pressed on it. No *mortal* being had been into that studio but ourselves, thus we knew that the mischief had not been done by human agency, but by one of those spirits who resist the Truth and fight against the Cross as the emblem of the Christian's faith, shewing us how true it is that we have to "wrestle *not* against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness." When I speak of the Cross as the symbol of our faith, I do not allude to it only with reference to the Crucifixion of our Lord, but as the type of His teaching antecedent to His death, for He says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." It is no new thing to tell us that the Cross was known *before* His coming—it needs no profound learning to enable us to understand that He spoke of it thus to His hearers as a customary figure of speech, signifying the trials of life, but His followers, for His sake, must bear the burthen bravely, and He will indeed make it light for them.

The mischief done to the negative seemed to me of little moment, for it was only on the background, and the damage would have given additional interest to the stereograph. Mr. Hudson, after drying it, laid it on the table to cool before varnishing, and brought me up the other negative to look at, and in the meanwhile his young son and another foolish boy, thinking it was spoilt, scratched over the entire film, and completely ruined it, but the lesson given by it still remains.

On the 25th Miss Ramsay had a sitting, for the ordinary size. On one plate was a shadowy form, whom we have since learned was her brother Jim, and on the next was

again Môtee, but the picture (which is in profile), is not so beautifully clear as that with her mother a fortnight previously, which was to be expected, for the spiritual conditions could not be so favourable as with Mrs. Ramsay, who may be said to have dwelt for years in close communion with the invisible world.

There were then two negatives without any manifestation whatever, so Mr. Hudson shut himself into his dark room to enquire the cause from his unseen teachers, when he was told to fetch down the stereoscopic camera, and on the two plates taken with that, were the same spirits in the same order of succession, but Jim's sleeve is curiously gathered up into the form of a trumpet, as if to represent the bugle call (he was an officer in the army), which is his usual signal, given either by raps or other methods; he thus made his presence known to me by tapping with the pen I had in my hand, soon after a note had reached me from his sister informing me of the telegraphic intelligence of his death in India.

I was again at Holloway on the following day, having an appointment with Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, and on the first plate (carte-de-visite size) is the figure of a handsome young man, wearing a head-dress that looks like a fur cap with long side lappets, and a thin veil. Mr. Hudson was again desired to use Sir Charles Isham's camera, with the reminder of his being Mrs. Gregory's friend, and we then obtained the most striking picture that has yet been taken. She is looking upwards, as if into the distant past, while on her left, slightly behind her, stands a tall man with marked features, wearing a costume resembling a Scottish plaid, but of exquisite transparency, so that the folds across the chest are seen through the portion that passes over it to be gathered up with something like a brooch on the shoulder. On his head is a low-crowned hat with a turned-up brim.

On the next negative were two spirits, and it was the most marvellous manifestation that has yet been given, but it is useless for me to attempt any description, as the film unfortunately stuck to the paper in printing the first proof, and was utterly destroyed; but she purposes having another

sitting, when I hope there may be something equally good. (I very much regret having to add that this purpose was never fulfilled.)

On the 4th of September I had one taken that is not stereoscopic, and just above the chair by my side is a triangular cluster, not much more than half an inch across, formed of three little packages, one surmounting the other two; the lower ones are quite closed, but the upper one gives glimpses of several small objects, such as a photograph and perhaps a book. At the back of it rises a little plant, with tiny three-petalled flowerets, not like any earthly flower with which I am acquainted, but now familiar to me, as it has been in each of my own spirit-photographs where flowers have been given, so that I know it must have some personal signification.

On the same day, Mr. Arbuthnot had a séance, and on each of the three negatives was a wonderfully substantial upper portion of a spirit-form; the first having a sweet-looking girlish face. She wears a quaint old-fashioned bonnet, which reminds one of the days when beauty used to be half hidden from the public gaze, and was all the more prized for the modest concealment.—Believe me, yours, &c."

September 15*th*.

Mrs. Tebb came to see me on the 6th of July of this year, 1881, and I got out the photograph of myself that I have described above, in the hope that some glimpse of its meaning might be shadowed forth, so as to take its place in these chronicles. While holding it, she passed under influence, and said: "The thought here represented is of *work*, of deeds done, of *matured* work crowned by fruition. The way has gone step by step,—but always upward, and the flower is being formed as a crown to all past efforts. So let her tell of God's wondrous love to His chosen Faithful. . . . Faithful unto death . . . and something after . . . is given here. . . . Oh! I see, the something *after*, is the fruit of which this flower is the promise. [The fruit will be given in the hereafter?] But the flower means *earthly fruit*, and at the same

time a *promise* of heavenly fruit. . . . We can give the thought but very imperfectly at this time, as the instrument is out of tune." When she returned to the normal state, and we talked over the interpretation given, it seemed as if it must refer somehow to my present occupation, when I am indeed telling of God's wondrous Love, in the work whereunto I have been called, aided by the countless host of His invisible ones. "Faithful" was a name spiritually conferred upon me many years ago.

Another of Mr. Beattie's scientific articles appeared in the *Spiritual Magazine* for November, extracted from the *British Journal of Photography*, which will doubtless have its interest for many students of this subject, so I again take the liberty of transcribing.

"EXPERIMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY CONTROLLED BY INVISIBLE BEINGS.—I have to describe some experiments involving principles so complicated and new in their character, that I am puzzled to see my way through what I am so anxious to do clearly, in order that there may be no mistake as to the true nature of the manifestations. I must therefore preface my description with the statement of a few facts.

"Light in all its conditions is invisible, and, whether simple or compound, it possesses the power of rendering objects, but not itself, visible. If, for instance, what are called the invisible or ultra rays of the spectrum are made to fall upon certain substances, and by their impact have the period of their wave motion either heightened or lowered, they will render such subjects the objects of vision. In every case of vision it is some thing or substance that is visible, and not the light alone which is so.

"Farther: if vision depends upon the receiving textures of the mind being attuned to, or in harmony with, movements of a given exaltation, it is then plain that in some cases individuals will see substances to be luminous which to others may be completely invisible. In the usual way of experimenting upon the nature of light, we generally shut out all light but that which we are working upon, and by

the use of a most beautiful and complicated set of instruments we gain all the knowledge possible of its nature. That knowledge has taught us that invisibility and intangibility under ordinary circumstances are no proof of non-existence. Still farther: that knowledge has taught us that if luminous masses are visible only to one or more in a company, and at the same time the said luminosity produces chemical action and *heat*, it is not the ultra rays condensed that alone produce such an effect, but it all depends upon substance or substances being so formed, condensed, or otherwise placed to receive the impact of certain rays in order to produce a given result.

"The above remarks will prepare the reader's mind for my description.

"I have for about six weeks, along with the same gentlemen, and under the same conditions, been conducting another series of the same kind of experiments as were described in the *British Journal of Photography* last year. This time we have had results which, by bearing repetition, confirm all I then wrote about the question; and we find that not only chemical action is evolved but likewise heat. This time, as before, the failures far exceeded the successes, but, to take up as little of your space as possible, I will only make you acquainted with the most interesting of the results.

"The first experiment was, as you see, on one plate, taking three exposures. There were two what are called 'mediums' present. One of them sat with his back to the camera facing the background; the other opposite to him, looking towards the camera. In every case, as soon as I got the plate sensitised and put in the camera, I took my seat by the mediums, leaving Dr. Thomson to uncap the lens when required to do so. The medium next the background became entranced, and then by his influence he caused the other to pass into some strange spiritual condition. That condition, as will be seen, had a most marvellous influence over his power of vision. As soon as the lens was uncapped he used these words:—'I see a

pale light all over; I can hardly see through it.' In the second he said:—'Now I see a luminous figure leaning to one side.' In the third:—'I again see the figure.' On development I found the first fogged; the second two contained white luminous figures, as minutely stated.

"Another week after, but the fourth manifestation, before the lens was uncapped and during the exposure, he described 'a light like purple crystal rising from the centre of the table—so very bright! It rises higher and expands at the top.' In the fifth he saw 'the same light with a pear-shaped top.' In the sixth he said, 'It is now trying to form a crown, throwing out pear-shaped points—and so bright! I can hardly look.' On development I was astonished to find it so, exactly as stated.

"In a week after, and on the seventh manifestation he described 'a light behind him coming from the floor.' In the eighth he said:—'It rose up and over another person's arms, coming from his own boot.' In the ninth he said:—'There is the same light, but now another column comes up through the table, and it is *hot* to my hands.' Then he, as if lightning had been shot into his eyes, exclaimed with great impulse:—'What a bright light up there! Can you not see it?'—pointing to it with his hand. You will understand by the enclosed what came on the plate when developed—how exactly it answers to the description.

"On our next evening we had most strange experiences; but as I record here nothing but photographic facts, that they may be embalmed in your pages for future resurrection, I leave all out which would be considered offensive in strictly scientific pages.

"After many failures, I had prepared the last plate for the evening, and it was then 7.45. As soon as all was ready, one medium said he saw on the background a black figure, old, and putting out his hand; the other medium saw a light figure—each stating their exact position. On developing this plate, there came out, but rather faint, the figures as described. I could not get them to print; I therefore

PLATE 5.

made a transparency, and from it a negative, in order to get printing power. You will see how strange the result is. The black figure evidently belongs to the sixteenth century, is in mail, with long hair. The light figure is indefinite; in fact, the result is a negative picture to look at.

"The next and last, although most singular, can be described shortly. On one exposure (the eleventh), a star or jet of light is seen; in the next it enlarges; in the next it is described as a large sun, a little transparent, and on a hand being held in it, it was found hot like the steam from a kettle. The fourth of this set was described as a beautiful sun, transparent in the centre, and a head similar to the one on a shilling being in it. On the development the descriptions were found to be perfectly correct.

"I enclose you illustrations of the above experiments; you can see for yourself how curious they are.*

"Allow me a little more space to say in so many words that the experiments above described refused to be placed in any category of known phenomena. It is suggested by Dr. Thomson to get some of the bisulphate of quinine and try if the luminosity can be made visible to all.

"But I cannot ask you for more space now, as I will have shortly to request you to grant me room to explain other experiments, and to say something on their philosophy. I see no escape from the spiritual theory.

JOHN BEATTIE."

Letter, No. 20. "DEAR SIR,—I was accompanied to Mr. Hudson's on September 18th by a friend from the country, when we obtained several very interesting pictures. On the first, there is a female spirit facing her, whom she does not recognise, but in whose unveiled features there seems to be a family resemblance to herself, but she may possibly be of many generations back, as she wears round her neck a kind of old-fashioned frill, while a bonnet is placed upon the drapery on her head.

On the next there is no spirit, but she seems to be seated

* The singular specimens accompanying this article are in our office, and may be seen by any person on application.—[Eds. B. J. P.]

within a grotto. Mr. Hudson now brought down the stereoscopic camera, and I stood by the sitter, when again we obtained the portrait of the same spirit as in the first negative, but her face is more fully shewn, instead of being in profile as before. She stands a little in front of me, so that her veil is partly over me.

For the next slide I was impressed to lean rather forwards, having one hand on my friend's chair, and resting the other on the chair by her side, so as to steady myself in the difficult attitude. On the negative being developed, my head appears to be resting on the shoulder of a female spirit who is standing slightly in advance of me. She has long flowing hair, surmounted by a sort of pointed coif, and the white cape hanging over her shoulders is beautifully transparent, and is gathered into graceful folds. There is a scarcely perceptible outline of skirt, for, like the generality of the spirit-photographs that have been taken for some time past, only the upper part of the figure is given, which may be partly due to a desire not to use more than is absolutely indispensable of our illuminating vital power, but still more, I think, as an unmistakable evidence that no *mortal* form is there represented. We afterwards ascertained that she is the sister of the sitter. The group is altogether an effective one, and I have had some copies of both this and the former one printed carte-de-visite size, for those who do not care for stereographs.

After Mr. Hudson had dined, my friend wished for another séance, and that Mr. Hudson himself should be with her in the picture; so he rested his arm on the high chair by her side, and he appears to be in earnest conversation with a spirit who seems to have his elbow on the other end of the chair-back, so that his draped hand is laid on Mr. Hudson's shoulder. The face is a well-defined one, with the dark hair swept off at the side of the brow in a sort of curve, and he has a full, dark moustache. I then asked Mr. Hudson to go by himself into his dark room (where, under such conditions, he obtains answers by raps), to try for information as to who the spirit might be, and he was

told he was the one who assists him in his work as a photographic medium. The name was not then given, but on my last visit to Holloway, I again requested him to enquire, and Thurston was spelt out; but there was no additional information, so we do not know whether the said Mr. Thurston was a photographer in the earth-life, or (which I consider the more probable) one of those energetic labourers in the beyond, who are striving by every means to unite the two worlds, and in those efforts have inbreathed to inventive mediums the ideas which have been gradually developed to photography as it now stands. But for the purposes of spirit-portraiture there must yet be many improvements, which are still delayed for want of means, for every one knows that chemical experiments are costly. I trust, however, that the time may come when funds may flow in to Mr. Hudson to enable him to bring this marvellous work to perfection, for it assuredly is the most convincing evidence of our being surrounded by a host of invisible witnesses, with organs and faculties similar to our own, and when we see that some of them prove to be those dear ones whom death has withdrawn from our gaze, we receive a complete answer to the question—If a man die, shall he live again?

On the next plate there was no spirit, but at the level of Mr. Hudson's head and shoulder, at the right-hand edge of the picture, is unfurled a broad, deep-toned flag, signifying power, from whence flows an influence, seeming to bathe his head and face, which is turned towards it, as if he felt the actual glow.

Miss Wreford had a sitting on the 25th of September, and on the first plate is a male spirit with a high-crowned hat, and a very filmy veil which does not at all conceal the well-cut features; but when she wrote to me, she had not recognised the likeness either of that nor of the second spirit, a female, with pretty, delicate features.

In one of my stereographs, I find placed within my hands, on my lap, either a thick book or a box, but I rather think it is the latter, and it is about the size of the one held above

my head by the little winged angels in the photograph I described in my February letter of this year. In my last Thursday's stereoscopic picture there is a very clear spirit, but as I have not yet seen the proof I cannot describe it.

On the 7th of October I had an appointment with Captain Fawcett, R.N., whose daughter has been well known to Spiritualists through her mediumistic writings, as she has published several works, the first of which was entitled "An Angel's Message," and she passed from our world about three years ago.

Captain Fawcett had good prospects in his naval career, for he served under Nelson with many noble messmates, but while a young man he fell in love—a love so real that he willingly gave up ambition to dwell in retirement with his sweet wife, and although she has for many years been nominally parted from him by death, those true souls have never been divided, and the communion between them has been unbroken.

He is now in his eighty-third year, and came up from Hastings principally for the purpose of a séance with Mr. Hudson and myself. He called upon me on Monday the 6th (our friendship dated from long-ago visits from himself and his daughter to the old home), with the intention of arranging to meet me on my usual day at Holloway, but my "friends" decided that he was to go on the very next day, and I was to write to Mr. Hudson to give him notice of our intention, and I afterwards learned the true cause of the irregularity, for *on* Thursday Mr. Hudson's sensitising bath (which was in a perfect state on the Tuesday) was decomposed and all out of order, so that we had great difficulty in doing anything, and he finally prepared a new bath, all of which would have been a great flurry to the dear old gentleman. Of course I was most anxious that it should be a success, and the issue was beyond my most sanguine hopes, for the first picture is, I think, the clearest that has yet been taken. Directly facing him stands a handsome young man, with dark whiskers and moustache; his head is encircled by something like an

earthly coronet, with projecting ornaments at the upper part, over the back of which is thrown a broad scarf, which, on the side nearest to us, flows quite down to the ground, but is brought across from the other side, partly under some dark part of his garment, and passed *through* the velvet chair-back; both the ends appear to be embroidered, and there is a curious effect, which may also be a worked edge, where it passes down by the side of his face. It is the portrait of his son, and my artist friend, Mr. W., who had known him well, recognised the likeness immediately (plate III. No. 24).

In the second picture Captain Fawcett rests his elbow on the Bible, supporting his head on his hand, in an attitude of deep thought, and as if yearning for the time when he may again behold her whom he so fondly loves, while close behind him stands a sweet female figure looking tenderly down upon him. The drapery that covers her head is drawn tightly to fit it, but leaves the forehead free, so that her face with the hair at the side is clearly seen; it then flows in graceful folds as a mantle over her form. There is a veil, but I do not think it is over the face, but we see the transparent folds beyond it. In her hand she holds a flower, and she seems to be considering whether it might perhaps startle him too much for her to let him inhale the perfume. After the exposure for the negative was over, he told me that during the séance he had most blissfully felt his dear wife's signal; and later on I learned that it was her portrait, as he had exclaimed in the first moment.—Believe me, yours, &c."

October 15th.

Although Thurston's name was given as the spirit who assists Mr. Hudson in his photography, it was not he whose portrait had been taken on the previous week, and we have never learned who he really was, but I have no doubt he was one of the operating band. Some information was obtained in the mundane sphere about Thurston himself, who *was* a photographer, and I believe that in the

Kensington Museum there are some specimens of his work.

I am sorry to say that, after all, my collection of photographs did not grow at the rate that I had anticipated, for when Mr. Hudson had the various new ones to print, they always had to be sent off as speedily as possible, so that an additional one for me was not thought of, and he can now scarcely believe that I should never even have seen many of those bygone pictures of which he speaks, and is full of regret that such should be the case.

The following letter appeared in the *Christian Spiritualist* for November, addressed to the editor.

"Dear Sir,—The story of a feather may seem to your readers a *light* matter, yet as lightness is sometimes a desirable quality even in literature, I therefore venture to relate my story. A few weeks ago I sent a request to your well-known correspondent, Miss Houghton, to send me a copy of the very beautiful spirit-photograph of Môtee, the spirit-daughter of Mrs. General Ramsay. On the receipt of the card, I was so much pleased with it that I requested Miss Houghton to forward me a few others, which she did; and along with them a feather out of a Dove which was brought to her by the spirits in May 1868, an account of which appears in the *Christian Spiritualist* of a later date. Prizing the tiny gift above the value of a *feather*, I placed it with its envelope in my pocket-book.

"A week having elapsed, Miss Lottie Fowler arrived from America; and during a private interview with this justly celebrated clairvoyante, it occurred to me that I would send forth my dove on the waters of a second-sight speculation. I accordingly handed Lottie—or rather Annie—the feather. "Oh!" she said, archly, "you've brought me a feather from a hen with a sore throat, and want me to cure it? Eh! you try to make a fool of me. Oh dear, sometimes people bring me dog's hair to try and fool me." "Well, Annie," I replied, "I have not given you the feather in a joke; but if you can't give a test from it, I will put it away, as you have quite satisfied me in other matters. How-

ever, woman-like, Annie was not to be beaten, and I, having resolved to give her no clue, held my tongue. Up goes the feather to the forehead; anon it is gently and softly fingered, and Annie becomes loquacious. "This feather has been sent you from a lady—she does not live in this city—it came in a letter with some ghost pictures—the lady who sent it is stout—about forty years of age—very good-natured and kind. She is an artist, and has been in better circumstances; her name seems to be the same as the lady you took my medium to see yesterday." The day previous I went with Miss Fowler to see a lady in Southport named Houghton. Annie further stated that at the time we were then sitting, Miss Houghton was dressing to go out. This I have not proved. When I had written to Miss Houghton a week previously, I said that I thought it unlikely that I should ever see her in the flesh; but Annie said that I should see her soon. Quite unexpectedly to myself, since then I find myself obliged to go to London, and am now arranging with Miss Houghton for a sitting. Other matters were spoken to by Annie, to relate which would be to tell tales out of court, but which I hope to submit to Miss Houghton for proofs, and which I have no doubt will be found satisfactory. I might relate many interviews with Lottie Fowler of a similar character; and if you will kindly permit me, I will do so. In the meantime, I beg to subscribe myself,—Yours very sincerely, JOHN LAMONT.

"3 NURSERY STREET, FAIRFIELD, LIVERPOOL."

Letter, No. 21. "DEAR SIR,—On the 17th of October I had the pleasure of a séance at Mr. Hudson's with M. Aksakof, of St Petersburg, but the pictures were not so clear and beautiful as I could have hoped might be the case with one who has for so many years been an earnest and ardent Spiritualist; but still the fact is easily to be accounted for, when we consider how much fatigue and excitement he must have undergone during his visit to our busy and noisy London, where he attended séances in every direction, whereby his own spiritual atmosphere must have been

rendered thoroughly turbid, which is highly injurious to the delicately sensitive manifestations of spirit-photography. On the first negative were seen two faces under one head-drapery, which comes slightly forward between the two, as if to divide them—the features are not very well defined, but, as far as one can judge, there is a great similarity, as if they might be twin sisters. Against the side of the head nearest to us, a cross seems to be resting which is partly concealed by the drapery, and at the turn of this latter, before it reaches the chin, may be discerned some curious characters, which look to me like three letters, but not English ones; they are lighter than the drapery, on which they may, perhaps, be embroidered. On the next is a pleasant-looking female face, the lower part of which is concealed by a kind of frill worn round the neck.

As he mentioned in your pages last month, Mr. John Lamont (vice-president of the Liverpool Psychological Society), had made an appointment for a sitting with me, and on the first negative was seen a spirit-head; but although the bath had been in perfect condition when I was there on the previous day, it had now been in some way disturbed, as I believe, by antagonistic spirits, so that the plate was covered with defects, and Mr. Hudson had to appeal to his unseen teachers for directions as to the additional chemicals that would be needed; so, as it would take some time to put to rights, it was decided that Mr. Lamont should proceed with his brother and friend on their sight-seeing expedition, and meet me there again on the following Tuesday.

When I arrived, I learned that they had all just gone down to the studio, for that Mr. and Mrs. Guppy had unexpectedly come in shortly after Mr. Lamont, so he had solicited of her the favour of a sitting *with* him for a photograph, to which she at once acceded. She received an impression that there would be a flower manifestation, and her idea was that earthly flowers might perhaps be brought by invisible hands and placed on the little table by the side of which they each took their seats. When I joined

them, Mr. Hudson was cleaning the plate, which Mrs. Guppy held for a moment in her hand before the collodion was poured on, and the operation proceeded, but no flowers became visible to our eyes. After the exposure, Mrs. Guppy and I accompanied Mr. Hudson into the dark room, where there was gradually developed to our view a *flower manifestation* of a different character to what we had expected, for *above* the table, not *on* it, appeared something like a cushion, on which are grouped various flowers, and among them what looks like a roll or tube of paper, and more towards the front or lower part of the cushion is another tube, if I may so describe it, from one end of which flowers seem to be issuing. The whole is covered by a most transparent filmy gauze, part of which falls over Mr. Lamont's hand, as it rests on the table. I am happy to say that it is a very good likeness of Mrs. Guppy, although I regret that her features were slightly shaded by a thin black-lace veil.

When Mr. and Mrs. Guppy had left, we proceeded with our sitting, and on the first plate appeared the same spirit who had been on the other unfortunate negative (which was not varnished, and only one copy with difficulty printed, whereby I am enabled to trace the resemblance), but then he was in profile, and now nearly full-face : he has a handsome nose, rather prominent, and a flowing grey beard. For the next plate, Mr. Lamont asked me to be in the field with him, so I stood by his side, and kept steady, although I heard a sound which filled me with dismay, but fortunately he did not heed it. The wooden back that closes in the photographic slide and keeps the plate in its position, had fallen to the ground, but Mr. Hudson, with great presence of mind, had clapped his handkerchief against it, and held it there during the remainder of the time needed for the exposure, but still he feared that the light might have done serious damage. However, it was not so fatal as it would have been but for the circumstance that the camera is, as it were, within the dark room, so the chief calamity that resulted consists of some broad dark streaks rising from below, which do not interfere with either of us, and the

longest passes as if at the back of the spirit, but only has the effect of deepening the shadow between her sweet face and the drapery surrounding it.

A few days later I had a sitting with Mr. Edward, and on the first plate, as if lying on the back of the chair by his side, but extending towards him in the air to about as much width more, is what looks like a white linen cloth in little puffings as if covering something, and upon it there are leaves or flowers. When Mr. Hudson enquired of the spirits what the manifestation represented, he was answered, "Fruit," which, perhaps, may be underneath the cloth. On the next was a female spirit with dark hair, only having a very slight veil at the back; but she seems to have been too eager in her impetuous desire to manifest herself, so that her features are not so clear as if she had been calmer, which is one of the great difficulties that have to be contended with in the length of exposure that is needed for this class of work. He then placed the photographs of his two children on the table, when again there was a spirit head and bust, but not very clearly defined.

For the final sitting, I had to make a slight alteration in the position of the two photographs, so as to set them apart, and when the negative was developed, we were surprised to see representations of them on the upper part of the plate, but so faint that Mr. Hudson feared they might altogether vanish under what is technically termed the *fixing* process, so he appealed to his spirit-guides for advice, and was told to print from them in that state, which he has done, and they shew very well, but it is not becoming to the sitter, who remains a great deal too white. This picture has given me a marvellous lesson, for a stream of light almost the width of the card rises towards the spirit-likenesses from their earthly prototypes, not in a straight line, but as if slightly curved, and it enables me to understand in some degree what has been so frequently *proved* to me, namely, that the mere fact of taking one of their portraits into one's hand, while mindful of the spirit there represented, is immediately known to him (or her), and may, perhaps,

attract him to visit the earthly friend in whose thought he dwells, whether he may or may not have been known to him in this world. We have been told through many mediums that all we care for here, even of inanimate objects, has its spiritual existence in our own mansions above, and our loved ones gone before must rejoice as much in having our likenesses as we do in having theirs. Thus, those spirit-duplicates of the children's pictures form, doubtless, a portion of the treasures belonging to the grandmother who has been removed from this world's cares, and when she, in her distant home, sees the vibrations of those connecting threads of light, she may also be enabled to read on its to us invisible wire whether it would be well for her to take a flight earthwards; and this explains how such a link should be a real summons.

I have had one curious stereograph, which I hope some day may be interpreted to me. I was impressed to place the Bible on the table before me and open it; when I looked down, my eyes fell on the verse which is thrice repeated in the 107th Psalm, but which I love more dearly in the Prayer-Book version, "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness: and *declare* the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!" Close to me stands what appears like a spirit-form, but rising upwards from the shoulder at the back seems to be a wing, only visible enough for us faintly to discern the outline. On the head is a cap nearly flat, looking as if made of jewels; and instead of a face there is a star, apparently also of jewels, but Mrs. Tebb, on seeing it, called them pearls, and was struck with the fact of the star being eight-pointed. It may be that as our work proceeds, what has here been dimly shadowed forth may be given in full brilliancy.—Believe me, yours sincerely, GEORGIANA HOUGHTON."

November 14th, 1873.

I had a letter from Mr. John Lamont, dated the 23rd of November, in which he says: "I feel sure that you will be pleased when I tell you that the spirit appearing on the picture taken on the Tuesday (October 21st) with your

mediumship, with the long beard and moustache, has been recognised by Mrs. Houghton of Southport as her husband; and after examining it herself, she shewed it to her three daughters—*separately*, and they all exclaimed that it was their Papa. The children's ages are 19, 13, and 9 respectively. I never saw Mr. Houghton, who died last September two years, consequently I could not say anything about the likeness when it was taken, but I had a strong impression that it was he, and I sent Mrs. Houghton the photo among some others, without any remarks about it, to see what would be the result, and her letter to me conveys the above very satisfactory intelligence."

I spent the afternoon and evening of Sunday, November 23rd, with Mrs. Tebb, and in the course of conversation, I had told her of the circumstances mentioned to me by Mr. Edward (of Glasgow), of his mother-in-law's unexpected death, which narration had filled my soul with the deepest gratitude for my having been miraculously healed in an exactly similar case about a twelvemonth previously, and we both marvelled at the mercy that should have permitted the facts to be detailed to me, thus bringing me the evidence that my case would have been beyond the aid of any but the Great Physician.

Later in the evening, I shewed her the photographs I had taken with me, beginning with the stereograph I have described in my last letter to the *Christian Spiritualist.* After she had held it for a few seconds in her hand, she said, "I get a strong impression of a smell of violets while looking at this, and it comes more and more, just like freshly gathered violets." She seemed to be enjoying the perfume, but gradually her hand sank on to the table and her eyes closed, but some little time elapsed and the trance became very deep before she spoke, and there were several pauses between the sentences.—"Fear no evil even though you walk through the valley, for I am with thee. . . . Thou shalt be comforted. . . . The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. . . . *Thou* art sheltered and overshadowed: thou hast been weighed, and hast *not* been found wanting.

. . . Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me: I believe that the Lord is a *present* help in *every* time of trouble." She then pointed her finger towards the figure on the photograph, saying with much force:—"Behold here the messenger who bringeth pearls of great price which shall be to thee wisdom; thy understanding is opened, and thou art able to receive this messenger with his priceless gifts." . . . Here she took my hand with both hers, and held it tenderly between them, then loosening it, added, "Shall you receive good of the Lord, and shall you not *also* receive sorrow? . . . Be comforted, those whom He hath chosen are *never* forsaken." She then gently awoke, and I read to her what had passed, and also the 107th Psalm, which has been to me as the command to write out the above details, which I have now been told to insert here.

Before I reached her house in the afternoon, she had prayed earnestly that a verse might be indicated to her for my benefit and comfort, and in the usual forcible way in which she has to open the Bible, her finger was placed on Ecclesiastes iii. 14, "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it that men should fear before Him." It is indeed a comforting text to me, for my own thought always is, GOD *doeth it.*"

On the 4th of December a curious slide was taken, of which I have never yet had any explanation. I had placed the Bible on the table, and a chair by the side of it, but I was then impressed to stand facing the background, and opposite me there is a pedestal or something of that kind almost to the height of my shoulder, and on it is a mass of transparent drapery, having a tent-like opening, within which there is a small object, which I would fain understand, but no revelation has hitherto come.

Also for this did a gleam of light come to me in Mrs. Tebb's visit of July 6th, 1881, although the only words she inwardly heard were, "Buried hopes:"—but then came the intima-

tion that the manifestation referred in some way to the "Babies,"—my little sisters, and I told her that the photograph had always made me think of them, but at the same time bringing the idea of a sarcophagus or coffin.

Now I am bidden to receive it as allegorical, and to realise that the hopes we may have looked upon as buried may rise to us, sometimes even here, to fullest fruition. Thus the dark tomb may burst open, and within the tent-like enclosure may be seen angel wings and loving joys; while that which has seemed like a heavy pall spread over it, may be transformed into a gossamer veil, adding grace and glory, the transmuting power being the intercommunion between the two worlds, filling both sides with a gladness and happiness hitherto unknown. The true name of the picture being given as "Buried hopes with a glorious resurrection."

That month was almost unprecedented for the terrible fogs that prevailed, stopping not only photography but almost all spiritual manifestations, so I had to write to Mr. Young that my usual monthly epistle *could* not be forthcoming, as there was literally nothing to tell.

Mrs. Tebb came to see me on the 16th, when, as she was far from well, I mesmerised her, but simply for curative purposes, and afterwards, when we were chatting, seeing that her eyes looked heavy and uncomfortable, I was impressed to do so again, but her eyes closed almost immediately and she passed into trance, and presently was thus spoken through, very slowly :—"Just this thought . . . . be prepared for changes — changes. . . . She has been brought here on purpose to tell you, so that you may be prepared." I said, [I suppose it is better that I should not question in any way :] and after a long silence, she added, "Be prepared to lose a valued friendship . . . but be not disturbed . . . it is best . . . the causes are now at work . . . but be prepared, lest it should come upon you like a thief in the night." She then awoke, and asked whether she had been sleeping, but I did not say much about it, lest she should fidget about what might be coming upon me.

In the December number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, was the following paragraph. . . . At a recent meeting in connexion with the London Conferences in Gower Street, Mr. Slater, optician, of 136 Euston Road, in relating some of his early experiences in Spiritualism, said:—"In 1856, Robert Owen, who was accompanied by Lord Brougham, was receiving a spiritual communication by means of raps at my house—I was arranging some photographic apparatus—and it was rapped out that the time would come when I would take photographs of spirits. Robert Owen remarked that if he were in the spirit-world at that time he would appear on the plate. In May, 1872, I attempted to obtain spirit-photographs. I made numerous experiments, and on one plate there was the face of Robert Owen and also that of Lord Brougham, who, as is well known, was for many years one of Mr. Owen's most intimate friends, and took a deep interest in his public efforts."

Mr. Young, after some time of deliberation, has decided upon giving up the *Christian Spiritualist* to Dr. Sexton, and I have to-day, January 27th, 1874, received his letter informing me of it, also that he has not inserted my photographic letter in the February number, which has disappointed me. Perhaps that was the "valued friendship" alluded to by Mrs. Tebb in her trance of the 16th of December, and I think it possible that I may not be a contributor to the paper under the new dynasty.

Extracts from my non-published letter, No. 22.

. . . His mediumship (Mr. Hudson's) has to be exercised under peculiar difficulties, so that the case is very different to that of mediums comfortably seated in warm rooms to obtain other phases of manifestation; spirit-photography has to be carried on by standing about, perhaps for hours, in a cold, damp glass-house, with all sorts of atmospheric impediments to contend against, as well as fatigue of body and nervous anxiety. But even in proportion to the greatness of the obstacles, so is the result infinitely beyond all others,

for the evidence on a sensitised plate of a something unseen by the mortal eye, be it a spirit-form or only a fragment of spirit-drapery, is a proof of there being invisible *substances* which can thus be literally shewn to us, and by the multiplying power of printing from the negatives, such evidences may be in the hands of all Spiritualists.

. . . . . .

On New Year's Day I had a wonderful stereograph. I had not thought of the date as a religious era, but only with reference to the opening of 1874, so I was the more struck on beholding the manifestation with the marvellous symbolism portrayed in it, for the day is kept in our church as that of the Circumcision and Naming of Our Lord, being the eighth from Christmas Day. . . . In mid-air, by my side is seen an Infant's cot, with curved draperies from head to foot, flowing down at each end. On the upper part of the folds, at the foot, is seen a *Star* of five points, as heralding the Birth,—and almost parallel with it, at the head of the Cot, is seen the *Cross*, type of the Death! Glimpses of other crosses may be seen, emblems of that Life of anguish and trial; while below the Star is the faint outline of the head of a Lamb, expressing the meekness with which all was borne. . . . My left hand is slightly extended towards it, as if I were saying in the words of St. John the Baptist—"Behold the Lamb of God!"

On that same 1st of January I gave a sitting to Mr. Hudson's eldest daughter, Lydia, who was up from Manchester for the Christmas-tide, and with her there appeared a spirit with very defined features, a mass of dark hair banded particularly low, and densely white drapery, but she was not recognised by any of them.

In the evening, at Mrs. Guppy's, I met Dr. Baylis of California, who, with a friend, made an appointment to meet me at Mr. Hudson's on the following Tuesday, and I recommended Dr. Baylis to bring something that had belonged to the spirits whose portraits he wanted, as a link to enable them to manifest. I had written out the details for the *Christian Spiritualist*, but I did not copy that

portion of the rejected manuscript into my book, so that the record is lost, but in the *Spiritual Magazine* for the following October was a long article from the pen of Dr. Baylis himself, which I will now transfer to my pages :—

We have received a copy of *Common Sense; a Journal of Live Ideas*, published at San Francisco, California, for July 4th. It contains one of a series of articles on "Spiritual Phenomena," and which, with a few unimportant omissions, we quote entire. It presents one of the many instances in which spirit-photography is corroborated by direct communication from the spirit whose portrait appears, and given through another medium, knowing nothing either of the portrait or of the facts communicated.

"Whilst living in Palermo, Sicily, a few years ago, I fell in with some Spiritualists from Boston, who shewed me several spirit-photographs, which being likenesses of relatives of their own, taken under test conditions, they considered genuine. Hearing that a Mr. Hudson of London was successful in taking such also, X. and I paid him a visit. He instructed us to bring any article we had that had belonged to or had been much used by the person whose photograph we desired to get. Having twice been told by clairvoyants who had never before seen me—once in London and again in San José—that I was always attended by the spirits of my mother and brother, whose appearances they described with apparent accuracy, these were the only spirits I expected to obtain likenesses of. The only article I possessed that had any connexion with either spirit was a half-finished water-colour painting of a wreath of flowers, on a card, done by my mother shortly before her death. I tried to get this; but I had given it into the charge of my sister-in-law, who had gone to Brighton. I wrote for it; it did not arrive in time.

"On the appointed morning X. and I found ourselves in Mr. Hudson's studio. . . . Mr. Hudson allowed X. to make a thorough examination of his dark room, camera, and plates. I sat for the first picture. The exposure, determined by the medium (Miss Houghton), was inordi-

nately long, lasting, I should think, a quarter of an hour. When the negative had been developed, we saw upon it a figure, over which a loose cloth like a sheet was thrown, surmounted by a trailing wreath of ivy. The features, a three-quarter face, were visible. The figure appeared to be seated behind me. I expected the face of a woman—my mother; but after a careful examination I said to X., 'Well if that is the likeness of any one I ever knew, it is that of Arthur Jones.' I had had no thought of Arthur Jones at the time, had not thought of him for months. It was nearly five years since I saw his ghost in Kandy. We sat several times more, but only got a satisfactory picture once, although drapery covered with wreaths, or patches and blurs, appeared on the plate each time. X. and I sat together once, and then a distinct figure was seen standing over each of us, clad in the same strange fashion as before, the hoods of the drapery which concealed their forms covering the heads but not the faces. The figure nearest to X. shewed the sweet features of a lovely woman bending over him; that one behind me had Jones's profile without a doubt. X. sat again, and this time the female figure appeared alone, with its hand stretched out over X.'s head, in the attitude of blessing him. The faces, however, were not distinct and clear, as many others taken by Mr. Hudson have been; and both he and Miss Houghton were dissatisfied with the result, and wished us to come again and have a free sitting. . . .

"As I was taking off my clothes that night in Crawley's Hotel, it suddenly occurred to me that I had worn to the photographer's a pair of Jones's pants and his vest. I at once went into X.'s room—he had just got into bed—and standing by his bedside said, 'It's a curious thing, X., and if Miss Houghton's theory is sound, may account for Jones's presence to-day, instead of my mother's; I find that I was wearing Jones's pants and vest. I have a rug of his at Blackheath; we will go again, and I'll take the rug with me, too, and see if we cannot get a better likeness of Jones.'

"Next day, having heard of Mrs. Hollis, the American

medium, I called on her, saw her companion, Mrs. Holmes, and made an appointment for the following morning at eleven o'clock. X. and I were punctual. We found Mrs. Hollis seated in her drawing-room, a pleasant, placid-looking woman, of about thirty apparently, dressed in black. She did not seem disposed to talk, but proceeded at once to business. She had never set eyes on X. before, having only just arrived from Paris, and I do not think she knew the names of either of us, certainly not his.

"Mrs. Hollis shewed us a small skeleton table, about three feet by two, made of very thin light wood, folding on hinges in the centre, and having four slim legs fitting into sockets, for the convenience of carriage in a box. She allowed us to inspect it as we pleased; we satisfied ourselves that mechanism in connexion with it was impossible. She unfolded it, fixed the legs, and set it up in the full light of the windows, before the fire. She then threw over it a thin red cloth, which fell on all sides nearly to the floor. She next took up an ordinary school slate, threw upon it a piece of slate pencil, with the point broken off; allowed this to roll to the further end of it; grasped the slate with the thumb and fingers of the right hand; and turning up her sleeve a little, so that we could see the wrist, introduced the slate beneath the cloth, and held it there. The cloth she allowed me to turn back, so that the muscles of the ball of the thumb were exposed to view, and it was impossible for her to use them without our seeing it. Her left hand lay upon her lap in our full view. She allowed us to sit as close to her as we chose; to put our ears close to the table, and to do anything but lift the cloth. I asked if there were any spirit wishing to communicate with us. Almost at once there was an audible scratching on the slate; when it ceased, Mrs. Hollis drew it out and handed it to me, remarking coolly, 'Pretty fair writing for a beginner.' On the slate was scrawled, in very bad writing, and with no attention to the horizontal, these words: 'Arthur Jones, your cousin; Baylis, this is *me*.' Mrs. Hollis rubbed it out, after I had transferred it to paper, and re-introduced

the slate. I said: [Why do you come?] Again the pencil began to scratch along the slate. Holding our ears to the table, it was impossible not to believe that a human hand was writing; yet Mrs. Hollis's muscles were absolutely motionless.

"The scratching ceased, and we heard the pencil thrown down. We read: 'You have on my pants, they are bound; my vest, and picture.' It was true, I had at that moment Jones's pants and vest upon me, and had his photograph in my pocket, which I had received that day by post from a relative to compare with Hudson's photos. I knew Jones's pants, because my wife had bound them at the bottom with braid. It was impossible for Mrs. Hollis to know any of these circumstances. The pencil scratched and wrote: 'The rugy (sic) would do no good when you had the clothes.' We could not make out the word 'rugy,' and asked what it meant. It wrote: 'You wanted to get the rugy to take my picture.' And again: 'You wanted to get my rug from first.' Mrs. Hollis insisting that we should make him explain himself, there was written: 'Yes, that is what I wrote; *rug* is the word.' Evidently referring in all this to my conversation with X. the previous night, when Jones must have been present; for it is clear that Mrs. Hollis could know no more of what took place at 12 P.M. in X.'s bedroom in Albemarle Street than the man in the moon. We asked: [Why do you write and spell so badly?] Answer: 'I could not see to do better; but am blind when I am *martyred.*' Not being able to make this out, we made him write it over and over till the word 'materialised' was distinctly written. In answer to another query, after several failures, he wrote: 'You have no more telegraph.' Having been kept awake the night previous by raps on my walls and on my pillow, after returning from my talk with X., I asked if these raps had been done by him. He wrote: 'Yes, I was raping (sic). I do not wear my hat on the back of my ——.' A remark I had made to X. about the supposed spirit which I saw in Kandy. Wishing a test, I now asked the name of the paper we published

together. He wrote: 'Kind—Knd—' And this was all we could get. The name of the paper was the *Kandy Herald.* Mrs. Hollis could not have guessed as near as Knd. I asked if he would come and rap again. He wrote: 'I will be sure to come. You did not shave my head, did you? It was not you? Aunt Ana is here with me.' [Who?] 'Anna.' I asked: [What was the name of the paper we bought in Ceylon? Was it the *Observer?*] Answer: '*Times*, not *Observer.*' This was correct. [Do you dislike to write the name of the paper we started?] 'Yes, that paper was the cause of my death. I know all about it; you have my pants—am going now.' [Is the photograph taken by Hudson yours?] 'Yes, it is mine. I can write you a long letter when I practise more. I am doing the best I can.' [How did the paper cause your death?] 'Bi—Bicau—Because I took the fever. I have no more now. A. A. J.' [Where did you die?] 'You took me to my brother. Cool—Col—Colombo. They said the air would do me good.' [How long is this ago?] 'Seven years ago.'

"All these answers were correct except the date. It is just five years now since his death. His remark that he was blind when materialised is very curious. His signature, A. A. J., X. declared, and I believe to have been, a fac-simile of Jones's writing when in life. But I thought the repetition of the A a mistake. The whole of the handwriting was just Jones's blind scrawl. On the other hand, the errors in spelling and grammar were not like him, nor would he have used the words 'pants and vest' unless he were merely copying my words. The difficulty he seemed to have in writing all *names* was suspicious, but then he was always nearer to them than it was possible for the medium to have got. I don't know why he should make such a mistake about the date of his death. He told me by raps with the pencil on the slate that it was he who had disturbed the pœan in the house in Kandy, and whom I had seen there. It seems clear that in this, as in all other manifestations, the communications of spirits are coloured

and altered by the conditions of the medium through whom they pass. This is natural.

"When Jones had ceased to write, X. said, [I wonder if any one would like to speak to me.] The pencil scratched away as before, and on the slate appeared one short sentence, written in a neat, diminutive, female hand, and scrupulously straight; only this, 'Not to-day, Charles. Your Aunt Mary.' X.'s scepticism was a good deal shaken by this séance; he could not account for Jones's handwriting, nor for the correctness of his answers, except on the Spiritualistic theory; neither could he understand the 'Charles.' But he denied that he had ever lost an Aunt Mary. When we got back to Crawley's, however, he came to me and said, 'I'm not certain about my aunt's name. I had an aunt who died. I'll write and ask my sister.' He simply enquired the name of the aunt in question. Next morning the answer came: 'The name of our aunt was Mary.'

"That I was wearing clothes that had belonged to Jones was the merest accident in the world. When he died in Kandy, a box of his with his name upon it remained with me. It contained some black clothes almost new. Of these, a pair of pants and vest were put by my wife in my box when I left for England, and I put them on without noticing that they were not my own, for they exactly fitted me.

"The other day, as I was dressing in my room at home, my eye fell on Jones's big chest, painted blue, with his name on it in large black letters—'A. A. Jones.' I was forcibly reminded then of this and the séance to be detailed in our next, on both of which occasions the spirit-communications, first on the slate and then *viva voce*, declared and insisted upon it that his name was A. A. Jones; whilst I would have it that he mistook, and that his name was simply Arthur Jones. On the whole, I do not see how a better test was possible. I had just arrived from California, X. from Borneo, Mrs. Hollis from Paris. I an Englishman, X. an Irishman, and the medium an American from the South, who could know nothing whatever of our be-

longings or antecedents; whilst in both X.'s case and mine the theories of thought-reading and unconscious cerebration are shut out by the fact that the spirits gave names correctly which we were at the time fully persuaded were mistakes.—Yours, MEDICUS."

I am rather glad that I should not have kept my original description of Dr. Baylis's photographs, for, in copying the above, a something has struck me that I had not heeded when I read it all those years ago, on its publication. The connecting link that he had been desirous of bringing for the sake of aiding his mother to manifest was a wreath of flowers that she herself had painted, and on the second negative for which he sat, there is, above his head, a wreath of perhaps vine-leaves, covered with a gauze-like veil, that may be typical of his mother's artistic talent.

About a twelvemonth later I had the pleasure of a visit from X.'s sister, but nothing was said about the séance with Mrs. Hollis (of which I had not then read), for our conversation related chiefly to the photographs.

Some time in the previous December Mrs. Hollis had been to Mr. Hudson for a spirit-stereograph, of which I am happy to say I possess a copy, for all *those* negatives were lost long ago, so that the few specimens of that class of evidence that remain in existence are literally *invaluable*. I had written on the back of the mount a short summary of the curious facts in connection with it, but fortunately I had added "See *Spiritual Magazine* for March 1874," so I now give the details in full from those pages.

The following letter of Mrs. Jackson appears in the *Medium* of February 6th :—

"SIR,—An amusing incident in spiritual manifestations has occurred at Mrs. Hollis's rooms, that is too good to be lost to investigators.

"Mrs. Hollis has in the spirit-land an Indian who calls himself Ski. He shews great fondness for his friends, which he manifests by making them presents or writing to them. About four weeks since he had his picture taken with his medium at Mr. Hudson's studio. The proof-

picture was sent home for approval—a stereoscopic one. She placed it on her table, and in a short time a lady called to whom she wished to shew it. She turned to the table for the picture, and could not find it. We made a most thorough search, but no picture could be found. At night, in the dark séance, old Ski came and said he had taken his picture and sent it to Mr. Plimpton, of Cincinnati, who is one of the editors of the *Daily Commercial*, of that city. I asked, [How could you get it in an envelope, as it was too long?] He replied in his broken English, that he had cut it in half, and had written a letter, directed his envelope and put a stamp on it, and mailed it in the iron box at the street corner. Although all his former statements had proved true, we paid but little attention to this most extraordinary one. This morning, however, the American mail brought a letter from Mr. Plimpton, saying he had received a letter and photograph from Ski, and enclosed the envelope directed by the old Indian to shew his penmanship, which I send to you as a curiosity. I am fully convinced that this occurred outside of any knowledge or action of the medium. E. B. JACKSON."

We have had the address on the envelope engraved. (In the magazine is the exact representation of it.) The editor of the *Medium* adds, "After receiving Mrs. Jackson's letter we called upon Mrs. Hollis, who handed us Mr. Plimpton's letter, from which we make the following extract, dated January 20, 1874, the date on the envelope of Ski's letter being London, December 23, 1873. It may be here observed that as soon as the portrait was missed and Ski had reported what had become of it, Mrs. Hollis wrote to Mr. Plimpton, requesting him to let her know if any such letter had reached him. He says:—

"'It was my purpose to have written you immediately on the receipt of your letter enquiring about the stereoscopic picture. The same mail that brought your note also brought Ski's letter. I enclose you the envelope of it, requesting its return, for it is, in its way, quite a curiosity, and goes to the completeness of the transaction. The

letters arrived just as I was leaving for Columbus, where I was detained several days, and this is my first leisure opportunity to write.

"'I was not able to make out all that the old chief wrote, but I have the sense of all that is important in the letter. He says the picture is "no good," and that he will get a better one at the next sitting, and will send one to me and one to Dr. Wolfe, the receipt of whose book he acknowledges. He also says he has been to see me at my house, and could "no get 'em to go way" (alluding to some spirits). He also says you are having big manifestations. This is the substance of his communication, written in his large, sprawling hand, and covering two sides of a sheet of new's print. You will perceive when he took pen in hand to address the letter how cramped his handwriting became. I do not think it will be Ski's or my duty in the spirit-land to give lessons in penmanship, though we may be required to take a few.

"'The stereoscopic picture has been cut in two, and I think trimmed at the edges, though of that I am not certain, since it was but a sample, and the artist may have pasted the views to a card just big enough to receive them. I adjusted them into a good instrument, which brought out Ski's features more distinctly than they shew when looked at with the unassisted eye. Ski has held his head forward, shewing the features very handsomely, and his prominent nose very decidedly, but the other features are not distinct, especially the eye. I notice that there does not seem to have been any materialisation of the legs below the hem of his frock. It is a very interesting picture, and one we all prize. Will you be good enough to give my personal thanks to Ski for his attentive kindness.'

"As a proof that Ski did address the envelope we have fac-similed, it may be stated that this spirit writes in a similar hand on a slate when required."

During the last visit to England in 1879 of Mrs. Hollis—now Mrs. Billing—she gave permission to some kind friend to have a portrait of Ski in her possession photographed

for Mr. Burns's benefit, as an illustration for the Christmas number of the *Medium*, which I have preserved in my album appropriated to the photographs from spirit-drawings, and both the stereograph and this later picture acquire a double value from their inter-resemblance. I think a few extracts from the details there published about the energetic original may be interesting.

"Skiwaukie . . . It was at one of those dark sittings in the medium's family that a spirit first spoke, but in language which no one understood. From his peculiar exclamations, sometimes very loud and demonstrative, but never violent, it was perceived that he was an Indian. He was persistent in his attendance, and having proved himself a true friend and helper in the work, he was always welcomed. He gradually picked up the language till he was able to express himself in English so as to be understood. He gave his Indian name 'Skiwaukie,' which he interpreted as meaning 'Strength, Swiftness, and Truth.' He had been a Chief of the Hatchee tribe, long since extinct, and his hunting-grounds were in the Southern States, where Mrs. Billing was brought up, and where she then resided. He was seven feet high, he said, when on earth, lived till he was ninety years of age, and died 115 years ago. He said he had followed the medium from the time of her birth, knowing that he would have to manifest through her, and do a work which the present condition of the world requires.

"During the time he has controlled in Mrs. Billing's circle, 'Ski,' as he is called for brevity, has made many warm friends. One of these, Mr. J. R. Meeker, an eminent landscape painter of St. Louis, without informing the medium of his intentions, was impressed to paint Ski's portrait. He had no means of seeing the spirit, not being clairvoyant, but he was so impressible that his mind could be inspired with the idea to be expressed, and the spirit could influence his hand somewhat, even to produce the curved lip indicative of the loss of teeth which Ski sustained before he quitted earth-life. Ski told his medium that she would have to excuse his absence, as he was having 'his likeness' taken;

and when the artist presented it, Mrs. Billing, though the spirit had not acquainted her with the name of the artist, was not surprised at the result. It is a very excellent picture, considering it was the work of an artist who had not given any attention to portraits, and painted it without a model. Ski appears in a red blanket, which colour our photograph cannot reproduce."

Mrs. Tebb took me with her for a séance with Mrs. Billing, shortly after the publication of the picture in the *Medium*, and in my long conversation with Ski we spoke of photographs, when I said I had already had his likeness, and he said he *knew* it, and that I had had it a big, *long* time.

. . . . . .

Now came trouble after trouble, the long, foggy, damp winter had tried poor Mr. Hudson's health terribly, and altogether the burthen became too heavy for him to bear, and the entries in my little book are sad to recapitulate. January 8th. Nothing; Mr. Hudson ill; we tried too late. . . . 15th. Did not sit. . . . 22nd. Fog; did not sit. . . . 29th. Did not sit. . . . February 5th. Defective negative; fogged. . . . 19th. Stereoscopic, with very faint manifestation. . . . 26th. It rained all day; did not sit. . . . March 5th. Did not sit; Mr. Hudson went to ophthalmic hospital. . . . 12th. A snowy day; did not sit. . . . 19th. Did not sit. . . . 26th. Three negatives; nothing. . . . April 2nd. Did not sit, although Maundy Thursday. . . . 9th. Did not sit; Mr. Hudson ill in bed. . . . 23rd. Execution in the house. We tried three negatives, and upon the first was a very sweet-looking spirit, but I have never learned who she is. On the second, a cloud of light seems to envelope all the lower part of my figure; but the third had no manifestation whatever. . . . April 30th. No sitting, no lens, no anything but trouble.

That was the final and sad break-up of the Holloway home of wonders.

When things had reached that desperate climax, it rather astounded every one, but Mr. Guppy took prompt steps, and sent the following circular to the friends of Spiritualism :—

"1 MORLAND VILLAS, *May 2nd*, 1874.

"A week ago Mr. Hudson's effects were seized for rent. For some time past he had been in difficulties, but had struggled on, hoping that the coming photographic season might bring a change for the better. He has abandoned all his effects to the landlord, as their value is not a third of the arrears due. His family consists of his wife, two daughters, and a son. Several friends, and I might say some (not personal) enemies, have come forward with small donations to relieve him in his present distress. My wife has kindly offered her services as cashier, to receive and pay over to Mr. Hudson any sums sent to her.

SAM. GUPPY."

I am happy to say that it met with a hearty response, (*i.e.*, £92), so that he was able to seek a new studio, but it was difficult to find anything within the scope of his means, as they had somehow to *exist* during the quest, and to take a photographic studio implies buying a business, whether large or small, and he had been so utterly denuded of everything in the world, that even the subscriptions received still left him in far from brilliant plight, and the natural result was that he purchased a connexion that I verily believe never brought him one single sitter, for the studio was in a side street, quite out of range of passers-by, so that when he recommenced, it was again with a struggle, but he went to it valiantly, hopefully, and cheerfully, and on the 2nd of July I made my first visit to him at 2 Kensington Park Road, Notting Hill Gate.

In the July number of the *Spiritual Magazine* is the continuation of an article by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.G.S., that had appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, in defence of Spiritualism, and I will extract some portions that bear on this especial subject.

"Now, at this point, an enquirer, who had not prejudged the question, and who did not believe his own knowledge of the universe to be so complete as to justify him in

rejecting all evidence for facts which he had hitherto considered to be highly improbable, might fairly say, 'Your evidence for the appearance of visible, tangible, spiritual forms, is very strong; but I should like to have them submitted to a crucial test, which would quite settle the question of their being due to a coincident delusion of several senses of several persons at the same time; and, if satisfactory, would demonstrate their objective reality in a way nothing else can do. If they really reflect or emit light which makes them visible to human eyes, *they can be photographed.* Photograph them, and you will have an unanswerable proof that your human witnesses are trustworthy.' Two years ago we could only have replied to this very proper suggestion, that we believed it had been done and could be again done, but that we had no satisfactory evidence to offer. Now, however, we are in a position to state, not only that it has been frequently done, but that the evidence is of such a nature as to satisfy any one who will take the trouble carefully to examine it."

This evidence Mr. Wallace then proceeds to lay before his readers. After pointing out that these figures may be of spiritual origin without necessarily being figures of spirits, he gives the following as some of the most obvious tests of the genuineness of spirit-photographs :—"1. If a person with a knowledge of photography takes his own glass plates, examines the camera used and all the accessories, and watches the whole process of taking a picture, then, if any definite form appears on the negative besides the sitter, it is a proof that some object was present capable of reflecting or emitting the actinic rays, although invisible to those present. 2. If an unmistakable likeness appears of a deceased person totally unknown to the photographer. 3. If figures appear on the negative having a definite relation to the figure of the sitter, who chooses his own position, attitude, and accompaniments, it is a proof that invisible figures were really there. 4. If a figure appears draped in white, and partly behind the dark body of the sitter without in the least shewing through, it is a proof that the white

figure was there at the same time, because the dark parts of the negative are transparent, and any white picture in any way superposed would shew through. 5. Even should none of these tests be applied, yet if a medium, quite independent of the photographer, sees and describes a figure during the sitting, and an exactly corresponding figure appears on the plate, it is a proof that such a figure was there.

"*Every one* of these tests have now been successfully applied in our own country, as the following outline of the facts will shew."

An account is then given of the first spirit-photographs taken at Mr. Hudson's, and especially draws attention to one of these as a proof that "Here one of two things is absolutely certain; either there was a living, intelligent, but invisible being present, or Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, the photographer, and some fourth person planned a wicked imposture, and have maintained it ever since. Knowing Mr. and Mrs. Guppy so well as I do, I feel an absolute conviction that they are as incapable of an imposture of this kind as any earnest enquirer after truth in the department of natural science."

After citing some testimonies to shew that "the test of clearly recognisable likenesses of departed friends has often been obtained," Mr. Wallace adds his own personal testimony:—"A few weeks back I went to Mr. Hudson's for the first time, and obtained a most unmistakable likeness of a deceased relative."

Mrs. Guppy accompanied him on that occasion (March 14th), to assist with her mediumship, and the portrait was that of his mother, and is among my illustrations (plate VI. No. 49).

He next cites private experiments of amateurs, which include those of Mr. Slater, optician, at his own house, having obtained several excellent pictures of this class, some of which are recognised portraits of deceased relatives and friends; but, as Mr. Wallace remarks:—whether these figures are correctly identified or not is not the essential point;

the fact that any figures so clear and unmistakably human in appearance as these should appear on plates taken in his own private studio by an experienced optician and amateur photographer, who makes all his apparatus himself, and with no one present but the members of his own family, is the real marvel. . . . One more extract.

. . . . "Before leaving the photographic phenomena, we have to note two curious points in connexion with them. The actinic action of the spirit-forms is peculiar, and much more rapid than that of the light reflected from ordinary material forms; for the figures start out the moment the developing fluid touches them, while the figure of the sitter appears much later. Mr. Beattie noticed this throughout his experiments, and I myself was much struck with it when watching the development of three pictures at Mr. Hudson's. The second figure, though by no means bright, always came out long before any other part of the picture. The other singular thing is the copious drapery in which these forms are almost always enveloped, so as to shew only just what is necessary for recognition of the face and figure. The explanation given of this is, that the human form is more difficult to materialise than drapery. The conventional 'white-sheeted ghost' was not, then, all fancy, but had a foundation in fact—a fact, too, of deep significance, dependent on the laws of a yet unknown chemistry."

There has been another circumstance that has occasionally struck me, among the immense number that it has been my delight to watch,—which is, that sometimes the *colour* of the negative is quite different on the side of the plate whereon the spirit appears from my own portion, but that has only been the case when the ethereal visitant has been one of those from *beyond* the spheres, bringing with them a heavenly influence that thus makes itself felt by the sensitised glass, and is communicated in some degree to each printed proof, but I believe that the difference is not perceptible in the plate itself after the process of varnishing has taken place.

I do not often *commence* a correspondence with any one;

but a communication in the *Spiritual Magazine* from a far-back spirit interested me so much that I wrote to thank the lady for having published it, which led to a very pleasant interchange of letters. She had passed through much suffering in her mediumship, caused by the antagonistic element on the other side, and I think that much may be learned from her experiences, of which she gave me free permission to make what use I pleased, provided (for family reasons) that I withheld her name, so I will simply term her Mrs. P——. I feel that the extracts from her letters have their appropriate place in these Chronicles, because the spirit-photographs were in several instances the connecting link. I had asked her for some details, and received the following narration:—"*March 17th*, 1874.—At last, my dear Miss Houghton, I am enabled to acknowledge the receipt of your Catalogue, which greatly interested me, and of your very welcome letter. It is impossible to say how much I value such a correspondence, cut off as I am from communion with persons of my own opinions, for in deference to the prejudices of my husband and sons, I am compelled to be silent on the subject of Spiritualism. I do not know what would have become of me in the early days of the development of my hearing, but for the truly Christian kindness of Mrs. H. and her sweet daughter 'Comfort.' My first experience of spirit-voices speaking in conversation with each other and with me, was to find myself suddenly in the midst of male and female voices uttering obscene, threatening, and blasphemous language, and I found to my horror that *I could not silence them! They never ceased* for one moment *day or night.* When I walked in the streets, they yelled at me from the tops of the houses. When mortals addressed me, I often could scarcely hear what was said, on account of the *turmoil* of those dreadful voices. . . . The distinguishing characteristics of these spirits were *immodesty* and *dis*belief in God and the Saviour. During the height of this fiery trial, I was never able to remain at night without a light, and I used always to keep the Bible with me: often I could get no sleep in consequence of the fearful night-

mares into which I used to be plunged, and in which I am confident I should have perished by means of those malignant spirits, only that, God be thanked, I have a circle of loving Christian relations in the spirit-world; among them my mother, a deeply beloved sister, and an uncle, who was a second father to me, my own having died when I was an infant. These used to tear me from the hands of the dark spirits (whom in my half-conscious state I used to see, as I also saw the dear spirit-friends), and impel me out of bed on to the floor, where I would stand till I had shaken off the influence. Frequently I was impelled to open a Bible and lay it on my head, which always had the effect of keeping my foes at a distance. There was one peculiarity attending these spirits which I have never seen noticed by others: it was this, they never kept up a rational conversation between themselves nor with me. They would begin thus, addressing me, 'Well, I will tell you all, I will tell you who we are:'—then another voice would interrupt, and say, 'Hush!—don't say another word; don't you know we are not permitted to tell her anything:'—or they would all begin to fight as to *who* should speak to me. I have reason to think that spirits in their condition are partly insane and partly in a stupor. I have witnessed the slowly awakening of the memory of spirits, and I have seen spirits whom my eyes turned upon always put to sleep, and some that my fixed glance drove back from me as if they were repelled by a high wind! . . . . These spirits, in spite of my own caution and 'Comfort's' wise advice to *cast out fear*, acted on my terror of being driven mad if I was developed as a medium, and impelled me to draw back from different circles of spirits that I used to see; and they are of a very high and ancient class, some of them being ancient Irish, of the sun-worshipping time, when Ireland was really a highly civilised nation, and with them came ancient Persians, a colony of whom had come to Ireland, whose old name Erin is almost identical with Iran, one of the names of Persia; and with these came ancient Egyptians. Since I have lost my dread, all these

circles have shewn themselves both in their earth forms and dress, and in their spirit-costumes. Nor did the ancient Jews fail to come, and with them came the Ark of the Covenant, the Mercy-Seat, Moses' Serpent-rod. With the others came the symbol of Baal, and a crowd of spirit types and forms, and crowns, and stars, and jewels, and flowers :— but alas ! language fails to depict them. I would give anything to be able to *portray* the glorious things I have seen, but *speech* is *valueless.* There was one very strange group of spirits that I have seen—they were small and thin in stature, and were clothed sumptuously in robes of cloth of gold made like a woman's dressing-gown : their faces were short, with very wide jaws, and their eyes were small, jet-black, and glittering, set obliquely in their heads ; their noses were flat, and they wore head-dresses like the Persian kings' cap of sovereignty. One of these that headed a procession that was defiling across the spirit-scene suddenly took off his cap and threw it down before me, and I saw that his head was quite flat, having a depression at the coronal, and his face was a perfect *man-snake.* I must tell you that immense snakes have almost from the first formed part of my visions, and from my experience I find that I have always been gifted with *intuitive* knowledge of the meaning of such and such things at some specific time, although previously I have gazed for months or even years without comprehending them. I am writing this in bed, for I am a great invalid, having been afflicted with heart-disease and a complaint of the spine these many years. . . . I know there are other things I wanted to say, but I fear I have already wearied you, so I shall say—Farewell—in its true significance. E. P."

I sent her my photograph, the one with Cecil's spirit, and in answer she wrote :—"Many thanks for the photo, and above all, for the most interesting letter which accompanied it. My experiences have indeed been painful, but through all, thank God, I have had consolation, and I now feel most thankful for the correspondent whom I venture to hope God has raised up for me in yourself. Our views are

identical, I flatter myself—that is, you and I are both animated with a fervent desire for God's glory and the help of our unhappy fellow-creatures. *There is no happiness*, I am firmly convinced, for *any* except in Christ Jesus. I have indeed been deeply tried, and am still going through much affliction, but I would not wish the spirit-world closed to my perceptions for any consideration. . . . The evening after I received your photograph, I was lying in my bed thinking of you, but not particularly invoking you, when suddenly I beheld you close to me, your head a little lower than my chin. You were dressed in bright pink and brilliant azure blue; round your head was either a wreath of flowers or a turban-shaped gossamer fold of a beautiful primrose colour. Those visions I behold by a curious *universal* faculty of perception—I cannot call it sight. I very frequently see the exact counterparts of my children, and occasionally of myself, also of friends, generally speaking dead—and they are always dressed in a way I have never seen them. . . . Your remarks as to the terrible state in which such a number of spirits must be, notwithstanding the attempts made by so many trance-speakers to prove that there is no punishment beyond the grave for wrong done here, meets my entire and cordial approval. I have often read with sad surprise the *orations*, as they are called, of mediums, declaring that no matter *how* we live here, there is happiness and peace after death:—while at the very moment my ears have been stunned by the outcries, the shrieks, the calls for mercy, of some wretched spirit who was apparently suffering from the ill-treatment of others; and the declarations made by spirits of the wretchedness, the want of *all* things, the agony they endured from unsatisfied passions (such as the thirst for drink), which raged with redoubled violence from the impossibility of gratification, were heart-rending."

She again wrote to me on April 8th:—"You ask me how long it is since I received the gifts of seeing and hearing, and how they came. I am at a loss to reply to you, but I will endeavour to tell you as much as I know myself. In

the first place, I never, till within these twenty years, had any *spiritual experiences.* I mean I never saw or heard anything that I could even torture into a supernatural visitation, except *once* when I was a young girl, when I heard the Banshee—at least it was a noise that could not be accounted for on natural principles. As you take the *Spiritual Magazine*, I daresay you read the account of a person's having heard it,—the person was myself; but I must say that I did not become in the least degree a believer in the supernatural from that circumstance! I merely thought that I could not doubt having heard the lovely sad Voice, and then dismissed the whole thing from my mind, *as people do!* I was a *true unbeliever* in *all things* supernatural except what *I read in the Bible;* but in spite of my incredulity, I was not so stupid as to refuse my belief to what numbers of my fellow-creatures declared they had seen, heard, and felt, and I became a believer in the possibility of Spiritualism. I then tried it myself, and witnessed that there was an *intelligence* present which was not myself. I then left my own home, and went on a visit to a sister who lives in what has always been considered a haunted house. There my vision was first developed, and in the year 1865 I became a writing-medium, by placing my hand on the wrist of one of my daughters, although neither of us could write without the other. Then in 1868 I heard the fearful voices I described to you. You now know the steps by which I reached my present development. There has been with me from the beginning an *Adverse Principle* which I cannot account for; in fact, my experiences are unlike any I have met with. The first spiritual object I saw was a cat,—the next, eyes that I *felt* were those of a man, and then the symbol of the sun, although I did not understand the type till long afterwards. . . . I feel much gratified at what you say in the letter I have just received (since writing the foregoing) about our friendship. I do hope and trust that ours will last; if we could meet and converse, I think it would be a mutual gratification—there are so my things we could relate that would interest each

other. You speak of the *inevitable punishment of the vicious and dissolute*:—I can bear witness to *that*, also to loss of *memory* and *intellect* by those who have perverted them. I have frequently seen spirits suddenly pass into a dream-like state in which they mechanically committed a murder, the act evidently an involuntary repetition of a crime committed during their earth-life. When I read Gerald Massey's 'Tale of Eternity,' I was forcibly reminded of what I had seen myself. . . . I have been told by many different persons, both mediums and spirits, that if I were developed, and all my powers called out, I should enjoy much better health and be benefitted in many ways. Owing to different causes, that is out of my power. Do you know of any way in which power can be transmitted between persons living at a distance from each other? Pray excuse the interlinings in this; I am really ashamed of them, but they proceed from my being *always* open to spiritual voices and interruptions.—Ever yours faithfully, E. P."

I went to see Mrs. Tebb on April 23rd, and while she was holding Mrs. P.'s photograph (enclosed in the above letter) in her hand, she felt a sign to which we are both accustomed, and I likewise felt it, which resembles the touch of little sparks of fire, and is the signal given by St. Stephen of his presence. She then received the impression that if that influence could be brought to bear upon Mrs. P. it would benefit her very much. I knew that the means of doing so would be by sending her the spirit-photograph of St. Stephen, taken with me in November 1872, and Mrs. Tebb said she should like to have the pleasure of presenting it to her, if I would send it in her name. The suggestion was a complete answer to Mrs. P.'s question as to whether power could be transmitted between persons living at a distance, but although I had her letter in my pocket, I did not on that day read it to Mrs. Tebb, as we were interrupted just as I was intending to do so. I sent the photograph accordingly, with directions what to do, and will copy Mrs. P.'s reply:—

"*April 28th.*—My Dear Miss Houghton,—I received

your very welcome letter, and thank you very much for the photograph; I also request you will return my grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. Tebb for her kindness in thinking of me. . . . I wore the photograph you sent me all day yesterday, enclosed in your letter: I also put the photograph under my head when going to bed. The first part of the night I could not even keep my thoughts on either you or the spirit; at last I gave it up, and made up my mind that I should not even have a dream of either, so about 2 A.M. I fell asleep, *and from* that time out, *you* and *he* were never absent from me. I recollected the vision—for visions they were—when I awaked at first, for I awoke several times, as I always do, but in a few moments they each time vanished, and I can only recall that you were dressed in a light dress of bluish grey colour (when the photograph was taken I had on a mauve dress), with a cap like that in the photograph (see page 96), and the spirit kept at a distance shrouded in his mantle, also like the picture! . . . There is one thing I am very anxious about, and greatly desire you would give me your real opinion upon. It is of *vital importance*, viz.: Do you think hell is eternal? Do you think spirits can make upward progress who have left this earth-life impenitent? The reason I ask your opinion so earnestly is that I am often anxiously implored to give hope to unhappy wanderers who, in some cases, are only *now* awaking to a sense of the misery of their position, having hitherto shut their eyes to it, as they looked on their state as *hopeless*. Some of them have been for centuries in punishment, some for thousands of years! Some I have seen who were not altogether perfectly human in form, and they say they were dwellers on earth before Adam's time. I give you these statements for what they are worth:—of course I am aware that people are not to believe everything that spirits say; but no matter about that. What I want is to be able to answer these unhappy ones when they come seeking help: again and again am I implored to say—Is there hope for the sinner? and what must they do? Some complain bitterly of the pangs of

hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness, filthy dwellings, and vile smells—and bitterer than all, being victims to other spirits wickeder than themselves. When asked those questions, I feel deeply the responsibility of replying to them. I *cannot* think *hell is eternal*, but we all know that if a human being has no love for anything but sin that he carries hell about with him.—Very faithfully yours. E. P."

Of course I wrote at once that she might give them the fullest assurance of there being abundant mercy and forgiveness for all who really sought in earnest penitence to cleanse themselves from their past sins. She must teach them to look upwards to God, that they might thus be enabled to resist the allurements and the threats of those with whom they had hitherto consorted, and that thus each little step they made would be a strengthener towards the next, so that they might gradually learn to love the Light and thus attain to it. I told her how strongly it had always been impressed upon me that the most important work to be carried on by this communion between the two worlds, is that of aiding those unhappy ones by leading them to repent of their evil deeds, and as far as possible to undo them, and also by striving to awaken some feeling of love in their souls, so that that faint germ may grow into the full radiance of devotion to God.

She became more and more suffering in her health in various ways, so that her letters were generally shorter, but I will extract a few fragments of interest.

"I have kept your photo with the portrait of St. Stephen constantly about me, and on three several occasions that I invoked him when greatly persecuted by 'the voices of my foes,' there came a cessation of the tumult around me, and a sense of peaceful tranquil safety that greatly delighted me. . . . I have seen you again; your back was towards me, so that I saw your head-dress more distinctly. It was a kind of turban *without* a crown or top, and a very thin white veil floated over your head and down your shoulders."

"*June 6th.*—I was much pleased at receiving your welcome

letter this morning, and would have written ere this, so frequently have I seen yourself and your name in vision. I have constantly seen 'Georgiana'—then 'Georgiana Houghton,' and so on. You are still dressed in blue grey, but there is a mist always about you . . . The reason I have not written is that I have been suffering from a violent attack of neuralgia in the face, which prevented me even from speaking; however I am much better of *that*, thank God. I am often really astonished at the calmness I now feel when listening to the threats of what I call 'The Voices.' I fear them not, and yet they are still, as they have been always, threatening to bear me away, to pounce on my soul and make it prisoner. Does not this shew how powerful God is to protect His children?"

On the night of Tuesday, June 9th, I felt the signal of St. Stephen very strongly on the back of my right hand, just at the knuckle of the second finger, and it was not only especially acute, but, as is sometimes the case with Mrs. Tebb, a red spot was to be seen where I had felt it, and that spot remained visible during the whole of the next day. As soon as I felt it, there came the impression that I was to pray very fervently for help for Mrs. P., and each time I noticed it during the Wednesday, which was frequently, as it was in so conspicuous a place, the same impression came, of which I wrote an account to her, and the need for such strong prayers in her behalf seems to be explained in her following letter.

'*June 30th* . . . I would have written to you before, but I have been in such a state of prostration that I have been utterly unable to do so, but indeed your sympathy is a very great comfort to me. . . . The night you wrote about, on which St. Stephen interested himself for me, I was awaked, as I had been every night for some time, by a sense of spiritual presence, and I saw at my side a thick black knotted stick; on this appeared two human faces of very evil aspect: they gazed at me, and I commanded the *thing* back in the name of God and Christ. It retreated, and became a large black evil face, which glared at me. I still

adjured it in the name of Christ, when across the forehead came the word 'Devilflux.' This vanished, and God knows I have been suffering under an influx of temptation—loss of faith—despair—and all miseries that I could not describe. I will write as soon as I can, and tell you many glorious proofs I have had of the presence of God and His protecting angels. I trust, dear Miss Houghton, you are well and doing well. Also poor Mr. Hudson. I hope he is getting out of his trouble. God bless you! Ever yours most sincerely, E. P."

When I answered that letter, I was *directed* to send her my photograph where the spirit (Hannah, the mother of Samuel) is leaning over the Bible to select a passage; it being intimated to me that she will help to bring comforting and suitable texts to the mind.

"*July 8th* . . . Your letter and enclosure were indeed very welcome to me. I have been suffering very severely. I have had a perfect crowd of evil and tempting spirits about me; but one night in a dream my mother came to me, and told me that two persons whom I knew in my girlhood, and who had both led evil dissolute lives, were among the spirits that haunt me—the voices, as I call them. I invoked St. Stephen and my own guardian. They both came, and likewise a spirit, the husband of a lady I have become acquainted with through Spiritualism, and I entreated him to induce those poor sufferers to go with him and begin a life of repentance and amendment. At once he agreed, and I felt *instant* relief, which has continued. About your photographs, I constantly carry them about me, and at night I keep them under my head, and since that I am never obliged to keep a candle lighted, which for some time I had always been obliged to do, and even so every night I used to be awakened by a feeling of *intense horror* often accompanied by nightmare. . . . I was greatly pleased to hear that poor Mr. Hudson is at last in a home of his own: may God prosper him! . . . E. P."

In July and August she was again staying in the haunted house where her mediumship was developed, and

she says: "To one so susceptible as I am to spirit influences the consequence is distressing in the extreme. For instance, I have not had a good night's rest since I came here. . . . Will you write *as soon as is convenient;* your letters do me so much good. Please God, when I am better, I will transcribe for you some strange symbolic dreams that I have written in my diary; they may help other sufferers along the thorny paths of mediumship. Fain would I comfort my fellow-sufferers, but I would not give up the glorious privilege of spirit-communion for *any* amount of suffering. . . . E. P."

In my answer to this letter, I enclosed (by direction) some frankincense for her to burn in case of any strong emergency, so as to "purify by fire," as I had been instructed to do at Mr. Hudson's. Her next letter was after her return home.

"*September 25th* . . . Again, thank God! I am able to write to you, and to return you thanks for *all* your kindness, and for your last most thoughtful present of the frankincense, which proved most useful to me. . . . One night, shortly after you had sent it to me, I awoke suddenly with the feeling impressed on me that the room was full of evil spirits. I was quite conscious that I had seen and been spoken to by them during my sleep. I never felt such an extremity of horror as I did on my waking. I prayed for strength to the Almighty, and set the frankincense on fire, and after that I was no more disturbed. I know you will be gratified to learn the success of your kind gift. . . . E. P."

. . . . . .

My first visit to Mr. Hudson was simply one of congratulation, and to see his new place, which was still not in working order, but he was as eager as I was that I should go and make acquaintance with all its details. It seemed a likely situation for his purpose, being only two minutes' walk from the Notting Hill Gate Station, so that it was easily and speedily accessible from all parts of London, and we hoped the Spiritualists would come in good numbers to avail

themselves of his marvellous gift. The change was indeed great, for the studio (mostly formed I believe of zinc) was at the top of the house, quite out of the way of all intruders, and we looked forward to very happy times when its walls should have imbibed some of the spiritual essences, but we knew that in that respect it would be some time before it would equal the Holloway place, that had been the haunt of spirits long before he erected his glass-house in the garden. He hoped that in about a fortnight he should be able to begin work, so I duly betook myself there on the 16th of July, and had my first sitting, but we were fully prepared for the melancholy result, namely, that there was not the faintest manifestation whatever on any of the plates; but I stayed a long time in the studio, so as to do my best towards charging it with power, and we had a great deal of talk, and I gained some sort of idea as to what Holloway relics remained in the shape of negatives. Some had never been recovered from where they had been deposited, and very many breakages had occurred in the various transits, conducted in the most economical fashion, and, as I have already said, those of the stereographs were all gone, and there was no longer a camera whereby they could be taken.

On the next Thursday I was not to attempt any séance, but while we were up in the studio, Mr. Sutherland called to see how he was getting on, and with kind consideration promised him a carpet and curtains, to furnish the place for the sitters. He sent in some pieces of carpet immediately, so that they might be photographed, and the most suitable for the purpose be selected, and we tried our experiments at once, so as to make the decision while I was still there, and that new furniture was all ready against my next week's visit. Mr. Sutherland has been Mr. Hudson's firm and steadfast friend, not only in then helping him in his new start, but also since the final failure of that venture. Among the illustrations (plate VI. No. 53) is a wonderfully clear picture (taken June 25th, 1873) of a spirit with him, who was immediately recognised as his sister, both by him-

self and his family, and I have several others in my collection where he has been the sitter; but there is one that is especially interesting, where the manifestation has the effect of a soft moonlight cloud or path of light flowing down towards him from the opposite side of the picture. I obtained a copy of it for a friend, who had had the same idea given through her by the spirit Dr. Prunella in a poem, which I here transcribe:—

"Life upon earth is our God's noblest gift,
Save one! The giving of His Only Son
To join man's life to His.
And only by the living out the span He metes to each,
Can that one life bear out the perfect fruit
And seed, which forms the germ of its fair future life.
Each stage of being has its own lessons,
And gravest, mightiest, for weal or woe,
Is your earth-life. Therefore faint not, O friend!
At the long weary way thou hast to traverse.
Much comes. Much lies before thee.
Therefore let me come at times and aid thy musings,
And help thee know how glorious is Life!
When clear between the soul and heaven
Is kept the *moonlit* road, and guardians pure
Keep watch in day and night."

And I must add some extracts on the same subject from the "Life of Dr. Prunella," an unpublished narrative, written by himself through the mediumship of another lady. "We moved quiet as breezes on the summer's day, down a soft ray of light." . . . "How long we wandered up and down that space I know not. Strange it felt to be thus unknown, unseen, and yet move amongst scenes which we had trodden in the flesh—for we had passed unto the walls of Venice. Yes! had come on airs made fragrant with the flowers which bloom in the fair fields of Paradise—had come down the long stream of light which lay, as lies a moonlit road, between the earth and our dear spirit-home—and there we stood. Yes! midst the very streets we walked of old. . . . Unto these we come—Why not?—does not the Father send His rain on *all*—and so we come to *all* who will give entrance to us, come wheresoever runs that road of light—drawn unto all that is akin to *it*, like drawing like. And so,

where in the heart grows deepest the warm ray of God's divine affection, even there will draw that light, and down the path made by its beam pass throngs of spirits ministering and Angel Hosts. Ye may not know them, may not recognise the hands about you, or the voices sweet which are around, but none the less to *every child of God* we minister, and all the air is full of presences as true as those who walk the earth with you."

Also, in a poem written by another spirit-friend, through the first lady, is mentioned the "silver stream which joins our land to yours." I copied the various extracts referring to the Path of Light for Mrs. Brown of Belfast, and in her answer she says—"My dear Miss Houghton, I am very grateful to you for taking the trouble to copy out for me those beautiful extracts. Oh! that our hearts were always so full of the love of God as to keep open that path of light which the angels tread to visit our souls."

. . . . . .

On the 6th of August a group of friends from Liverpool came for a sitting, and a spirit-form is standing in the midst. The face is in profile, and appears as substantial and as clearly defined as those of the mortal sitters. She bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Archibald Lamont, and is between him and his brother John. The other two friends are Mr. Griffin and Mr. Chapman. I wrote as follows on the back of the photograph:—"Miss Houghton accompanied them up to the studio, and remained chatting for some time, and Mr. Hudson attributed the spirit-manifestation to the assistance which had thus been contributed by her presence, although she had gone down before the sitting commenced."

On the 13th of August a lady friend met me, and we were successful with one of the plates, where a female spirit with a well-defined profile is seen somewhat above her, while a portion of the drapery falls on the shoulder of the sitter. Mr. Hudson was especially delighted with it, being, as it were, my first in his new studio. My cousin, Mrs. Pearson, also came for a séance that day,

but on none of the plates did we have a vestige of a manifestation.

Mr. Hudson sent me the other day a very excellent photograph of "M.A. (Oxon.)" with an exceedingly clear spirit-form; it is dated 1874, and I believe it to be the one respecting which the following letter appeared at about that time in the *Medium* :—

"To the Editor.—DEAR SIR,—In your last issue you allude to the re-establishment of Mr. Hudson in premises at the West End of London, and to successful séances with him in his new home. It may interest your readers to know that I paid him a visit the other day in order to experiment prior to the publication of an article on Spirit-Photography which I am preparing for *Human Nature*, and that I obtained a very good spirit-photograph under conditions which were thoroughly satisfactory.

"Mr. Hudson received me with complete frankness, and permitted me, without a shadow of objection, to do anything I liked, and to make any suggestion I pleased. On the principle on which I always like to act—'Speak of a man as you find him'—I desire to say that I have always found Mr. Hudson open and straightforward. He has allowed me to do as I please, to test him in any way I like, and to poke and pry into any and every part of the process that I may see fit. I have never found the least cause to suspect him of any shuffling. This I say because the reverse has been very freely stated by others. I have *not* found it so, and I speak of the man as I have found him.

"This particular photograph was taken under these circumstances. I took with me an intimate personal friend, and he or I watched every plate throughout. Seven plates were exposed, and on one only was there a spirit-form. That plate I watched throughout myself. The glass was selected from a packet of new ones. I examined it and saw it cleaned. The process was not well done, and on my objection it was repeated. I breathed on the glass and found it to be clean, with no trace of anything upon it. I went into the dark room and watched its preparation

throughout, until it was duly sensitised. It was a poor plate, but I overruled Mr. Hudson's desire to prepare another. The camera I had previously turned inside out and ransacked; altering the focus, in view of ghosts previously painted with bisulphate of quinine on the background. I saw the slide put into the camera, and then took my seat. The exposure over, I followed into the dark room again, and watched the process of developing. The result is a very good spirit-picture, a copy of which I send you for the inspection of any one who may desire to see it. I never lost sight of Hudson nor of the plate throughout, and I believe imposture to be impossible under such conditions. At any rate, I asked a well-known photographer afterwards whether he was prepared to 'do me a ghost' under similar conditions, and he declared it to be impossible. He had no faith in Hudson, but apparently still less in himself. The superhuman power of deception that is credited to this simple man astounds me. Machiavelli was a child to him, a mere babe in knowledge. If it be so, let the clever men who know how it's done, stick a pin into the bubble and explode it. If it be not so, but a great truth lies partly hidden, let the *savans* help us to dig it out. And let all, whether they be exposers or believers, go to Hudson, and add their mite towards either the exposure of an accomplished knave, or the help of a struggling man who deserves it. M.A. (Oxon.)"

Oh! that the world would have heeded his manly appeal! One of the most marvellous things to me in this wealthy nation is to see how grudgingly the money is handed out for a true, high purpose, and yet will be fooled away for the veriest nonsense in the way of pleasure or excitement hunting!

On September 3rd, my cousin Mrs. Pearson again had a séance, but it was as unsuccessful as on the previous occasion, and it has always been a cause of wonderment to me, for although from circumstances it has never been developed to any great extent, she has certainly strong mediumship in various ways. For instance, some years ago, she did a

lovely spirit-drawing in water-colours. She and I, too, are always in such perfect harmony that I had looked forward to an extra good result; and I can only account for it by the fact that agitation sometimes brings on palpitation of the heart with her, and perhaps such may then have been the case, and thus have disturbed the spiritual atmosphere. My own experience of August 15th, 1872, is now brought to my memory, when the agitation of an unexpected letter brought on palpitation, and on that day we obtained no manifestation whatever, although we tried eight negatives. Her sister, Mrs. Pearson of Harpur Street, then had a sitting, and on the plate with her there was a well-developed form, but unfortunately the negative met with an accident, which defaced both the sitter and the spirit, but we were all convinced that the latter was Papa. We tried two more plates (for Mr. Hudson always likes to try at any rate three), but there was nothing on either of them.

That day fortnight Mr. Dodd had a séance, and there were three negatives with curious manifestations, but no spirit-forms; however, he hoped to be more successful on some future occasion.

For the next three months I still went regularly and steadily for the Thursdays, but my own pecuniary matters were so unsatisfactory that I could not venture upon the expense of séances for myself, and no sitters made their appearance; thus the year closed most unpropitiously both for poor Mr. Hudson and myself; the last entry in my photographic account-book being, "December 31st.—Fog and frost."

. . . . . .

I was much struck by noticing that several of the Christmas cards that came to me that year bore upon the subject of the Epiphany Star, for I never before had had even one, and I mentioned the circumstance in a letter to a friend, even describing them to her. One was an angel with a lyre, her robes all radiant from the one bright star eclipsing all the others by its effulgence. . . . In another, the one star is seen on high, while an angel bends down, with the words,

PLATE 6.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." . . . A third was a figure of the Apostle St. John, with a dove and three stars in the niche above him. . . . While yet another had a beaming star above, with sweet verses below, and were accompanied by the following lines from the sender herself, surmounted also by a star :—

"It is not where the sparkling wine
Is poured in goblets free,
Nor where is spread on royal board
The feast of jollity,
That He they call the King of Kings
Can fold you in his loving wings.

Oh ! Brighter than the Star of old
Far up in heavenly plain,
Oh ! Richer than the richest gold
That sails along the main,
Is he who learns that Song of Love
The Angel Hosts sang from above.

Then walk with lowly, prayerful soul
Upon your pilgrim road,
And listen for the Voice of Love
To lead you up to God.
Then shall you know,—and not till then,
Of 'Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.'"

On the 7th of January, 1875, I had my own first séance (for I do not reckon the original tentative one) for a spirit-photograph at Mr. Hudson's new studio, and I now give a few extracts from a letter written that same evening to a friend : —"Such a sweet face ! I had to turn towards the background standing, and facing me (therefore with the face almost fully to the camera), is a sweet female figure, whose uplifted arm is in some way resting upon me, but at perhaps where might be the bend of the elbow, is an eight-pointed Star (which I am told is of a golden hue, therefore shews dark), upon a kind of white circular disk, and she who has thus stood to be photographed is Mary the Virgin mother of Our Lord. The face is quite unveiled ; there is a margin of a darkish fabric, and a white veil or something of that kind on the head, but the photography of the face

is perfect. You see, as I told you, that the Epiphany Star has indeed been the main thought of this Christmas-tide! As far as I can judge before printing, it is the most perfect gem of all that have ever been done. There is one thing that has only just come to my recollection, which is, that several times during this last week, and especially much all yesterday, I felt the signal of St. Joseph, and although I knew it was in the interest of the photographs, I only *now* understand that it was because his wife's portrait was going to be taken. There was another curious thing. When I brought the negative down for Rose to see (without at all saying *who* it was), she was wonderfully struck with the beauty of the face, and used the singular expression, "It is such a sweet, *virgin* face:" which reminded me to tell her, and she was herself then surprised at the word she had used, and Mr. Hudson was even more so, for he said it was a term that he did not remember any of his children ever using, but Rose being a medium, I daresay it came to her as it were inspirationally. January 8th. A letter has just come to me from Miss Ingram, asking me to 'learn from spiritual sources' what is the value and significance of large, burning carbuncles.' The interpretation has thus been given. 'The carbuncle signifies fulness of vitality—not *human* vitality, but that energy which quickens and strengthens. The richer the hue, the stronger is the kind of pulsating force which it exemplifies.' While I was writing to her, and telling her about my photograph, it all at once flashed into my memory that 'Mary' has a dark gem on her forehead, which I was yesterday told was a carbuncle! and there are others about the picture. It is wonderful that the question about its meaning should arise at this very moment, for I do not think I should myself have asked about it."

I was told to name it "The Day Star" (plate III. No. 19), and was indeed charmed that we should have had such a commencement for our year, more especially as the light was by no means photographically favourable. I had to write the following condensed description on the back:—

Before leaving home, I had been spiritually instructed to

stand turned towards the background; thus the spirit who faces me is fully visible. Her draped left hand seems to rest on mine (which I had been impressed to place under my chin), so that the STAR thus revealed to view is midway between us, as being the herald of the morning that is dawning upon us in these days, as it was of the "Epiphany or Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles" 1875 years since, and she whose privilege it is to bring the promise is Mary, the Virgin Mother of Our Lord.

There was likewise a faint manifestation on another plate of a circlet and cross above my head, but all the power had been used for the one picture. Mr. Loewenthal, a Jewish gentleman very learned in such matters, afterwards told me that the eight-pointed star was the cognisance of the House of David.

I had received from a gentleman in the United States the photographs of himself, his wife, and child, in the hope that by their aid we might obtain a recognisable portrait of some relative of their own, so on the following Thursday I duly arranged them for the purpose; but our efforts were quite unsuccessful; there was no manifestation whatever upon the plates, at which I was much disappointed, for we had been in friendly correspondence for nearly a year, and he had kindly sent me a number of stereographs of great interest, some being portraits of Indian chiefs, and others were most exquisite representations of trees and shrubs covered with hoar-frost, such as I do not believe could be taken in our own land, and I am glad to record here my gratitude for his liberal gifts, although I must, by his own desire, withhold his name.

On the next week, my dear old friend Dr. Cargill came, and had a séance. He was very anxious for the portrait of his sister Eliza, who had passed away about four or five months previously, but although several plates were tried, they were unsuccessful. It was then inbreathed to me that she was present, and had taken her place opposite her brother, but that, the moment the "vital force" had touched her for the illuminating process, a sort of shiver had passed

through her frame which scattered it utterly. Dr. Cargill said that that exactly described her kind of behaviour at a séance while in the mortal life. She felt somewhat antagonistic towards Spiritualism, and although to please him she might consent to attend a séance, as soon as the sitting really commenced, that very species of repugnance would come over her, and she would shiveringly retire from the circle. I was then informed that she was nerving herself for the effort, and hoped she might be able to manifest on the following week, when he had already expressed his intention of coming for another trial. After he had left, we again made the experiment with the Transatlantic photographs, which I am sorry to say proved another failure, but we made up our minds not to be faint-hearted, and to try every week until we obtained a manifestation.

Dr. Cargill came punctually on the 28th of January, and on the very first plate the promise was fulfilled, for there was his sister Eliza, high up, on the opposite side of the picture. Only the upper part of the figure is to be seen; she wears a thin veil, which, however, leaves the features distinctly visible, and her brother was much pleased at being able at once to recognise the likeness. For the next sitting he placed on the table a penknife that had belonged to his brother William, and in the picture that brother was looking down upon it, but his features are not distinguishable, because in his own eagerness he had moved: by his side is another spirit, with rather handsome features, and wearing a kind of turban. I learned that he had been William's guardian spirit during the time of his earthly sojourn, and that they were still constant companions.

After Dr. Cargill had left (having kindly again made an appointment for the following week), I once more made as tasteful an arrangement as I could with my American friends' portraits and letters, and to our great gratification we beheld a graceful figure in the negative (see plate III. No. 26), which I sent off on its travels as soon as I obtained the proofs, but I regret very much to say that the spirit was not recognised by either him or his wife, although she must

of course have been some one belonging to them; but there are some spirits to whom we are dearer than they are to us, for they hold us in charge, for which we, in our ignorance, are not properly grateful.

On the 4th of February the same spirit appeared on the two following plates with Dr. Cargill, holding towards him a picture, on which was a representation of what looked like an angel. The drapery and head-dress were very beautiful. In the first, the spirit looks smilingly down upon him (see plate II. No. 15), but in the second he is more in profile, so that the expression of the countenance cannot be so well seen. I was very anxious to learn who he could be, but was told that I should only receive the information through Mrs. Tebb; so, when she came to see me on the 12th, I shewed them to her as soon as we had settled quietly into our talk. She admired them very much, and then I remarked how strongly I felt St. John's signal. I then mesmerised myself for some little time in a very curious way, as if extracting something from my forehead, after which I stood up, and seemed to pour what I had thus gathered upon her brows, when she became almost immediately entranced, and said slowly and emphatically:—"Love—Love—Love. The woman's sins were forgiven because she had loved much. . . . In love is the fulfilling of the law to every one who believeth. . . . The Spirit of love and peace reigneth in certain places:—behold here his pictorial embodiment. . . . Love has made it possible for this spirit to manifest in this way. . . . Behold here (pointing to the spirit-form) the semblance of him whom the Master loved. . . . Behold with thankfulness for the manifestation, which is of great worth and exceeding value." [Can you kindly tell me something, dear friend, about the picture in the hand?] "It represents the now nearly approaching time when the favoured few are to have angel visitants with whom they shall commune, and this spirit has brought the glad tidings. The world cannot yet accept this great fact, but it shall remain a fact nevertheless for the few who *can* see, and those few need not cast their pearls before swine,

(She then pointed to the portrait of Dr. Cargill.) It will be *his* privilege, as it has been *yours*, to receive such visitants. It has been already granted him, and a yet higher promise will be fulfilled, but he must be *faithful*, and speak at certain times and to certain selected persons of the truths revealed to him, and acknowledge by *whom* the thought has been given." [Will you mention whom you mean by that whom?] "An angelic visitant." [Do you mean Thomas the Rhymer?] "Even so. This man has no right to conceal the source of his inbreathing—inspiration—and for the future he must not let himself doubt the source. . . . Love . . . and in love shall be the fulfilment of the law. . . . Abide in peace—the peace which passeth understanding, and in the sweet sphere thus created angelic visitants may come and go." Here she awoke from her trance, and was deeply interested when I read to her the communication that had been given.

Mr. and Mrs. Guppy had been spending the winter months in Cork, and there, on the 18th of January, his earthly pilgrimage came to an end, when she and the two children with their nurse returned to England, staying for some little time at Knightsbridge, where I went immediately to see her.

When Dr. Cargill came to Mr. Hudson's on the 11th of February, he decided upon having the large plates for his séance, as he had had on two previous occasions at Holloway. On the first was a peculiarly transparent-looking female figure, with no substance of face whatever, while rather below where her profile might invisibly be was to be seen a full face, with features so strikingly like those of Dr. Cargill himself, that he at once said, "I know that face quite familiarly in the looking-glass." I afterwards wrote him the following explanation, which I *received* after having had the proofs, and it is another illustration of the delicate humour so often enfolded within the spiritual manifestations :—

"The spirit so close to you is your mother, but somehow distance of time, or some other cause has rendered her too

etherealised to be made visible to you: perhaps it may be that she has had but little knowledge of what is termed modern Spiritualism, and that her other-world life has hitherto rather withdrawn her from the earth plane, and that she is now renewing her intercourse with it as regards *knowledge* of manifestations (for some abide *there* as ignorant on the subject as some of the dwellers upon earth), so that you may in the future learn something more from her. The spirit-face that is *visible* is *her* father, and its being seen in that manner through her veil, and perhaps even where a bit of her face might be, shews that his likeness is *transmitted* to you through her, for the resemblance to yourself, as you at once remarked, is uncommonly strong, and since that fact has been explained to me, I have been much interested in comparing it with your large photograph, in which you are nearly in the same position, and thus I learn that you inherit your face in some degree from your maternal grandfather *through* your mother."

Upon the next negative was a shower of onyxes, which I was afterwards told was his own symbolic stone, of which the following interpretation was given:— . . . "The onyx signifies a character so tenderly sympathetic that it will bear with even utterly opposite natures without irritation; thus one whose symbolical gem is the onyx, while distinctively retaining his own individuality, which we will illustrate by the white vein or stratum, will not stand away in hard outline even from the black, but will pour towards it a little of the milk of human kindliness, so as to obtain a softening influence over the unhappy one."

I had written the following endorsement on Dr. Cargill's large photograph, taken May 22nd, 1873:—

Dr. Cargill published in 1870 a lyric poem entitled "Fairy-Life and Fairy-Land," adding, "Communicated by Titania, through her secretary, Thomas of Ercildoune, sometime of Eildon, Scotland, and called, when habiting the earth, The Rhymer, and True Thomas." Some time after this photograph had been taken, Miss Houghton was informed by her unseen instructors that the spirit was Thomas

the Rhymer, and that he really had aided Dr. Cargill in his poetical labours.

Thomas of Ercildoune, known as Thomas the Rhymer, and True Thomas, was said to have been carried off at an early age to Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge that made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers, still, however, remaining bound to his royal mistress the Fairy Queen, when she should intimate her pleasure. He lived in the latter part of the thirteenth century, many of his prophecies have been preserved. Poems referring to him have been presented in modern garb, with an additional "Part" by Sir Walter Scott in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with copious notes, giving all the accounts he could gather of this remarkable man.

In the photograph the spirit holds something that looks like a roll of parchment, which peeps forth above and below from the enveloping mantle. . That large negative was much damaged during Mr. Hudson's troubles and moving from place to place, but still we were much gratified to have retained the evidence. On Tuesday, February 16th, Dr. Cargill met me at Mr. Hudson's for his last séance before leaving London, and then he said he should like to have a whole-plate photograph, as on the previous Thursday. When the negative was developed, both he and I immediately recognised friend Thomas, and a much clearer photograph than on the former occasion. On the second plate he again appeared, rather more in profile, but unfortunately (the large slide being stiff and rather out of order), the camera got a little moved, so that both Dr. Cargill and Thomas the Rhymer are somewhat out of focus. But even this misfortune may have its advantages, for the two pictures thus taken in conjunction make it into a strong *test* séance for those who understand anything of the subject of photography. It may be quite unnecessary for me to add that he was the "angel visitant" referred to in Mrs. Tebb's

trance. He again holds the roll of parchment or manuscript as in the original picture.

I must now revert to another communication from Mrs. P. "January 19th, Tuesday, about two o'clock P.M.— . . . My dear Miss Houghton, I have this moment had such a remarkable vision or impression respecting you, that I would be glad to know is there any truth in it? I have been suffering increased persecution from the circle of spirits who are my awful trial. I have been very ill, *consequently* they have persecuted me with additional virulence. I have been earnestly invoking St. Stephen's aid, and using the means you prescribed for my relief. About ten minutes ago I closed my eyes, earnestly praying to the Saviour for relief from obsession, when I saw the following (*and mind, I had not been thinking of you at the time, nor for more than an hour previously*). I saw—(I will now quote what I scribbled at the moment). 'Saw this moment Miss Houghton holding a séance, alone (God bless her !) seated at a table, with a male spirit bending down over her, either looking at something she had before her, or holding something in his hand for her to observe. He seemed enveloped in a kind of car of cloud; the upper part of his person was bare. His back was towards me, and his hair, which was as black as could be, was in short curls, and he wore a coronet or garland of small flowers with many tendrils, something like a winter flower the name of which I cannot remember at this moment. It is singular that a garland of similar flowers was offered to me in vision two days since !' . . . Now, will you just keep this letter till it is quite convenient for you to see what you were doing or thinking at the above date, and *then, at your leisure*, let me know. God bless you ! I trust hereafter we shall really meet in the Spirit-land, although it is scarcely probable we shall meet on earth. . . . Wednesday morning.—I must remark that the spirit was as if sitting in some car, something like what are represented in pictures as vehicles for the gods, and he was in the air above your head, just behind your right shoulder. It would seem prophetic of

my want of your help, for last night I had a dreadful nightmare, from which I felt I should not recover. I was quite conscious, and aware that the room was full of spirits. I heard the Voices plainly, as usual, breathing hate. At last I was able to move, and sat up, but I could not shake off the benumbing influence. *I was afraid to lie down; I feared I should die in my sleep.* I had mislaid the frankincense and the spirit-photographs you told me to lay on the outside of the bed-clothes, and had looked for them several times in vain. I got up, read the account of St. Stephen in the Bible, I invoked him to *help* my search, and *did find both.* I burned the frankincense and laid the photos on my pillow. I slept quietly, and had a vision of my dear relatives. I forgot to say that on shaking off the nightmare, I saw a shadowy figure glide rapidly back from close to my head, and shew a spirit-head that I often see. Farewell, ever yours affectionately, E. P."

Extract from my answer. "January 22nd . . . At the time you mention, on Tuesday the 19th, I had not long settled to my easel (which is literally, as it were, "a séance alone"), having been occupied earlier in the day with a very dear friend, one of those whom I term my spiritual children, who come to me for counsel and comfort, and she is one of those who need my letters. When she left, I was thinking at first of the various phases of people's troubles, and my thoughts then naturally rested for a while upon you, and so far you see there was a link between us at the time. *Now* I am told that the spirit you saw was St. John the Baptist, whose cry still is—"Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." The coronal of white flowers is typical of the cleansed soul, the tendrils signifying Love or the Holy Spirit, therefore Love must be the chief agent in such cleansing—our love to God, and seeking for the help of the Holy Spirit. . . . . As Elijah, his prototype, was borne aloft in a chariot of fire, so, when the Baptist's work was accomplished, and he became the victim of a woman's malice, his emancipated spirit was lifted from the earth in a pure white car, in which he triumphantly rose to realms of glory, and

which you were permitted to see, so as yet more fully to realise the link between those two co-workers in their several dispensations. The upper part of his person was bare, to remind you that while on earth he wore not *woven* raiment. He was bending forward to look at the drawing on which 'we' (I and my teachers) were engaged, one of those symbolising the Eye of the Lord. . . . The garland shewn to you a few days previously was as a monition to let the world know somewhat of the state of the *unrepentant*, as revealed through your own mediumship. . . . You are diligently to read what refers to St. John the Baptist in the Gospels, and you are to remember that *humanly* he was the kinsman of Our Lord. In connexion with this subject, you will, I know, be interested in hearing that on the 7th of this month I was *myself* allowed to have a séance for a spirit-photograph, when a wonderful one was granted to me, which 'they' have entitled The Day Star, and the sweet female spirit who brings it is Mary, the Virgin Mother of Our Lord. Dear Mrs. Tebb, who was here to-day, was struck, like myself, with the tender sort of feeling that seems to emanate from the photograph. I know there is also a vitalising power from the carbuncles that are scattered upon the picture."

January 24th.—I have just been reading the *Cornhill Magazine*, from which I extract: "There is a picture of St. John the Baptist in the Church of the Madonna del Orto. Cimo de Conegliano painted it two hundred years before Antonio Zucchi was born, but it has some look of this friend of Angelica Kauffmann. Haggard and tender stands St. John against the golden limpid sky that still lights the chapel, where it has burnt for three hundred years—"Ah!" said the custode who shewed the place to us—"I could travel round the world with that picture. Look!" he cried with enthusiasm—"See the Saint's hair—did you ever see such curls?"

"*February 2nd.*—My dear Miss Houghton,—I thought I should have been able to write in answer to your most welcome letter relative to my vision of St. John the Baptist,

but I have been, and still am, so very unwell as to be unable to sit up for more than a few minutes at a time. Thank God, dear friend, for even the glimmer of sunshine you speak of in your letter. Rely on it, so sincere and God-loving a woman as you are *will never be left unaided.* Remember the promises in the Bible to such, and they have never been broken. God bless you! . . . As soon as I am able, I will write and tell you some particulars of my spirit-persecution while I was at the worst, and the *great* benefit I derived from the photographs. Do you know *who* the spirits are who appear upon them?" . . . "No. 23. My brother Cecil. . . . No. 42. St. Stephen. . . . Mrs. Tebb with me. The damsel named Rhoda, mentioned in the Acts. . . . No. 66. The spirit aiding to seek texts in the Bible is Hannah the mother of Samuel. . . . No. 34. The consecrating manifestation of Mr. Hudson's new background, the Helmet of Salvation and the Garment of Righteousness. There is no spirit-figure, only garments for me to aspire unto. . . . I now send No. 36, where the faintly discernible spirit to whom I seem to be listening is St. Paul, while my finger is placed within the Bible at the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians, commencing, 'Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I will not have you ignorant.'"

On the 18th of March, Mrs. Tebb met me at Mr. Hudson's for a séance, and each negative was a success. On the first is the upper part of a veiled female figure with the head bent towards her, the drapery entirely concealing the face, while on Mrs. Tebb's lap are little clusters of flowers, formed almost into a wreath, but there seems also to be a something white round which they are clustered; besides which are two or three small articles on the chair that we cannot make out. . . . The same figure appears on the next plate, but here she is full-face, with the features clearly distinguishable, and she is so close to Mrs. Tebb that her own face is partly hidden by the spirit's head-drapery, and there is an additional flowing garb down to the ground, through which the same small articles on the chair are still dis-

cernible. . . . For the next plate I was to be with her, so I was impressed to kneel, with my face towards the background. Just above my head, slightly to the left, is a man's head, with thick, curling hair and beard, while still more to my left, on the same level with his head, is a veiled female head, turned as if to look at him.

Mrs. Tebb writes: "*March 25th.*—Just a line to say that I was told last evening that the female figure in the photograph with me is Mary of Bethany, and the face with you and me, St. John the Baptist. . . . I wished to write to you all about it at once, but I shall not attach much importance to the communication unless it is corroborated from another source. The figure is as beautiful as the face, and both are charming." In my answer, I said: "I am very pleased at what you tell me about the photographs, which my 'Friends' corroborate. Do you remember telling me, a short time since, how very much Mary of Bethany had been brought to your mind for some little while? It may have passed from you again when you had told me, but it was doubtless in contemplation of the present sweet manifestation. We know how much Our Lord loved her, for she had repented of her sins when she sought Him, and she must be much interested in all the work that is now going forward in striving to withdraw women from dissolute lives, and thus doing something towards the purification of the nation. Do you also recollect Mrs. P.'s vision of the spirit with the curled hair, who I was told was St. John the Baptist, when I received the *promise* that he would be photographed with me, although I had no idea that it would be yet, and only looked forward to it when I should myself have a séance. The veiled form by his side is his mother Elizabeth . . . so that you have had both a Mary and an Elizabeth in your birthday pictures."

It is curious how, among my old possessions, I find corroborative evidence laid by that works into my present life. In the large scrap-book that I have had ever since I was a young girl, there is an ancient print, from a painting by Fuseli, of which the subject is the bringing of the head

of St. John the Baptist in a charger to the daughter of Herodias, who looks upon it with a kind of curiosity *perhaps* mingled with a gleam of repugnance. That head likewise has curled hair and beard, and really seems to bear some resemblance to the one in the photograph, which is a head *only*, without any lower part of the figure. It may be that tradition had handed down the fact of the curls to posterity, but *I* believe that most of the painters of olden time who devoted themselves to sacred art were assisted in their labours by invisible friends, and would receive from them intimations as to the true likenesses of those whom they desired to portray, so that the more they could *give themselves up* to those intuitions, laying aside their own selfhood, the more likely they would be to have the *reality* granted to them as their ideal of the saint or martyr whom they wished to represent. We know that they prayerfully sought for *inspiration*, and according to their own true receptivity would be the response yielded.

When I mentioned to Mrs. Guppy that I was going, as usual, to have a séance with Mr. Hudson on Maundy Thursday (March 25th), she kindly offered to meet me there for the occasion, and she had already arrived when I got there at ten o'clock, so we at once went up to the studio, when I told her that I had received directions from my "Friends" before leaving home that I was to sit for the first plate, and then she was to take her turn, to which she willingly agreed. I accordingly seated myself, and on the negative are three veiled figures close together, leaning towards me, and on, or rather round my lap are flowers, with a continuation of shadowy palm (our English palm) branches on the side near the spirits, of whom only the upper portions are defined.

Mrs. Guppy removed the chair, and at first seated herself on the floor, as she had a feeling that there was something low down, but Mr. Hudson then arranged a low seat for her; and while the plate was sensitising, I was impressed to kneel in front of her, and, bending forwards, to place my hands on hers. I then rose, and stood where I always

do while officiating as medium. Kneeling exactly where I had knelt, are two of the spirit-figures who were with me, still quite veiled, and the same garland is on her lap, with many additional flowers and a good cluster of palm branches, which shew distinctly on her black dress, also I am happy to say that it is a nice likeness of her.

For the next negative I was sitting, and she stood behind me with her hands on my shoulders, when she observed that there was a peculiar odour, not of flowers, but like something green or the bark of trees. She told Mr. Hudson that he must not uncap the lens until she should give the signal, as she must wait for the impression, which came after some little delay. She had scarcely uttered the "Now," when I felt her hands most firmly pressed on my shoulders, as if to help her in resisting the impulse to start, and then I glimmeringly saw a piece of palm (our willow palm) in front of my arm, but I kept steady to the end of the exposure, when I found that my head had been, as it were, framed round with freshly gathered palm, which the spirits had thus brought in broad daylight, and *instantaneously* arranged, some of the pieces being fixed into my hair behind the comb, and Mrs. Guppy said that she had felt them scratch her face as they came down. There were eleven pieces, some very branchy and some single sprays, and the highly artistic arrangement must have been made with lightning speed, for it was not until *after* the lens had been uncapped that the palm descended, and yet the photographic details are as perfect as if it had been wreathed around me before the sitting had commenced. Of course Mrs. Guppy's portrait is not sharp, for she must have been somewhat startled at what was taking place in front of her, but it makes a very curious and interesting picture.

We had another negative in the same position, only that her hands, instead of being on my shoulders, were touching one another just below my throat, and I was impressed to raise my left hand so as to rest it lightly upon hers, and on this occasion she kept them quite steady, so that the

three hands are perfectly photographed, and from their artistic pose give an additional value to the picture. As soon as the lens was uncapped, she made a startled ejaculation, and I felt my head lightly touched for a moment by something that then fell to the ground at my feet. It was a wreath of artificial roses, and Mr. Hudson, who, contrary to his usual custom, was looking towards us at the time, saw it descend as if from the roof of the studio. There is a faint appearance in the photograph of the wreath upon my head, where it first rested.

I think one of the great peculiarities of this séance is the fact that in the first two negatives we should have had spiritual representations of the palm, and that it should afterwards have been brought in material form. Of course I brought it home with me, and established it in a china bowl; but years of London smoke have blackened it sadly, and the quantity is likewise much diminished, as I have at times given away fragments of it.

The life of Joan of Arc has always been full of interest to me, and I have mentioned in "Evenings at Home" (page 68) that I once had a visit from her, so I was much pleased when in December 1873 Mr. Hudson shewed me a negative just taken where she had manifested herself, in fulfilment of a promise previously made to the sitter, a French gentleman. Of course I immediately gave him an order for some copies, and having fortunately retained one, I have placed it among the illustrations (plate IV. No. 35). In the *Spiritual Magazine* for June 1876, there is a longish article devoted to her, and although a little out of my chronological order, I must here give copious extracts.

The *Times* Correspondent at Rome writes under a recent date:—"The last scene of the first act of Shakespeare's play of *Henry VI.*, Part the First, contains a prophecy which is about to be fulfilled. One of the chief objects which have brought Monsignor Dupanloup to Rome at the present time is, we are informed, 'A cause which interests not only France, but the Church itself'—the canonisation of Joan of Arc. It is intended to inscribe her name in the

golden book of the celestial peerage, and verify the words put in the mouth of Charles the Dauphin,—

> 'And all the priests and friars in my realm
> Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
> . . . . . .
> Her ashes, in an urn more precious
> Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,
> Transported shall be at high festivals
> Before the Kings and Queens of France.'

"The *Voce della Verità* itself informs its readers that even Shakespeare, the greatest poet of England, testified to her claims to the nimbus, and not without a certain significance, quotes the two lines,

> 'No longer on Saint Denis shall we cry,
> But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.'

"The idea of canonising a new warrior saint, and that in the person of an heroic maiden, whose devotion can be impressed upon every Dunois of modern days by the lady of his heart, is in perfect accord with the war-cry the Church continues to raise, though indeed the Pope tells us the battle is to be fought with spiritual weapons only. The name of this saint is to be a rallying cry for France and for the Church. . . .

"To epitomise the sketch given by the *Voce della Verità*, Joan was born in 1412 at Domremy, the child of poor parents, who knew only two things, which were profoundly rooted in their hearts, 'faith and patriotism.' At the age of thirteen years she commenced hearing 'the sweet and lovely voice' speak to her of the mercies the kingdom of France merited, and that God would send her to save it. For five years she kept the secret of her mission, but at last, convinced of its truth, she arose, spoke, and declared that the King of Heaven had charged her to liberate Orleans and consecrate the King of France at Rheims. She was declared to be mad; her parents did all they could to dissuade her, but her tenacity triumphed over all obstacles. She traversed 150 leagues to find the King. He concealed himself among

his courtiers, but she recognised him at once. The theologians of Poictiers interrogated her, but her good sense overcame their captious questionings. The doctors were convinced; armour was given to her, a standard which she asked for, a squire, a page, a chaplain; and her sword was found where she had indicated, behind the altar of the Church of St. Katherine of Fierbas. Intrepidly she put herself at the head of the troops, passed the English lines, made her way into the city, which, beleaguered for six months, was on the point of surrendering, and, behold! in eight days she had delivered it. Without losing time she commenced upon the Loire that famous campaign in which, with the velocity of lightning, she gained the victories of Jargeau, Beaugency, and Patay. Joan insisted with the chiefs and the King, who still hesitated, that they should make a daring march upon Rheims. Everything gave way before her. Troyes yielded after a short attack, Rheims opened her gates, 'and the young King received the sacred unction, symbol to the people of his legitimacy.'

"The mission of Joan was accomplished. She had liberated Orleans, and the King having been consecrated, she desired to return to her own country; but this the King would not permit. She remained; but very soon everything became changed with her. The flames of her heroism wearied the common courage of the vulgar; the invidious began to persecute her. The 'Voice' spoke to her again in mysterious language, but she resisted its counsels, and suffered a defeat before Paris because she would not listen to it. At Compiègne she fell into the hands of the Burgundians, who sold her to the English. They paid a king's ransom for her.

"Joan taken, the English felt that they had the fortunes of France in their hands. They loaded her with chains, and, after removing her from prison to prison, subjected her in the tower of Rouen, during the six months the trial lasted, to indescribable tortures and outrages without name. 'And it is only right to say that nothing was done, nothing was attempted for her liberation, either by the King or by any

of the others save Dunois,' who one day, by a *coup de main*, nearly succeeded in snatching her from the hands of her judges. By a refinement of hatred her judges were chosen, not from among the English, but from among the French. But this is not all; 'they were Churchmen, and one, a Bishop, whose name should be unpronounced—the wretched Dauchon—presided.' Thus all which Joan held most dear in the world, the Church and France, seemed to turn against her to persecute her. . . . For six months these vultures held the poor dove in their talons, and marvel only could be expressed at the wonderful answers she made to the insidious questions put to her. With invincible firmness she maintained her two assertions; her submission to the Church, and the truth of her mission. She made an appeal from her hired judges to the Pope, but it was not listened to, and she was condemned to the stake. 'Hold high the cross that I may see it to the last,' she cried to the good monk who assisted her; and as the flames enveloped her she exclaimed three times, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' Some of the English fainted. One asserted that he saw a white dove fly forth from the flames, and another cried out, 'Unfortunates that we are, we have burnt a saint.' Joan was no more, but although extinct, her name was a terror to the English, and speedily was her prediction fulfilled that they should be driven out of France. . . .

"As soon as Celestin III. ascended the Papal throne, he appointed the Archbishop of Rheims, together with the Bishops of Paris and Constance, and a number of the Tribunal of the Inquisition, to examine into the circumstances of her trial, and of her life and death. The result was the complete justification of her innocence, her virtue, and her greatness; but the Pope did well in going no further. The hatred between England and France still existed, and the Church had to content herself with this act of justice.

"But to-day the illustrious Bishop of Orleans is of opinion that the circumstances which called for that reserve are no longer in existence. France and England have forgotten their rivalry of centuries, and perhaps the time has come

for taking a step forward without giving umbrage to England, by initiating the canonisation of Joan of Arc, if she was really a saint. In the life of Joan we have not only innocence, virginity, and horror of sin, but also the virtues which constitute saints—incomparable faith, and the highest love towards God, a devout subjection to His will, and a profound spirit of prayer and of mortification. Joan fasted three times in the week, prayed constantly, and was fervent in approaching the Sacrament. Each day she heard Mass, shedding an abundance of tears, and in all she acted for the love of God; humble as she was pure and pious, putting from her the adulations of the people, and referring everything to the glory of God. Among the English themselves there existed a belief in her sanctity, and even Shakespeare, their greatest poet, makes the King of France say, 'No longer on Saint Denis will we cry, but Joan la Pucelle shall be France's Saint.' All that has been said thus far induces personages of the highest authority to believe that the proceedings for the canonisation have a solid and authentic foundation, especially having regard to the two trials, in which are registered with judicial exactness the most minute, complete, and decisive details, together with the depositions of the witnesses, as if they had been interrogated only yesterday. . . . For the rest, we see in this sublime figure, not a French heroine, but a heroine of the Church and of humanity."

Mr. Hudson has been unable to give me any certain date, even as to the year, of when that excellent likeness of Mr. Martheze was taken, with the spirit-form whom he recognises as his mother (plate V. No. 39), but I am indeed thankful that such an earnest Spiritualist met with so great a success, and I cannot but wish that more among our eminent names had contributed somewhat of their quantum of aid to keep alive such an important class of manifestation.

On the 29th of April, Mr. Redfern called at Mr. Hudson's, and after some chat on the subject, we went up to the studio for a séance, but did not obtain a vestige of anything on the plates, so he resolved at some future time to make

another trial; accordingly, on the 27th of May he came again, accompanied by his sister, when we were very successful. In his picture, rather on his right, there appears above him a spirit-head and bust so clearly defined that I think in substantiality it exceeds all the other spirit-photographs that have been taken. She seems to have something like a handkerchief on her head, of which the long ends, tied under her chin, float down in a sort of twist, and her mantle or cape partially covers his head. I have never heard whether he recognised the likeness; the eyes are closed, or perhaps may only seem so because she may be looking so straight down upon him. . . . His sister then took her seat; and with her there are two spirits, one faces her, and is quite close to her, while the second stands on the other side, at some little distance behind her. They give me an idea of being Oriental spirits, for they both have turbans, and long, very solid-looking mantles, but neither of the faces are very distinct.

On the 17th of June a gentleman had had a sitting, and after he was gone, Mr. Hudson had a fancy to try a plate for himself, which he brought down to shew to me, and as there was a something curious above his foot, and a small starry cross on his left arm, I suggested going up with him to have a real séance, but the manifestation was but small, and not clear enough to be described. Rose then took her seat at the opposite side of the little table, and high in mid-air, between them, is a cross of light, the lower point of which slants towards Rose.

On the 8th of July Mr. W. S. Balfour, of Liverpool, had a séance, and on the first plate there was a wreath, or cluster of flowers enveloped in delicate drapery, on, or at least partly on, the chair by his side. On the two following ones were faint manifestations that might have some spiritual significance, but then came one which, but for the misconduct of the bath, would have been very beautiful, but there is a sort of fleecy veil caused by the nitrate of silver. There is a spirit facing him, and also one behind: —their heads fortunately have escaped the disfigurement,

and they both appear to have on delicate, transparent-looking bonnets adorned with flowers, over which a veil is cast, but the features are not covered, and the one in front of him has a very sweet profile. He tried yet one more, and again there is a female figure behind him, but very, very close, and she seems to be passing down to him something that looks like a sheet of paper. She is not either one of those who appeared before, but her face, although in profile, might, I think, easily be recognised.

He was my last sitter in that year, for I afterwards find to each week's entry in my photographic account-book, the two melancholy words "No one."

The following was a portion of my *last* letter from Mrs. P., who was released from her sufferings at the latter end of the year. . . . "*August 26th*, 1875.—If kind wishes and sincere sympathy would benefit you, my dear friend, you would soon be as free and happy as you deserve to be, but I think friendship has power to help those that are its object. On receiving your letter this morning, I felt my heart drawn to you irresistibly, and a strong feeling that my prayers for you would be heard—I prayed earnestly to God that He would help you, His good, unselfish servant, that even now in the midst of your own sore and bitter trials, can turn your thoughts to the sorrows of others. *Immediately* came to me a voice audible to my inner sense—'Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure,'—with an intuition that the message was for you. I cannot tell you what peace and happiness it gave me to receive such a cheering assurance. . . . The following clairvoyant vision I had on July 25th. My back had been mesmerised, and suddenly I saw the photograph you sent me of yourself seated at a small table, and a small Bible on it before you, and a figure covered with a transparent veil (white) thrown over it: from its height it would appear to be kneeling at the other side of the table. In the photo there is no face that I ever could discover, but in the vision it presented a face, head, and bust under the veil, which seemed formed of beams of living light, the foundation of

the fabric being the most transparent lace, apparently frosted over with flowers of the most delicate description, they looked like large white roses. . . . Since the 21st of May last, I have been so much worse that I have been unable to go any farther than from my bedroom to the sitting-room; I have long moved only with crutches. I am in such pain that I must leave off, but hope to be able to add a few lines. . . . Friday—Your remedy has already done me good, and but for its help I fear I should have had a dreadful night, but I received immediate alleviation from it. . . Farewell, dear kind friend, believe me, yours very affectionately, E. P."

The photograph to which she alluded is that of Hannah, the mother of Samuel, aiding a seeker after higher counsel, by guiding to a text in the Bible, of which I have already given a description.

Mrs. Everitt, accompanied by Mr. W. P. Adshead, of Belper, had a séance with Mr. Hudson on the 18th of October, and the spirit with them (plate IV. No. 34) appears to me to bear a strong resemblance to Thurston (the photographic director), although without any beard, but the peculiar head and features are exceedingly like, and I have no doubt but that he availed himself of Mrs. Everitt's powerful and unselfish mediumship to manifest himself, knowing that it is spiritual truth she cares for, without reference to personal gratification.

Also, in that same year, but I do not know when, that photograph of Mr. Glendinning was taken (plate VI. No. 52), where the spirit seems to be literally hovering above him, with outstretched hands as if in blessing. For so wonderful a result, a great strength of mediumship must have been indispensable, and Mr. Hudson has told me that behind the background screen was Mrs. Burns, whose heart was at that time filled with gratitude for Mr. Glendinning's great kindness to her husband, and with her was another powerful lady-medium, and her own brother, which made a strong and harmonious force to combine with Mr. Hudson's.

My kind friend in the United States sent me in April three photographs of spirit-pictures, produced by a very curious form of mediumship, and as I thought the account would be interesting to all students of the various phenomena, I sent an extract from his letter, under the title of "Water-Pictures," to the *Spiritual Magazine*, from which I now copy it. . . . "Mrs. L. Blanchard (of New Ulm, Minnesota), the medium for the peculiar phase of the production of faces and likenesses in the ordinary sediment of water, died, as I perhaps told you in my last, in January. I saw her two weeks before she passed away, and was much struck with her goodness and gentleness. She made the discovery by accident, or the gift came to her suddenly; for after washing her hands in a bowl of rain-water, the sediment, to her great astonishment, settled into the perfect semblance of a face, startling her and her husband by its naturalness. From that time until a few weeks before her death, the faces continued to form, and by drying out the water by the natural process of evaporation, the sediment remained fastened to the bottom of the dish, and the face or faces (for there were sometimes hundreds in the bowl) could be photographed, although on account of the water being gone, the best appearance was lost. Some were artistic, and so lifelike when the water was on them, that you could not help starting back in surprise. Unfortunately, as too often happens, the gift fell into surroundings where the importance of the same was not at all appreciated, and hundreds of the bowls were destroyed after the first novelty had worn off, thus only a few, and those the poorest, were left that I could obtain to photograph. Three were standing in her room the day I saw her, which were beautiful indeed, and she told me I might have them when the water had dried out, for they could not be carried or moved before, as, while the water was on them, the slightest jar would cause the sediment to float about the dish and destroy the image. She was then quite sick, and expressed a desire to die. From her childhood she had been a cripple—never perfectly well, and she

was, I think, to be excused if life seemed to her a burthen at times. I did not think she was then on her death-bed, and was consequently much shocked to hear of her decease not long after my visit. To produce the pictures, her method was simply to agitate the water with her finger-tips for a moment, and immediately the deposit assumed the forms, faces, &c., and on being again stirred about by her, would assume other and different faces. Her death was a severe loss. I telegraphed up to her husband when I heard of it for the promised bowls, but to my great regret, he answered that during her illness they had been moved, and were thus destroyed: this lady was also a spirit-artist, and under influence drew beautiful and correct likenesses of many departed ones. Please accept the enclosed with my compliments."

The three pictures he sent me differ much from one another: the first is a female head fully an inch and a quarter in length, with the features very distinctly formed. The second is a man's face (about four-fifths of an inch), and the head seems to be crowned with flowers, but upon examination, they prove to be formed of smaller faces, while one child-like face rests against his cheek. The third picture consists of a cluster of small faces, which remind me of Miss Pery's very interesting spirit-drawings, and although they have not the exquisite delicacy of her pencil-work, they have much force and character. As several of my friends are desirous of possessing copies of these spiritual curiosities I have had them reproduced by a skilful photographer.

My first thought when I received them was that I should like to obtain the same class of mediumship, but, although in my power, it was deemed inexpedient by my invisible counsellors, who, however, agreed to my having an experimental séance during a few days' visit that I was about to make to Mr. Edward T. Bennett, then living at Betchworth. He accordingly found enough sediment in the various jugs of rain water to make a fair amount of deposit in a large wash-hand basin, round which we stood—a circle of seven —with our finger-tips resting on the edge. I was then

impressed to stir the water briskly with my fingers, and we watched it gradually settle down, until it certainly assumed the appearance of some small faces, but only one was really clear, and that (which was the likeness of my brother Warrand) was on the slope of the basin just in front of me. In consequence of the position it could only be distinctly seen by myself, but judge of our surprise when we felt the basin being gently moved round under our fingers, thus to exhibit the picture to each person in succession.

. . . . . .

At the soirée of the British National Association of Spiritualists, on the 2nd of February 1876, I, several times in the course of the evening, felt the signal of my dear brother Sidney, and he said it was "something good that was coming to me." The next day was that of my visit to Mr. Hudson, and while we were having a little chat, Dr. Stodart (a stranger to me) came in, intending to have a sitting:— Mr. Hudson could not have him up just then, as two ladies were upstairs, preparing for their portraits (not spirit ones) to be taken, so Dr. Stodart agreed to wait patiently until he should be at liberty, conversing meanwhile with me. He has been a Spiritualist for some years, and is himself a writing medium, and had thus had a message from his friends the evening before, telling him to come, but it was not his first visit to Mr. Hudson. I was glad to find that he was a Bible and a Christian Spiritualist, and I further learned that he is an Australian (from Victoria), and has been travelling through India and different parts of the world with his family. Presently he took out paper and pencil, in case his spirit-friends might have anything to say to him, and he received directions to ask me to accompany him to the studio for his séance, which I was heartily glad to do; but to my disappointment, there was nothing at all on the first and third plates, and on the second there was only a sort of round dark cloud, very unimportant, and Dr. Stodart was told that it was not worth while trying again at that time. Mr. Hudson was suffering from severe cold and lumbago, which was doubtless the reason. But

Dr. Stodart is a wealthy man, and insisted upon giving to each of us our fee, as if it had been successful, and he had done the same with Mr. Hudson the previous time, when there had only been a somewhat similar manifestation. He will remain in England until about April, so I hope we may have another trial with more favourable results. After he had left, I was telling Mr. Hudson about Sidney's message on the evening before, when it all at once struck me that the connecting link might be that Sidney had been for some time in Australia, where his death took place. I am sorry to say that we did not have another visit from Dr. Stodart, prevented, I suppose, by other engagements, but it makes it the more vexatious that, as he did not care for a proof from the negative, Mr. Hudson at once swept the film off the glass, for I should at any rate have liked to retain his own portrait.

On the 9th of March 1876, I had my séance for the fourth Thursday anniversary of our spirit-photography, and I took with me the crystal ball, on which I placed my hands, and on the back of the right hand may be seen three faint manifestations :—a small white cross on a dark disk, a bright little ball to the right, and above the two a star-like light. Level with the top of the chair-back is a richly coloured flame, which I was told was orange-tinted. For the second, my endorsement is : There are many faces in this photograph, although scarcely distinguishable, and they all seem to have turban-shaped head-dresses. The white drapery falls as from a pointed ornament in one of those turbans, therefore the face is seen about where the slope begins.

For the next I am standing, and on the very spot where the chair is, on the back of which my hand rests, there appears to be a couch, on which reclines one who is apparently dying. She grasps the cross in her right hand, and garlands of flowers strew her couch and the floor, as if in foretaste of the joys to which she is looking forward. Another spirit in transparent drapery stands at the foot of the couch (plate III. No. 21). In the following picture

the same spirit lies on the flower-wreathed couch, still grasping the cross, but the standing spirit now kneels, holding an infant, over whose face a veil is thrown. Another spirit slightly bends forward over the head of the couch, by whom I am almost obliterated, as she seems to occupy as nearly as may be the same place as myself. Unfortunately the whole picture is somewhat blurred, for, during the exposure, a heavy van passed along the street, shaking the house to its foundations, and giving a kind of oscillating movement to the camera, thus marring all the perfections of detail, but it is nevertheless very interesting especially in conjunction with the previous photograph.

On the 6th of May 1875, in reference to a peculiar sensation I was then feeling, Mrs. Tebb said, "Oh! all that part of you seems lighted up, and there is quite a flame going upwards from your forehead: it seems to come from the eyes, the forehead and the front of the head." She spoke of it again several times in the course of our talk as still seeing it. . . . Later in the afternoon she was entranced by old Mrs. Marshall, who said to me—"I did not know that you *shone* so! why your head is like a large stone!" [What kind of stone?] "Well, it has got a light *in* it." [Has it? Can you tell me anything more about it?] "Yes—*they called me to see it.* . . . It shone down where I was, and it will shine on me when I go away." . . . I have since frequently felt this sensation, which is the signal to me of a certain Presence, and I felt it very strongly while kneeling, with my hands in a prayerful attitude, for the next photograph, which was the final one of the séance, and on it there is the appearance of flames or aura, as if issuing from my head.

I received from H. H. authoress of "Songs of the Spirit," on Maundy Thursday, April 13th, 1876, a pretty Easter-card of which the Cross was formed by the words "Alway rejoicing," adorned with flowers, the fuchsia predominating. There was also in very small letters the text: "As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing, as having nothing, and yet possessing all things," 2 Cor. vi. 10.

In her accompanying letter she gave me the history of the verses she likewise enclosed, saying, "My dear Miss Houghton, I must give you some account of what I send. I bought the enclosed card for you last week, and most unexpectedly on Sunday found *some one* wanted the cards, so I fetched them from the other room, and first wrote a few verses to send with one to my sister, after which these followed directly for you. Perhaps, as a clue to the message, I ought to say that I have seen the two photographs lately purchased by Mr. E. T. Bennett." Which were those I have just described.

For Miss Houghton, written on Palm Sunday, 3.45 P.M.
9—4—1876.

2 Cor. vi. 10.

"As poor, yet making many rich,"
Such heart may well rejoice,
And lift to heaven at Easter-tide
The strains of thankful voice.

"As poor, yet making many rich,"
This is our "word" to thee,
And with the greeting of the saints
That thou shalt blessèd be.

"As sorrowful"—the mighty said,
But sorrow hath no part
In feelings which on day like this
Fill up thy flowing heart.

"Rejoicing always!' yes! that joy
Gives power that maketh thee
Abundant blessing prove to all,
Causing them *rich* to be.

"As having nothing," saith the world—
"*All things*," are thine, *we* see,
And therefore earthly outward part
Is little care to thee.

"As poor, yet making many rich:"—
Lot blessèd in the sight
Of Angel hosts and Cherubim
Which dwell in holiest light.

Then well thy spirit may "rejoice"
Alway before His face,
Who giveth power all souls to bless
With His abundant grace.

By one who was photographed with the Cross in her hand, and who has not written like this before, so could not cause the medium to write better poetry. . . . This is a gift of Love!

H. H. . . Guildford. . . . written in fifteen minutes.

The name of the spirit was given to her about six weeks later, as Geraldine Cope, but she is one whom I do not know, nor have I yet received any clue to her; perhaps in this published form it may meet the eye of some friend or relative, in which case I shall feel much obliged by a few lines giving me the information.

I had a very successful sitting with a gentleman on March 30th. The spirit, who I am *told* is his father (but as he passed away in his childhood, there is no possibility of recognition), has the face even more clearly defined than his own, from the strengthening effect of the shadows caused by the substantial white drapery; there is also a transparent veil thrown on the back part of the head over the thicker white mantle, thus giving more appearance of lightness. He is handing to his son what looks like a small basket of flowers or jewels. The mantle flows down over the back of the chair, which is, however, visible through its folds, and on the chair lie what look like two emblematic designs formed of flowers, of which two or three have fallen to the ground near and upon his foot. There is likewise to be seen behind his right leg, as if concealed from universal view, a St. Andrew's cross, which may imply that he does not allow his troubles to assert themselves, but keeps them well out of sight.

Some time in February, Mr. Arbuthnot went to Notting Hill for a séance, accompanied by his wife and child, and he proposed that Mr. Hudson should make the experiment with two different-sized cameras at the same time, so often suggested by those outsiders who seem to consider the

expenditure of any amount of extra chemicals as a matter quite unworthy of consideration. He urged the preparation of the requisite plates, on the plea that if there should be a manifestation, the test would be so very conclusive, although it seems almost an incongruity to talk any more about *tests* with respect to his pictures, which certainly are in most instances so utterly free from anything in the shape of earthly taint as literally to be in themselves the evidence. However, we will let that pass, for, as it was a success, the manifestation has a strong interest of its own. The group in the usual size is the centre one of plate VI. No. 50. Mr. Arbuthnot holds the little girl on his knee, while the spirit is placing a wreath of flowers on her head, and Mrs. Arbuthnot appears to look rather amused at what is going on. . . . I have the companion picture in cabinet size, in which all the group are seen rather more fully in face, in consequence of the camera being necessarily at a somewhat different angle, and the additional size shews all the details more distinctly, for instance, the necklace and locket worn by the spirit.

. . . . . .

My own details of all these months are a sufficient evidence of what poor Mr. Hudson was enduring. Mine was a *weekly* disappointment, but his was *daily*, so that gradually his plight was approaching to very nearly the same state as in the woeful days at Holloway. An effort was then made by his friends to get up a Benefit Soirée for him, which was held on the 6th of April at Cambridge Hall (Newman Street, I think). I made no notes of the evening, and have looked through the *Spiritual Magazine* of that date in the hope of finding a good report, but the circumstance was not even alluded to, which adds to my regret that the magazine had then passed out of Mr. Shorter's hands, for he was a man of large views, and considered truly that that magazine ought to be the exponent of *all* that was going on in Spiritualism, and was not to be narrowed into one man's especial path.

The entertainment had one very striking feature, which I

think might even now take its occasional place at Spiritualist gatherings. Mr. Hudson prepared transparencies of some of the best of his spirit-photographs, and they were exhibited by means of a magic-lantern, producing a very good effect. I suppose he still has those slides, and would doubtless at any time be willing to hire them out for a moderate sum. Mr. Burns bestirred himself very warmly, and was his strong advocate in the columns of the *Medium*, but I do not remember what was the amount of the sum thus collected; however it enabled him at any rate to struggle on for a while longer, and it also served the purpose of bringing a few more sitters to him.

A great trouble befell me on the 14th of March in the death of my Dove, which had been brought to me at the Whit-Sunday séance of 1868, the full account of which is in my "Evenings at Home," page 179. I had kept my pet for nearly eight years, but now I had to content myself with having her stuffed, so as to retain at least the outward form. Mr. Gardner, of Oxford Street, promised that it should be ready for me on the evening of April 6th, and I had written a note to Mr. Burns offering to give in the course of the evening some account of the séance when she had been brought to me, but his programme was already full, so that he could not spare the few minutes that I should have occupied, but I think the audience would have been interested in my narrative.

Mr. Hudson's Benefit was on the 6th of April, and I went to him on the 13th, Maundy Thursday, when I was to have my annual séance. He then told me that in the interval he had had *five* sitters, but had not been able to obtain a single manifestation, so he feared we might have a similar result. I had taken my Dove, stuffed, in her case, and first we did her by herself on a table (only one plate), but nothing came with it: and then he said that Thurston had told him in the morning that the case was to be hung on the background, unless I had any other impression, but my instructions had been that I was to leave the arrangement to Mr. Hudson. We managed the hanging very well,

and then I sat with a table by my side, on which my elbow rested. In the photograph there is a spirit opposite me, who appears to be kneeling; her hand is extended towards me, and is as if pointing to a beautiful white cross which is on the table with some flowers and palm, and the latter reaches upwards, almost as if to support the Dove's case. It is altogether a charming picture. For the next, when the plate was sensitised and put into the slide, Mr. Hudson received directions that *I* was to shut it up, and take possession of the slide, then place it myself in the camera, raising up the flap before taking my own seat, so that he was only to uncap and cap the lens, when I was to shut down the flap, and take the slide into the dark room. The moment we had left the studio, almost before we had let down the baize which does duty as a door, we heard a heavy sound just behind us, but we were too eager about the negative to turn back and ascertain what it was. On the plate is the same spirit, now standing up, with her hand pointing to the palm, which is arranged round my head, only I am afraid the palm will not shew in the print, because it is so faint. There is another source of disappointment, for although the spirit's face is turned forwards, I much fear that it will not be clearly discernible, for it comes just in front of the Dove and her case, which are seen *through* it. When we went back to the studio, we discovered that the *sound* had been caused by a whole quantity of freshly gathered palm, which was thrown on the floor by spirit friends!!! I collected it and piled it on the little table, which it completely filled, but the next plate (with *nothing else* on it) was fogged, and the following one was so weak (there was no manifestation) that it would only do as a *positive*, in which form I shall like to have it as a memorial of the gift the invisibles had brought to us. I was told not to bring any of it away with me, but that Mr. Hudson was to give away pieces of it to any of his visitors who might value it. I had had a half-fancy that Mrs. Guppy-Volckman might have perhaps thought of the day, and volunteered to meet me there for that séance, but I

had not been *allowed* to remind her of it in any way. If *she* had been present, we should have attributed that manifestation to her mediumship; whereas now, it must have emanated from Mr. Hudson's and mine, as we were alone on the top of the house.

I am sorry to say that the photograph of the palm itself was accidentally destroyed, so that after all I did not have it even as a positive, which was a great disappointment to me, for the table was quite piled up, the quantity being so large, and I should have liked to retain the evidence of the amount as well as the memorial of the gift: it had also looked very artistic.

The moment I saw the proofs, I was assured of what I had hoped, but had not dared to be certain, namely, that it was Mamma who was in presence with me, and I firmly believe that the Dove was a great assistance to her in manifesting, for it had been brought during the very last séance at which she had been present in her earth-life, and she valued it exceedingly. I went to Mrs. Tebb's on the 4th of May, when of course I took the photographs with me. While holding them in her hand, she said, "I must mention at once, lest it should escape me, the explanation they have been giving me of that cord as they call it, which falls down *lower* than your Mamma's drapery in both pictures. It is a strong and binding link, not simply of physical relationship between you, because there may be natural relationship without this spiritual bond, which is yet as it were of physical character. (Plate IV. No. 30.) It is a something of power that she has been gathering in all these years, and yet she has not hitherto been able to approach near enough to you to attach it to you. You will notice that in the first picture the attaching point is turned *away*, but in the second picture she has been able to reach you, and the point had been placed just upon your heart, and was only dropped at the moment the photograph was going to be taken." . . This explained to me the reason that I had had to take the negative to the camera, and make all preparations except uncapping the lens, as I narrated at the time, so that nothing

should disturb the rapport for that especial negative . . . "It represents a kind of physical power that she has been acquiring, which will enable her to help you in many ways. . . . She has never hitherto been able to give you any help, but now she may be."

It then struck me that perhaps that was the reason that the palm was brought to the studio at the very moment that the negative had been taken, and I was told that in some degree I was right, but that it was not Mamma who brought it. I ought to mention that in this picture all the things had vanished from off the table, and, as I said in my original description, the palm had been placed round my head, but was so very faint that in the print it is scarcely possible to discern it. She still held it in her hand, and gradually passed under influence :—"One of the things she says is that you will still keep your Cross, (in this picture it is seen, much embellished, on the inner part of the right arm), she says, *your* cross, and you must wear it on your arm?" [Why?] "Because in your outward life you must follow Him who bore the Cross, and also for a sign which has its spiritual significance. It indicates much spiritual treasure laid up, but it cannot be used here and now. Some will know that you wear this Cross as an emblem of spiritual treasure, but most of those who see it will only see that the wearer must have earthly trials and many crosses, so it bears a double significance, and it will be read by those who see it according to their state of mind." [Am I to use any external sign?] "It is *laid* upon you, and must be spiritually discerned, unless you yourself choose that all the world should see it." [I have no *choice* in any matter, I only wish to do God's will.] "The shadow of it falls upon the spirit, and draws her to you : she has power as well as will to help you, and will remain very near you while you wear this sign, after which, her special work for this world will be finished." . . . In our further conversation after she had come out of the trance, it was explained that the cross being placed upon my *right* arm signified that my present deepest trial was to be, that my needs would

not be supplied by the work of *my own* right arm, but that it was laid upon me to receive help from other sources, and verily that is anguish to my independent spirit.

On Sunday evening, ten days later, Mr. Loewenthal called to thank me for the promised photographic séance for the next Thursday. After a rather lengthy conversation, he very unexpectedly passed under influence, and said a few words to me in a melodious unknown tongue, holding his two hands so that one of mine should be placed within them in greeting. Then in English one of his guardian spirits said that he was allowed to be the mouthpiece of an *immense* band of my surrounding friends to express their warm and tender love for me, as they were desirous thus to communicate it to me through the physical, especially *one* who had lately been enabled to get closer. I asked the name, but that was not allowed to be given, and he said that that was all that could then come, for the number of those wishing to speak was so very great, that it was considered best that only *he* (the then speaker) should say those few words for them, and thus took his leave, gently shaking my hand again :—then followed another little bit in the unknown tongue, which was clearly from another spirit, after which Mr. Loewenthal returned to the normal state, and I told him what had passed. He said he then saw one lady friend very anxious to come forward, but that his own influences seemed to be waving her aside : she had rather a stately presence.

That capital likeness of Mr. Hudson (plate VI. No. 47), was taken just before his Benefit Soirée, and I have no doubt that his own anticipation of substantial help was both *becoming* to himself and highly advantageous to his mediumship, so that a good portrait has thus been obtained of Thurston, who is the ruling power among those invisible ones who co-operate with him in the photographic work. Mr. Slater (optician), his sincere friend and an earnest Spiritualist, was the operator, and I believe it was at his house that the séance took place.

Mr. Vacher went to Notting Hill on the 26th of the same

month, accompanied by a cousin, who is, however, almost concealed by the drapery of the spirit (plate IV. No. 33). My Thursday visit was on the next day, when I was greatly delighted with the picture, and much interested in the details given to me, which I thus epitomised on the back of the proof: "Seven negatives had been taken on which there was no manifestation, this being the eighth plate. Thus Mr. Hudson's invisible assistants had needed to gather vital force from him during the whole process before they could obtain sufficient for what was needed to illuminate this spirit—who, I have since been *told*, is Apelles:—the lady sitter, upon whose head his hand is placed, is an artist. I append the short extract from Maunder's "Treasury of Knowledge"—"Apelles—A celebrated painter of Cos, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great."

My sitter on that day was a Jewish gentleman, Mr. Maurice Joseph, whom I have mentioned in my former book as Mr. Maurice, a member of the Dialectical Society, one of the sub-committees of which I used to attend at his rooms in Langham Place. He had developed very interesting mediumship in various phases, such as vision, trance, writing, and speaking. He had for a long time been seriously ill, but during the past twelve months had been my frequent visitor, giving me a great deal of interesting information as to his experiences. Being still a great invalid, he had deferred making an appointment for a spirit-photograph until the weather had become genial. The beautiful result we obtained was highly satisfactory (plate III. No. 23), although I have never learned who are the two spirits who appear on the plate with him, but the graceful, modest pose of the female figure is especially charming, there is such a sweet humility about it, and I never look upon it without the feeling, as it were, of Esther bending before King Ahasuerus, and her companion might even be Mordecai. Her robe appears to be embellished with much embroidery, but the full flow of its representation has been marred by the unlucky accident of there having been a small table in the studio that we had not noticed as standing in the range

of vision of the camera, thus causing a dark disfigurement on the drapery.

I have mentioned that he was still out of health, and he was troubled with an incipient cough during the exposure for the next plate, so Mr. Hudson, out of consideration for the mortal sitter, capped the lens a great deal too soon, which was a circumstance much to be regretted, for the spirit (only a head and bust) would have been deeply interesting, as, even in the faint picture that it makes, the face is a powerful one, with the mouth somewhat open, as if in the act of speaking. On the following negative there was nothing, so we had received all that was to be given, and the fault was on *this* side that it was not a grand success. Mr. Joseph was also with us on the 18th of May, when Mr. and Mrs. Loewenthal met us for their promised séance, but I am sorry to say the only manifestation was a kind of ray of light on the right of the sitters. In those days Mrs. Loewenthal was hardly in harmony with Spiritualism, and the sceptical element may have prevented any satisfactory results, but I think that if such an opportunity could *now* be presented to her, the issue would be wonderfully different.

Another of the photographs selected for the illustrations (plate IV. No. 31), is that of a Spanish gentleman, who is quite hidden by the spirit-form, recognised by him as his mother, which was taken on the 2nd of May. I have chosen it for the extreme beauty of the embroidered scarf and the delicately spotted muslin robe. On a previous plate the same spirit had appeared, seated in front of him, and she is clad in peculiar slippers with rosettes, such as she was accustomed to wear during her mortal lifetime, and the feet are put prominently forward as if to call attention to them: the embroidered scarf is also there, but it is not much seen, as it hangs down in folds rather far back.

I know that all Spiritualists who have not yet had the pleasure in person, will be glad to make acquaintance in photograph form with M.A. Oxon., and I am very pleased

to have so good a likeness of him to place among my collection. I only received it from Mr. Hudson quite lately, as being the subject of the following letter, that he sent to me at the same time, for of course he feels a deep interest in my present work (plate VI. No. 48).

"*June* 2, 1876.—DEAR SIR,—You ought to know that the photograph taken of me three weeks ago is a remarkable instance of a recognised portrait of a personal friend. You will find it described by me at length in *Human Nature* of this month: and it forms the subject of a *Spirit Teaching* which I am about to forward to the *Spiritualist*. It is the first case in which I have secured the likeness of a friend: though I have several times succeeded, under test conditions, in getting 'spirit-pictures' in your studio. The present picture is by no means one of your best; indeed the 'image' is rudely made, and the photo is not good. But the face is there, and that makes it valuable. I am glad to add this testimony to that which I have already printed in your favour. Yours very truly, M.A. (Oxon.)"

Another portrait that I consider exceedingly valuable, and which is also a very recent possession of mine, is that of Mr. Calder (plate IV. No. 32), the much respected President of the British National Association of Spiritualists, where his genial and pleasant nature has made him much beloved, and we are eagerly looking for his return to England, so as once more to have him amongst us. I cannot refrain from a personal expression of gratitude to him for the staunch manner in which he has supported our Association during the dark days that have been inflicted upon it through mundane malice; for it has been chiefly by means of his helping hand that the battle has been enabled to be fought, and I trust that bright days may now be in store for it.

His letter to Mr. Hudson I likewise subjoin:—

"*July* 5, 1876.—DEAR SIR,—With regard to the photograph, while I cannot recognise the spirit-forms, it is a very singular fact that my wife had her arms broken five times: and this may account for the unusual appearance of a hand

in the centre of the picture. Please let me have the remaining four copies.—Yours faithfully,

"ALEXANDER CALDER."

Mr. Vacher had a séance with me on the 29th of June, which I am sorry to say was quite unsuccessful, nor was the one on the ensuing Thursday much better, although there was then a spirit-form, but it was not very clearly defined. After that the weeks again passed on without any sitters, the same being generally the case with Mr. Hudson, so that we used to compare notes of dismay with one another.

At an Association Soirée in great Russell Street on the 4th of October, I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Clarke, an English lady, who had been for many years resident in California, and is favoured with many gifts of mediumship, whereby striking tests are given. I had taken a collection of spirit-photographs, and while she was looking through them, the names of several were given to her at the first glance, as, for instance, the one where Charlie is embracing me, she said, "Charles is the name I hear;"—again, looking at the "Day-Star," she said, "Mary." Afterwards she described Charlie as she saw him standing by me, and was especially struck with his deep blue eyes, and the bright energetic expression of his countenance; then my two little baby sisters, pointing out the difference of their characteristics, which I have so well realised during these past years of loving intercourse with them; they were stroking and caressing me. She saw many bright spirits scattering flowers about me, and she described one of them clearly and distinctly, saying that his name was William. Feeling something along my forehead, I asked what she saw, and she said it was a golden circlet, above which there was a large star, then she perceived that there were two other stars, one on each side of it, but somewhat smaller; so I told her about Mrs. Lacy's having seen the same three stars in vision on the 1st of February 1866, and that they refer to my work as an apostle of the Trinity; the centre largest Star symbolising this dispensation of the Holy Ghost.

Our conversation was most deeply interesting, but these are the principal points that remain impressed on my memory. She made an arrangement to meet me the next day at Mr. Hudson's, when, I am happy to say, we were successful in obtaining two very sweet photographs. In the negatives she immediately recognised them both; one as her mother, which I believe is the one here reproduced (plate III. No. 22), and the other as her daughter. I had hoped to see her again, as she was very desirous of calling here, but she was rather uncertain of the possibility of doing so, as she was speedily leaving England, and her departure was even earlier than she had anticipated, so that I did not receive the fuller details that would have come with the aid of the finished pictures. I selected the profile figure because of the graceful attitude. The other picture is full-face, with very clearly portrayed features, while a star is seen on the front of the head, and I *think* she told me it was her daughter who is spoken of by the name of "The Star." She likewise holds a flower in her hand, which is doubtless for bestowal on the sitter. It was a great disappointment to me not to see her again, for I enjoyed my two interviews with her so very much.

On the following Thursday I had a sitting with Mrs. Mackinnon, and a spirit, in a very solid-looking garb and white turban, half kneels before her, offering a cluster of something not very defined in form. The face is in profile, with the dark hair banded rather low on the cheek. I afterwards sent to Mrs. Mackinnon the following communication I had received with reference to the spirit.

"She is one whom you have helped (perhaps unknowingly to yourself), in her upward progress in the spheres, by means of your own pursuit of Spiritualism, as she has thus received loving instruction which could not otherwise have reached her; she has therefore been most desirous of giving you some external token of her gratitude; thus in this picture she kneels to present you with some jewels, which you will find stored up for you in your spiritual home. As far as I can understand, she is either your

grandmother or your great-grandmother, but that does not come very clearly to me, and *you* may receive some fuller information. I am told that we shall find *perfect* specimens in our future homes of every one of the spirit-photographs that we sit for while here, provided that we have not rejected them as worthless, and that each *faint* manifestation will, in those glorious ones, shew all that they have intended to represent; thus many of those which only look to us like cloud-forms or fragments of light, will then give us the view of the sweet face that strove to beam upon us, or some of the ornaments of the home prepared for us. This has been quite a new idea to me, and has charmed me very much, as, from my numerous sittings, I know I shall have quite a grand gallery of beautiful photographs to feast my heart and my eyes upon, when I am permitted to go hence."

While copying this communication into my book, a message came to me for Mr. Hudson, to the effect that in *his* home are all the spirit-photographs he has taken, and that he is linked in some degree of union with *every* spirit who has thus been able to give a manifestation, so that while he is walking through *his* gallery, he has simply to *wish* for an interview with any one of his grateful sitters, and they will immediately be summoned to his presence. We say "grateful" advisedly, for in the *beyond*, they do indeed appreciate his labours in their cause, and would gladly relieve him from some of his earthly anxieties, but that is out of their power.

Mrs. Burke had accompanied Mrs. Mackinnon (who was residing with her at that time) to Mr. Hudson's, and after the one séance was over, I had the pleasure of giving a sitting to Mrs. Burke, which was a very successful one, and she at once recognised the spirit as her sister Louisa, who had passed away from the earth-life at the age of fourteen, and as the characteristics of the picture are so different from any of the others, I have considered it a desirable one for reproduction (plate IV. No. 36,); the wonderful filminess of the gauze veil that is thrown over her is very

remarkable: it has also the advantage of being a very nice likeness of Mrs. Burke herself.

On the 23rd of November I had, what proved to be my own last sitting, and I do wish I could ever have had the interpretation of the photograph, as I am sure it is replete with significance, and I believe it to be of a prophetical character, but it rather baffles my powers of description. There is a rich-hued circle as if around and above me, with a full light in the centre. That circle seems to me to be formed of innumerable faces, which might have been clearer in a better negative, but November days are not favourable for photography. There is likewise an oval, or a kind of egg-form, which as it were encloses the circle; the narrow point is high up on the opposite side of the picture to myself, but the sweep of it would seem to include me as well as the circle of power.

One more sitter I have to record, and he was the *last.*—That concluding one was *Mr. Vacher*, who met me there on the 7th of December, but the weather was too absolutely dark to do anything, so he came again on the following Thursday, the 14th, when one negative was tolerably successful, although from insufficient light the spirit is not very clearly defined. It is a female form bending towards him, with the hand approaching his head as if to caress or bless. The front hair flows loosely down in a mass, but that at the back has been gathered into a plait, and falls down the shoulder.

Mr. Hudson had gradually arrived at the conviction that it was worse than useless to struggle on there any longer, when almost nothing now seemed to come in to meet the absolute demands of life; so he decided upon giving up the place, and taking a small house, where a trifle might be made by letting a portion of it, and as photography thus failed him, endeavouring to obtain some other employment whereby he might eke out a living. Although he had talked of it for some time past, I had always hoped that such a step might be averted, and each week I trusted that I might hear of some glimmer of brightness shining down

on his path at my next visit; but at length the small house was taken, the final Thursday came, and on the 18th of January 1877, I found the rooms dismantled, as a portion of the belongings had already been removed to the new domicile, and the remainder would go in the course of the week. I therefore had, for that time at least, to take my farewell of spirit-photography, after upwards of four years of revelling in its joys and sharing in its disasters, during which time I had paid exactly two hundred and fifty visits to Mr. Hudson's two studios. In every way it was a distress to me. For Mr. Hudson's own sake, and yet more for the loss to the spirit-world of that source of rejoicing communication; but I cannot think that even in his case it is utterly set aside, and I hope the time may yet come that he may in some way be re-established in the work; but if so, it must undoubtedly be under very different auspices, for never again could he undergo the harassments and worries he then went through, for the additional years of privations have of course told on his energies, so that the power of rebound must almost have left him, and if his marvellous gift is once more to gladden the two worlds, the needful amount of help must be given on *this* side.

What I should like would be that he should have a small house within a couple of minutes' walk from me, where a glass-house might be erected (either on the roof or elsewhere); that good apparatus should be provided, as well as all the needful appliances, so that experiments could be carried on to bring the work to the perfection that should belong to all connected with the higher life that lies beyond. I might thus be enabled to pass to and fro with facility, almost daily if it must needs be, so that the powers aiding me should lend their assistance to bringing the art to its very highest development. When the new place should thus be imbued with the purer elements from above, so that good manifestations have resulted, other sitters might be admitted,—but only by previous appointment, nor should any be allowed to come who would wish to do it in a carping or a testing spirit; and Mr. Hudson's own guides would

be able to decide as to the yea or nay with regard to any fresh applicant, and none must grudge a fair remuneration for the unique boon thus solicited. I would not care for the *number* of such evidences, but that each picture should be a gem in its way, and from the negative once obtained, multiplication to any amount might come.

It seems a very pretty castle that I am thus building, but it would be charming if, a few years hence, I could send forth a second book of these chronicles, with illustrations as far beyond these present ones, as these outstrip all others that I have seen, and my conviction is firm that a future record *is* to come, even although the manner of it may be shaped very differently to this plan of my suggesting, for I do not look upon it as prophetical, only as desirable.

There are among the Spiritualists some who are possessed of ample means, and who might by conjoined action start such a little home as I have described, securing to Mr. Hudson the income that his moderate habits require, as well as what would be needed for the photographic experiments, for I have been *told* even from the very beginning that great improvements in the chemical combinations could be suggested if there were the means of carrying them out. The sitters also would gradually contribute their quota towards that experimental fund.

I believe in a kind of renovated life for those who dwell much in communion with the higher influences of the unseen world, and although Mr. Hudson was frequently very seriously out of health both at Holloway and at Notting Hill, I attribute that mainly to the privation he sometimes underwent of the absolute necessaries of life, as well as the cruel treatment he met with from some quarters, acting upon his highly sensitive organisation; and I believe he might have many years of active work before him if his mind were quite at peace. His requirements are not very great, but still *some* supply is indispensable while on this mundane plane.

He has not *lost* his mediumship, although it may be to some considerable extent in abeyance, for he has obtained

an occasional spirit-photograph even where he now is, but the light in a room cannot be properly adjusted, so that of course in that respect they have not equalled those taken in a regular studio, but there has been at any rate the evidence. His visitors there have been but few and far-between, for he lives in an out-of-the-way part, so that only an enthusiastic Spiritualist will venture the long journey with the very uncertain prospect of a satisfactory result. He, however, brought me one soon after it had been taken, wherein the sitter had been Dr. Robert Friesë, of Breslau, who wrote thus in the *Spiritualist* of December 12th, 1879. "I was successful in getting at Mr. Hudson's, under strict test conditions, the portrait of Pauline (the spirit who so devotedly assisted me in writing the *Voices from the Spirit Land*), her form in rich drapery, in broad daylight, where my eye saw nothing but air." The spirit is very much *under*-lighted, but the expression of the countenance is pleasantly smiling. I think that *double* the length of exposure would have been beneficial both to Dr. Friesë himself and to Pauline.

My original thought with reference to the illustrations in this volume, when I contemplated the possibility in some very distant future of bringing it before the world, had been to limit them to *three* sets of nine; but I have (with his own consent) encroached so much upon the kind liberality of my friend, that they are now doubled in number, and by that means I have been enabled to include many interesting photographs outside of my own mediumship, to which I had intended to limit them. Then I had to contrive a method of putting them together, so that the specimens themselves should not suffer, for they are many of them solitary remainders of negatives very dear to me, and I may whisper to my readers that even for their benefit I would not have risked the well-being of such treasures. After deeply considering the matter, I have carefully stitched them on to sheets of cardboard, whereby I do hope that no mischief may come in any way, but I must own that I shall not feel quite easy in my mind until the process of reproduction has been gone through. If my silken threads

be too conspicuous in the miniature copies, I must plead in excuse the invaluableness of the originals, and if my critics could only know how much time, trouble, and care have been expended in the arrangement, they would acknowledge that the best has been done that could have been under the circumstances.

I would also have every one fully to understand that as works of art, most of those that I have selected are exceptionally good, although by my descriptions many of the others may seem as if they were equally beautiful,—but what I have said refers always to the *thought* expressed, which may oftentimes have been outwardly marred by dark weather, insufficient exposure, and many other ills,—for the very action of the light reflected from the spirit-forms upon the film renders it more fragile, such being especially the case with the more radiant ones, and it is the hope of overcoming such difficulties that renders me all the more anxious that Mr. Hudson should have the power of making fresh chemical experiments. I know that at different times he has received hints from Thurston that have helped him in some degree, but that is not the same thing as really working out some new ideas. It is possible that the highly sensitised plates that may now be purchased ready prepared, might be suitable, but that is very doubtful, for, as I have stated, Mr. Hudson always found that the old collodion that had been for a long time in his studio and in his atmosphere was much more receptive to manifestations, while upon the new he could perhaps only obtain the faintest shadows. Besides which, I generally had to mesmerise the glass before the collodion was poured upon it, and occasionally the process might be repeated before immersing it in the bath, so that plates prepared by strange hands might utterly resist all spiritual impact, and prove to be as hardened against these beautiful truths as sceptical minds. With reference to the collodion, the system he would have liked to pursue would have been to lay in at first two quarts of it, and before meddling with the second bottle, to purchase another fresh one, so as always to have a good supply going

through the ageing process. He has sometimes found a little remnant in perhaps a pushed-back bottle that might have remained there untouched for six months, and with that there would be splendid manifestations, although with a risk of fragments of dried film or flecks of sediment.

. . . . . .

While I have shewn the extra difficulties that lie in the path of this especial phase of spirit-manifestation, I feel that the lessons given apply in many instances to all other classes of mediumship, although they may not become so apparent. A hard and unyielding sitter cannot expect a good result either in a photographic or any other séance, and I have absolutely known people who have exulted as it were in their farness from the higher life, and who would say—"Oh! nothing can ever come when *I* am present;"—instead of hiding their faces in shame because God's angels cannot approach them. For every tiny rap, however insignificant, *is* God's angel or messenger—even should it proclaim a false message—for it is a proof of a communion beyond the grave, and may also prove that the untruthful are *untruthful still*,—or that some element of discord is present, which a fuller knowledge or revelation may remove. Let none be disheartened by such apparent incongruities. Let them purify their souls and their circle, and be assured that great ultimately will be their reward. The time will, nay, *must* come when all will have to acknowledge the fact of *constant* intercommunion between the seen and the unseen worlds, when the old-established Spiritualist must necessarily have the advantage over the neophyte; so that the sooner any can grasp these great facts the better for themselves.

If a man should enter on the pursuit of any branch of information—we will take chemistry for instance—how would he go to it?—in self-assertion or in diffidence? If in the former, he would render himself liable to all kinds of explosions and injuries by intermingling unseemly elements; while grand results might be the outcome of pursuing the study step by step until the preliminary difficulties are mastered. In no science is this fact more certain than

in that of Spiritualism, and there is none so *practically* needful, for it extends into the far-beyond, transcending the limits of human thought. Some think they must take care of the things of this life, and leave the next to take care of itself!—Is it so in the training of a child? It is not trained for *childhood,* but for *manhood;* for the *next* state:—therefore manhood should be the training for that next stage when the garment of mortal flesh shall be put off, but when the *deeds* done in it will have to be accounted for, and paid for "to the uttermost farthing." There will then be no escape, the blame cannot be shifted on to other shoulders, the penalty of sin or weakness must be borne;—each will be responsible for their *own* acts, and not only for those, but for every word they have uttered. Our Lord's language was neither ambiguous nor figurative when He said (St. Matthew xii. 36, 37), "But I say unto you, That every idle word that man shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

I therefore plead with all to look upon this grand new Light as a something to aspire to. It is for their own sakes I speak, for wherein *can* it touch me? . . Some there are who seem to think that *their* conviction or non-conviction is important. . . They are each but as one drop in the ocean! and although I may speak the word that may come, it will be their part to profit by or to reject the information proffered: therein I shall have fulfilled the work entrusted to me, and may God aid me to do it to the uttermost. May He also grant His blessing on this evidence of the power bestowed, which I now send forth into the world. I do it likewise in the full hope that in the days to come, (distant though the time may be), I may again have similar marvels to record; therefore my farewell word shall only be,

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

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are all Hebrew names expressive of *qualities of the Divine Nature.* This will be recognised by all persons acquainted with the subject to be the regular order of the development of these experiences. Many of us have lived through this experience, and many of us may still be living in it! It is now an experience of hundreds upon hundreds of individuals. It is an ascertained mighty fact. But have we really got at *the veritable meaning of the whole significance of this mighty fact?* That is just the question. For the student of Psychology there are passages in the Arcana Cœlestia of Swedenborg which give a possible key to a further unlocking of the mystery. He says, '*Three things of the literal sense of the word perish* when the Spiritual sense is evolving, namely, *Space, Time, and Person.*' He is speaking alone of the Sacred Scriptures. But if we read for 'word,' '*message from the world of Spirits,*' we obtain an idea which may chance to flash new light into our minds. It is possible that this flash of light may tend greatly to the enlargement of our Spiritual horizon, and also to give greater universality, harmony, proportion, and beauty to the world of truth within us. Indeed, *personality,* whether in the flesh or out of the flesh, may begin to appear simply but as the wearing of the *persona,* or *mask of Spirit;* and *names* becoming spiritualised also to our perceptions, begin to appear rather as *symbolic of natures!* We may begin to believe that every Spirit, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh, if of a beneficent, holy, and beautiful nature, is truly a messenger (or angel) from on high (or *from within*), and truly might address us in the words of Shakespeare:—

> "I then did use the *person* of your Father;
> The image of his power lay then in me."

But to return to Miss Houghton. The Spirit-drawing ever developing, together with the power of writing interpretations of her pictures—which, being of a specially mysterious character, needed such, even for the esoteric mind—the amateur artist gradually merged into the professional one. The name of 'The Sacred Symbolist' was bestowed upon her, inspirationally, by a friend. Interest grew steadily with regard to manifestations of Spirit power, and visitors began to call upon Miss Houghton to look at her unique drawings. In the year 1871, one of the greatest acts of her strong faith—one amidst the very many recorded in these volumes—manifested itself in her opening *An Exhibition of Spirit Drawings at the New Gallery, Old Bond Street.* . . . . A newspaper critic well describes the character of these drawings, he says, 'Lines drawn with a marvellous combination of freedom and precision, and in a great variety of colours, depart from ever shifting foci, either within or without the boundaries of the drawing, with every variety of curve; they meet, they part, and intersect each other, incidentally yielding singular effects of linear perspective and colour-blendings or contrasts.' Again, 'the whole of these drawings, from their feeble beginnings to their finished accomplishments, are entirely new in their nature and variety, newness being shown in many striking points. The most noticeable thing in these pictures is, that they are translucent, that is, diaphanous, quite unlike anything that is seen in this world. Leaf is seen within leaf, stem behind stem, flower behind flower.' The titles of the pictures, as given by Miss Houghton in her catalogue, were not the least remarkable portion of her exhibition—'The Eye of the Trinity,' 'The Might and Majesty of God,' 'The Omnipresence of the Lord,' 'The Chosen Vessels of the Lord,' 'The Hand of the Holy Ghost,' 'Spiritual Crowns of Her Majesty the Queen, and H.R.H. the late Prince Consort,' etc., etc. . . . . Miss Houghton's warm sympathies have carried her amongst the social gatherings of the Spiritualists, and made her an active member in various Spiritual societies; indeed, where Spiritualists have congregated there has she usually been found, both conversing and listening. Thus having gathered together gleanings, she has brought forth for her reader 'things' old and new."—*The Psychological Review.*

CHRONICLES OF SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

"It is, we believe, just ten years, with the exception of some private attempts attended with imperfect results, since the first 'spirit photograph' was taken in England. The most numerous and, so far as we know, the most successful results were obtained in the studio of Mr. Hudson, and these were in a great measure due to the perseverance and enthusiasm of Miss Houghton, who for several years devoted regularly one day a week to the development of the phenomena. Miss Houghton has just brought out a volume of 'Chronicles,' in which she gives the full history of her experiences in this branch of her pursuits, from their commencement in March, 1872, to their termination in January, 1877, during which time she paid 250 visits to Mr. Hudson's studio. A special and unique feature in the volume consists in the illustrations, which comprise a selection of fifty-four albertype copies of photographs taken with a variety of sitters and mediums during that time. These are wonderfully successful, considering the numerous and varied difficulties which had to be encountered and conquered before they could be presented in this form."—*Light.*

"Of all investigators of spirit photography, the author of this book must be regarded as the most assiduous and persevering. . . . The author is explicit, frank and candid; all her personal difficulties, feelings and experiences are transparently presented, also the troubles and trials of Mr. Hudson as a spirit photographer. . . . The 'tests' were of every conceivable kind. In our own case we took our own plates, and at other times performed all the manipulation. Other sitters, such as the scientific photographer, Mr. Beattie, in addition marked their plates with a diamond, to make sure that the picture actually came on the plate prepared by them. Some sitters would step forward when the slide was in the camera and turn it upside down, but the spirits always in such cases appeared in proper position. Had the image of a 'spirit' been latent on the plate, it would in such cases have appeared head downwards when the plate was developed. Some experimenters supplied apparatus and chemicals, and Mr. Hudson's own apparatus has been vivisected and examined most thoroughly. Nothing to implicate Mr. Hudson was discovered by these means. The grandest test of all was the portraits of deceased persons, so frequently obtained."—*The Medium and Daybreak.*

"The authoress, who is evidently a sincere believer in what she narrates, teaches us that, under certain conditions, if the photograph of a living person is taken in the usual manner, on developing the plate there appear occasionally other forms in addition to that of the sitter. These forms are often recognised as the similitudes of deceased friends or relatives. . . . . The genuine character of the figures obtained is, of course, liable to be questioned, or rather denied. Having never come in contact with jugglers, or studied their modes of action, we are not entitled to say, with authority, what is within and what beyond their power. But a very considerable number of precautions for the prevention or discovery of fraud have been adopted. The cameras have been carefully examined and exchanged for others. Private marks have been put upon glass plates brought to be operated upon lest they should be exchanged for others previously prepared whilst in the dark room. The entire studio has been searched, as we understand, not merely by amateurs but by experienced practical photographers, but the "trick," if trick it be, has not come to light. . . . . A writer here quoted justly remarks:—'No photographer can counterfeit the portrait of a deceased person unknown to him, and of whom no likeness exists. Yet this is what is done in Mr. Hudson's studio.'"—*The Journal of Science.*

"The evidence given on the pages of this book is overwhelmingly conclusive in support of the assertion that, under suitable conditions, photograph pictures of spiritual beings have been taken—and if they have been they can be again. In May, 1872, Mr. Slater, an optician of London, published an account of the strict test conditions under which he received pictures of his spirit friends. . . . . Mr. Taylor, Editor of the *Journal of Photography*, followed his own suggestion: he carried to the studio his own plates, chemicals, &c., prepared the plates, and conducted the whole operations, Mr. Hudson taking his place among the sitters, not even entering the dark room where Mr. Taylor alone was the operator. Under such conditions, than which there could not possibly be better for a strictly test experiment, draped figures and distinct spirit forms appeared on the plates. . . . . It was frequently the case that spirits in private homes promised to give their pictures if some one whom they designated would go to Mr. Hudson and sit. This occurred with William Howitt. . . . . As this is the first and only volume published upon spirit-photography, it cannot fail to be perused with feelings of deep interest by all whose minds are attracted by the various phases under which spirits are making their presence and power known to mortals. . . . . The specimens, fifty four, given are of remarkable clearness, and when one fully senses whom they represent, and reads the descriptions accompanying them, they become invaluable to every spiritualist, and marvels to every person who is not. . . . . In the preface is a letter from George Prince of Solms, dated Baden-Baden, October 11th, 1881, in which he says:—'I entertain no doubt that Mr. Hudson was perfectly truthful to me, and that the spirit-photographs obtained by me, through his means, were not produced by any tricks or contrivances of his.'"—*Banner of Light.*

"If even I thought much of it illusory, I should still say, 'well done!' for to me it appears a service of great worth to confront a world immersed in unbelief and enslaved in conventionalism, with such lively evidences of faith in the spiritual world, and a series of experiences that set the proprieties of scepticism at defiance. I consider it no small cause of satisfaction, that a woman should be found brave enough to write such a work without vaunting or ostentation, quietly leaving those around her to adjust their attitude towards it with that indifference which so well becomes the confessor of truth who feels that the truth she speaks for is infinitely greater than herself, and omnipotent for its own defence. The series of photographs are singularly interesting, and especially to one like me who is more or less familiar with many of the sitters. My own conviction is that the forms are not spirits themselves, but constructions by spirits in nature, constructed, I dare say, with much difficulty. A friend has one of Mr. Hudson's photographs in which he is represented with a winged angel of the common pattern by his side. Now, I am so much of a Swedenborgian as to be persuaded that angels are men and women like ourselves, and that birds' wings would be as useless to them as to us. But I argue that it is possible that some spirits, for reasons known to themselves, have got up a pattern angel and contrived to have it photographed. When we meet we shall have some talk on these matters connected with your book, which, however it is regarded, will be taken as one of the most curious ever produced."—*Letter from William White.*

"Six plates containing fifty-four miniature reproductions from original photographs taken by Mr. Hudson, and beautifully executed by the albertype process by Mr. Debenham, of Regent Street, give an additional value to the volume. Taken together these form a marvellous collection, calculated not alone to astonish the 'outsiders,' but to excite curiosity and deep thought in the Spiritualist. The impression made is a strange and mingled one. It is of so much *humanity*, rather than of what is ordinarily regarded as *spirituality*. These presentments being *realistic*, in contradistinction to *idealistic*: does

this heighten their interest, or diminish? At all events its effect is to surprise. There is so much uniformity in this 'mannerism'—yet, withal, so much variety of detail within these limits of 'mannerism.' So much variety too of type, of feature, and '*motif*' of attitude! Here are men and women, the aged and children, rich and poor,—richly adorned, and happy spiritual beings; also the suffering spirit—'the naked, the ashamed,' and her 'whose white robe of innocence became a filthy rag.' Here are all these individualities; add to which there are the 'historical and scriptural' characters, those problematical personages so difficult for *literal* acceptance to the reasoning intellect, except as symbology in the vast dramatic teaching of the spirit. Yet one and all they wear, with the exception of the naked and bowed sinner, and her whose veil has become the rag of filthiness, the universal white gauzy veil-like muffler, more or less draping the figure, and rarely thrown aside, except from the face. Yet again, in this gauzy muffler, how much detail, variety, and 'correspondential' character! There is the diaphanous gauze as of India, there is embroidery and texture of figured patterns, there is the silky and satin-like sheen of heavier and richer materials, mingled with this enveloping veil; and here and there are sprays and garlands of flowers—sometimes jewels—and in one instance, very curious indeed, a quaint shoe with a rosette worn by the spirit of a Spanish lady and recognised by her son as shoes worn by his mother in her earthly life. . . . . It may not be out of place here to add, as a testimony to the power possessed by this remarkable and much enduring man, Mr. Hudson, the following fact. The day previous to Hudson's final remove from his studio, the writer of this article, by chance, passed his door, and perceiving that the photographer was leaving his old place, entered and looked into Mr. Hudson's room, simply to say to him a few words of sympathy. Pressed, however, by Mr. Hudson to remain for a sitting, for one last experiment, 'for once and for ever,' as he touchingly worded it, the sitting forthwith took place. The glass was picked by the writer haphazard from a heap on the table. Never losing sight of it during the process of its being placed in the camera, and later on developed in the dark closet, no little was the writer startled to discover upon it the figure of a dear relative but shortly passed away! The relative was a lady, who many a time had expressed strong desire to visit Hudson's studio whilst yet in the flesh, but who, being prevented by the infirmity of age from doing so, now—as it would seem, at her first and last opportunity—showed herself there in the spirit form! Not, however, as the writer had last known her, in her advanced age, but in middle life, and wearing around her neck her well-remembered high frill, a favourite fashion of that time, making her individuality to those who had best known her unquestioned, by a playful allusion to a reminiscence of her youth, in the attitude of her sloping shoulders—which, though her face was turned aside, *she carefully exhibited by the veil being gracefully drawn aside.* This lady had been remarkable for her beauty as well as her playful spirit, and it was in accord with her nature, as the attitude clearly expressed, to say, 'I will not have my countenance disfigured by a photograph, but my shoulders, which you know the Duchess complimented me on when I was a child, *you may see and welcome!*' How should Hudson have thus known to imitate to the life the playfulness of the dear old lady? In writing this chronicle Miss Houghton has not alone done good service to the cause of spirit photography by seeking once more to awaken an interest in this remarkable class of manifestation, but also in vindicating the uprightness of Mr. Hudson. . . . Opinions very strongly expressed as to the integrity of Mr. Hudson by various of these staunch friends, are included in the volume, amongst which we must not fail to notice a letter from the late William Howitt, and a manly testimony to Mr. Hudson's desire for frank investigation, from 'M.A. (Oxon.),' whose repeated experiments with Hudson, crowned with remarkable success, are referred to in Miss Houghton's book."—*Mrs. A. M. Howitt-Watts, in Psychological Review.*

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